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5c. THE COPY
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Bricklayers	12-1-11	Girls	4-5-6-7	Railroad Men	9-10-11
Carpenters	12-1-11	Laboring Men	12-1-11	Salesmen	8-9-11
Clerks	3-9-10	Machinists	12-1-11	Service Men	3-6-9
Electricians	1-2-11	Miners	1-3-11	Sportsmen	2-6-9
Engineers	6-8-9	Motorists	1-6-9	Women	4-5-6-7
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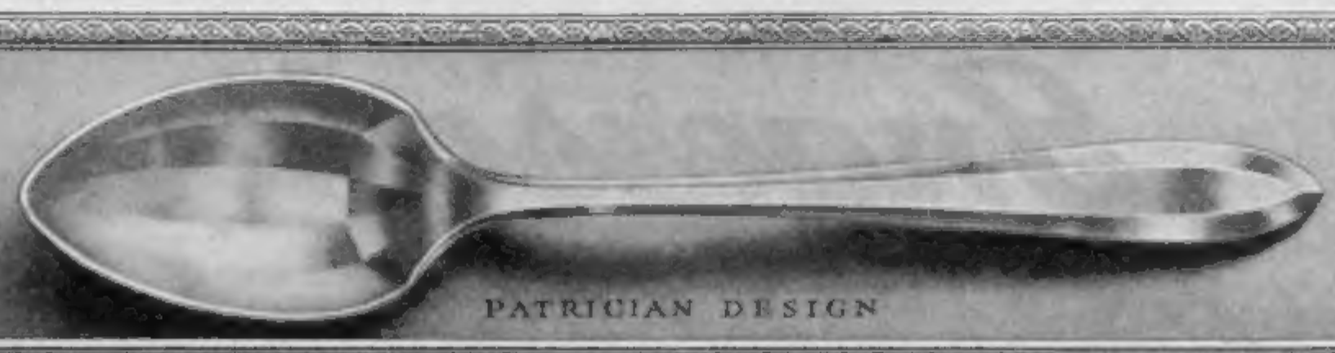

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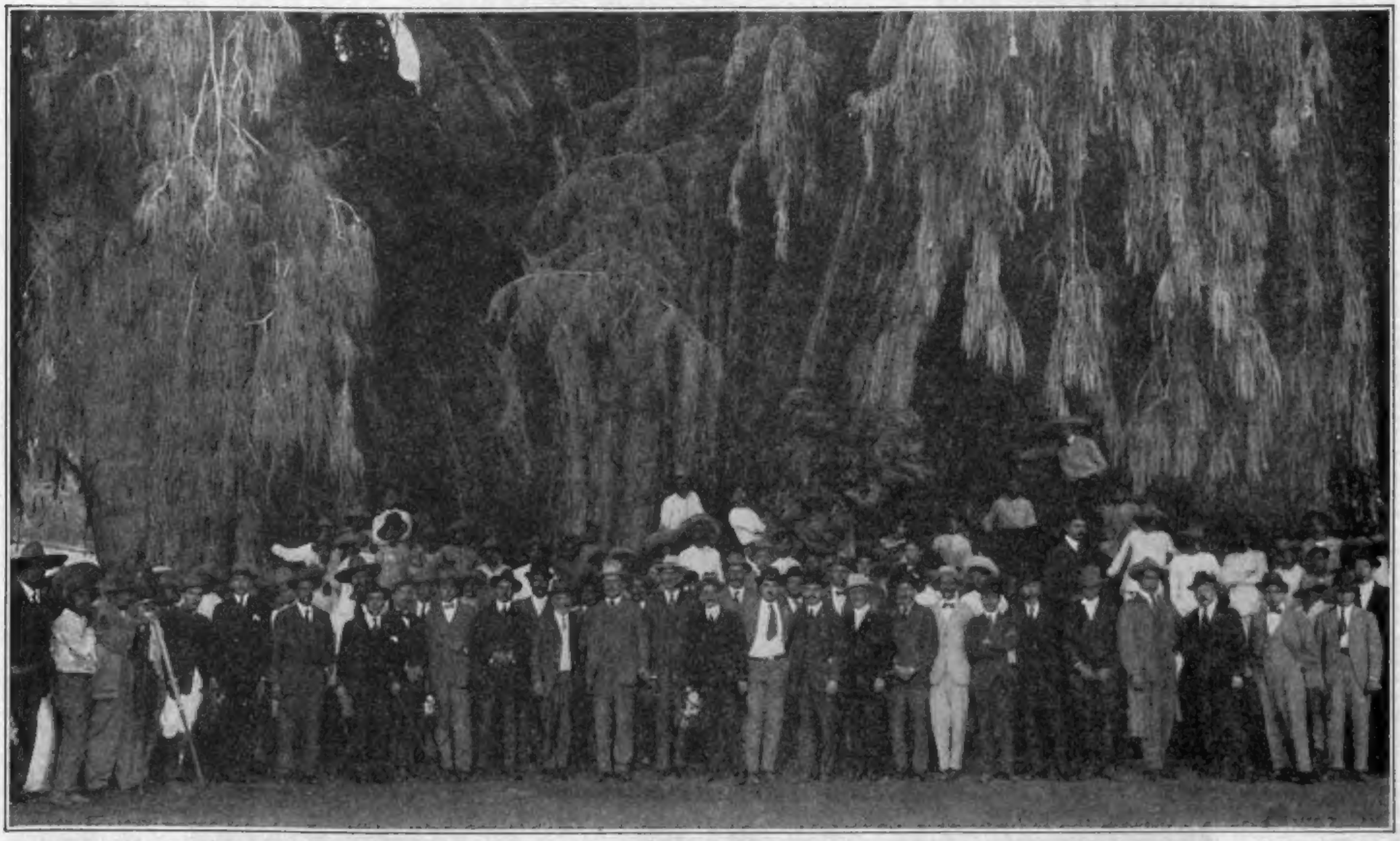
Alvaro Obregón: The Man and His Policy—By Dr. E. J. Dillon



General Obregón and the Villagers of Santa Maria Del Tule at the Foot of the Gigantic Cypress Tree Near the City of Oaxaca, Supposed to be the Oldest Tree in the World

ALVARO OBREGÓN is still almost unknown beyond the frontiers of his own country and is very imperfectly appreciated within them. It may surprise the reader to learn that even the late President Carranza, who owed his ascendency to Obregón's military achievements and worked for a considerable time in close conjunction with him, died without gauging his character aright or appreciating his motives. The fact is there are two Obregóns; one of whom is light-hearted, superficial, jovial, answering most men according to their limitations, living in an atmosphere of jejune commonplace and amusing himself by shooting folly as it flies; and another who is thoughtful, serious, solicitous about national and international problems and whose conversation is pregnant, suggestive and illuminating.

Most people are acquainted with the former, who is the only one known to the public, while but very few seem to get on speaking terms with the latter. This trait, I may add, characterizes other members of his family. For example, his brother Don José, the ex-schoolmaster of Huatabampo, is likewise a twofold personality who gives of his best to very few. I have listened to scores of ordinary conversations between Obregón and his political friends and supporters, as well as to his ordinary table talk, and I have often wondered at the amazing difference between those two psychological aspects of the same individual.

And yet, whatever may be the final outcome of the politico-social movement of which he is now the recognized chief—and the manifold bearings of which are nowhere fully realized—his name and career mark one of the most fateful epochs in Mexican history. They will be creditably associated with the closing of an era of revolutionary chaos and the inauguration of a period of such peace, order and reconstruction as the psychology of the Mexican peoples and the chronically disturbed condition of the civilized world will allow. Not only has he sounded the death knell of the band of assassins and plunderers who kept the republic continually immersed in human gore, but he has roused from their secular torpor a large section of the people, wakening them to an incipient sense of their rights, providing them with the legal means of exercising these, exhorting them to respect the rights of others and releasing numerous forces which, one hopes, under his direction, may ultimately prove constructive.

The new current may, for example, contribute to sweep away some of the racial barriers and enable a future administration to fuse into a single organized entity the many heterogeneous ethnical fragments of which the republic is composed. For as yet Mexico is only a state, not a nation in the strict sense of this term. The process of unification to which Obregón's name, exploits and doctrines have given the first impetus is only in its initial stage to-day, and the peoples undergoing its operation are hardly conscious of any change. But though as yet scarcely noticeable, it is real and widespread and may well become effective, if the future president reënforces it, as I have reason to believe he will, with the series of statesmanlike measures which he unfolded to me in the course of our daily conversations.

That in brief is an imperfect summary of what General Obregón has already achieved. It represents the upshot of eight years of a tremendous struggle against bitter enemies and well-meaning friends and of the heaviest sacrifices which any man could make for the cause to which he has devoted his life. If he should be further destined to work out

to a satisfactory issue the far-ranging schemes for the reconstruction of the politico-social fabric which he is now turning over in his mind, he will have conferred upon Mexico the moral leadership of Latin America and a creditable position among the progressive states of the New World.

But the difficulties with which he will have to cope are formidable, and I am not absolutely sure that as yet he fully appreciates their magnitude. It is so natural for a strong man about to take over the reins of government for the first time to assume that his will is powerful enough to hinder events the occurrence of which lies in the nature of things. Moreover, the greatest statesman the world could produce would be helpless without trained, loyal and gifted assistants to carry out the details of a far-reaching program of reconstruction.

Like an architect who can design an edifice and supervise the work but requires stonecutters, masons, bricklayers and hodmen to build it, the new president of Mexico can effect little without conscientious and energetic public servants. The lack of these—and as yet there is no trustworthy civil service in the country—was the blight of those of his few predecessors who would fain have introduced a new and better ordering of things political and social into the republic. Obregón himself, as a military commander, had first of all to create an army on which he could rely, and as a reforming president he will be obliged to form a body of honest bureaucrats; and this is a formidable task. Carranza once remarked to a friend of mine who was complaining of the class of men by whom he was surrounded: "I confess that many of them are drags in lieu of helps. They damage instead of furthering the cause, and I should be glad to get rid of them. But I cannot, at least not at once. They stood by me in critical moments, and if I were to throw them over now I should be not merely displaying ingratitude but tempting fate and jeopardizing what has already been achieved."

Obstacles and Difficulties

THE idealist, Francisco Madero—a very different type of man from Carranza—gave forcible expression to this plaint when he wrote: "All wars in Mexico, whether civil or foreign, have produced a class of *condottieri* who, the struggle once over and the victory won, exact from the country an exorbitant price for their services; and who, if not rewarded commensurately with their own estimate of their achievements, are apt to stir up trouble for the new government."

Now Madero, the visionary, who in conceiving his projects took scant account of realities, is a remarkable instance of the utter inadequacy of good intentions allied with political power but devoid of trustworthy instruments, for while he was striving to fire his environment with his own enthusiasm for democratic principles and universal brotherhood his army in Morelos was plundering and maltreating the wretched inhabitants. But he had at least a presentiment of the dangers that beset him, and he knew that a man's most formidable enemies are those of his own household.

General Obregón is equally well aware of this peril to which I more than once ventured to draw his attention. The inner temper of the man toward militarism in general and toward the monstrous forms which it had assumed in Mexico is clearly reflected in many of his official acts and words as far back as the first stages of his military career. Early in the year 1913, when the so-called plan of Guadalupe was drawn up, Obregón made the following specific proposal to the Sonora Commission, which was to visit Carranza and recognize him as first chief: "I request you to present my respects to Señor Carranza and to suggest to him in my name that he issue a decree disqualifying all of us chiefs who are taking any part in the present armed movement to occupy any public posts, inasmuch as all our national misfortunes have been caused by the unbridled ambitions of military men."

From these sentiments General Obregón has never swerved.

During our tour through the southern and eastern states I once took occasion to point out to General Obregón the difficulties that might rise from a natural desire to reward the men to whose efforts the overthrow of the Carranza administration was due. He replied that no such difficulty existed for him, and in a remarkable speech which he delivered next day in Puebla he plainly said that one of the blights of every revolutionary movement in the past had been the alleged necessity or expediency of duly recompensing its champions.

"I have heard it said," he went on, "that the same exigency will rise up once more as an obstacle to national progress. Well, I may say at once that it is an error. It will not. I for my part regard all the efforts—and they were truly heroic—of those who contributed to free the country from the nightmare of the dictatorship as unselfish and patriotic and far too precious to be weighed in the balance with public posts or emoluments. The gratitude of the country and the consciousness of having discharged their duties as high-minded citizens constitute the only meed worthy of these brave men. This way of viewing the matter will enable the new government to choose its servants without constraint and to enlist the services of those who are best qualified to transact the business of the nation."

Another of the more serious difficulties with which the new president of the republic will have to cope turns upon the settlement of the questions now outstanding between his country and foreign nations and in especial upon the measures which are to render effective Article XIV of the Constitution of 1917, which declares that the clause nationalizing the products of the subsoil—mineral, oil, and so on—shall not have retroactive force. It would be mischievous to say aught at the present moment calculated to envenom a controversy which has already become unduly rancorous. It may not, however, be amiss to make one or two remarks which, however obvious, are too often ignored by professional politicians who live in an atmosphere of abstractions and phrases.

The first is this: The sooner an earnest endeavor is made to get this embarrassing obstacle out of the way the smaller will be the sacrifice it will entail. Like the purchase of the Sibylline Books, it will turn out to be incomparably more advantageous to conclude the bargain at once than to go on haggling indefinitely over the terms.

In the second place, the matter can still be settled satisfactorily for both sides in harmony with law and equity, for as yet it is merely a dispute between the Mexican Government and foreign individuals.

But the subject should be tackled without delay and in a genuine spirit of fair play. For if it be postponed or approached without a firm resolve to arrange it amicably, moral issues, such as that to which I have elsewhere alluded under the name of "manifest destiny,"* are sure to catch fire and set the interested nations in a blaze. And that would constitute the most sinister upshot to what at present may be treated as a mere passing misunderstanding. To-day this misunderstanding can be settled by an appeal to the canons of logic, jurisprudence and equity. To-morrow it may be removed to the domain of international diplomacy, where the issues will be wholly transformed. And that to my mind is the quarter in which the most formidable and imminent danger lurks.

Constructive Possibilities

LASTLY, I should like to record my conviction that no public man in Mexico is so well qualified to deal with the questions involved as General Obregón, nor is there any other endowed either with equal moral courage to stand for what is right or with equal capacity to discern for himself and to bring his countrymen to see where justice and fair play lie. Moreover, he possesses the rare gift of visualizing such issues as these in correct perspective.

Alvaro Obregón, then, is not only the most distinguished and influential representative—he is to a noteworthy extent the creator of those moral and intellectual forces, still widely scattered and seemingly inadequate, which appear destined ultimately to save his country from the irreparable ruin into which it was gradually sinking. Hence neither the present condition nor the immediate outlook of that ill-starred republic can be fully understood without some knowledge of the personality, principles and aims of the man who for more than eight years fostered and drew into focus such constructive elements as the nation afforded and imbued some of them at least with the spirit of a sound politico-social philosophy.

During the tumults, risings and civil wars which came to be looked upon as the normal state of the republic Obregón was the only leader of note who fought with a clear-cut plan for an avowable end. Hating the effusion of blood, he had recourse to military force as to the indispensable means of abolishing violence once for all.

His aim was the establishment of peace, order and law on a solid and enduring basis.

The ideals which he consistently advocated and strove to uphold were morality and justice, and it is these same ideals which those who know him best expect him to embody in the achievements with which his presidential career will be associated in the history of his country.

General Obregón on a Visit to Doctor and Mrs. Dillon at Their Hotel in Mexico City

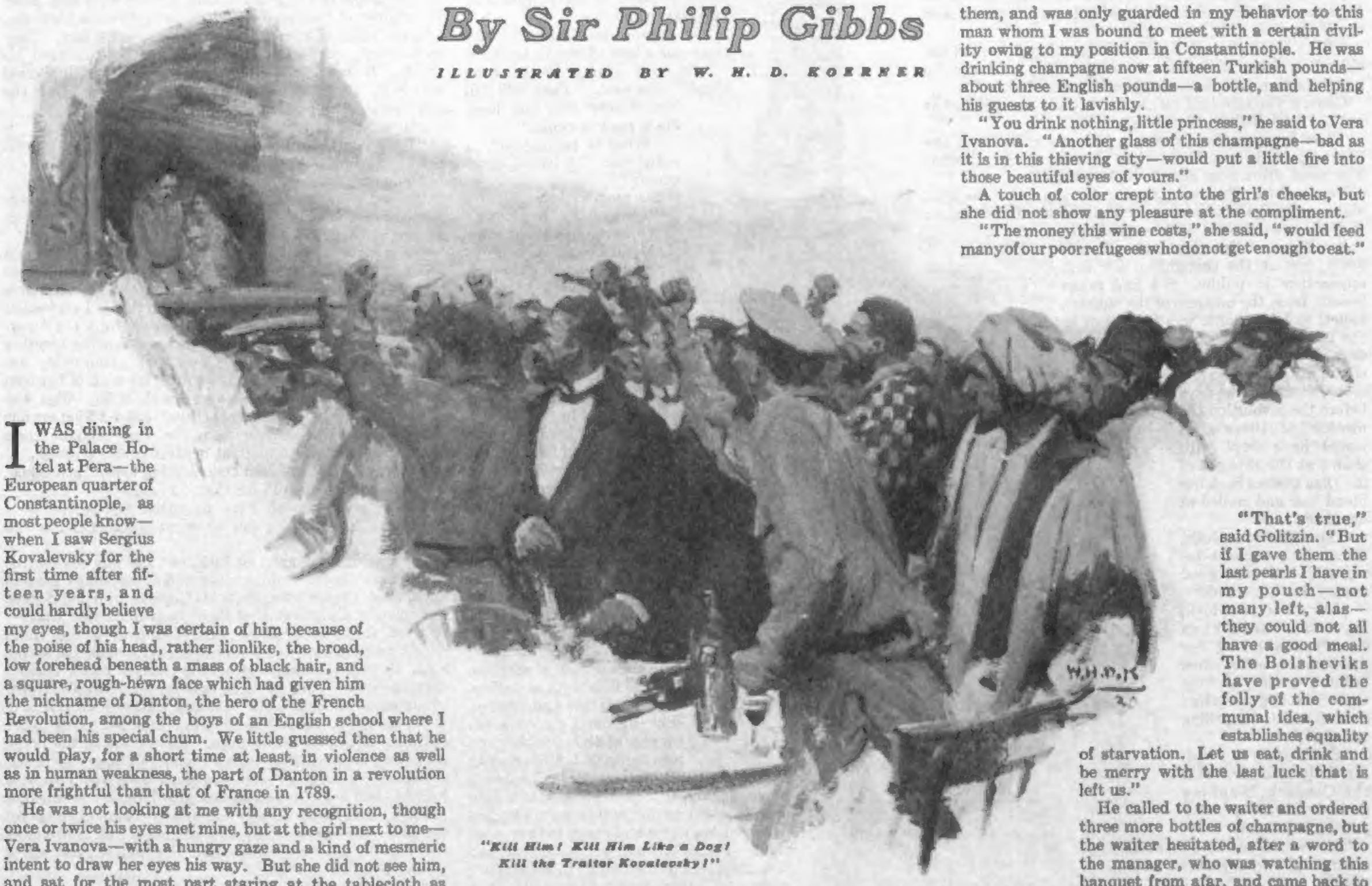
*The Predominant Issues. Cf. War and Other Essays by W. G. Sumner. "The claim of a group of people to hold a part of the earth's surface is never absolute. Every group holds its territory by force and holds it subject to the obligation to exploit it and make it contributory to the welfare of mankind. If it does not do this it will probably lose the territory by the conquest of a more energetic people. This is manifest destiny."

(Continued on Page 49)

THE RETURN OF A REBEL

By Sir Philip Gibbs

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER



"Kill Him! Kill Him Like a Dog! Kill the Traitor Kovalevsky!"

I WAS dining in the Palace Hotel at Pera—the European quarter of Constantinople, as most people know—when I saw Sergius Kovalevsky for the first time after fifteen years, and could hardly believe my eyes, though I was certain of him because of the poise of his head, rather lionlike, the broad, low forehead beneath a mass of black hair, and a square, rough-hewn face which had given him the nickname of Danton, the hero of the French Revolution, among the boys of an English school where I had been his special chum. We little guessed then that he would play, for a short time at least, in violence as well as in human weakness, the part of Danton in a revolution more frightful than that of France in 1789.

He was not looking at me with any recognition, though once or twice his eyes met mine, but at the girl next to me—Vera Ivanova—with a hungry gaze and a kind of mesmeric intent to draw her eyes his way. But she did not see him, and sat for the most part staring at the tablecloth as though her thoughts were miles away from this banquet provided by a Cossack general, and this scene of luxury and vice—vicious because of its prodigal cost in a world of ruin and wretchedness.

I had a moment's impulse to turn to her and say, "Do you see that man with his eyes fixed on you? That's Kovalevsky."

Discretion checked the words on my lips. Kovalevsky in Constantinople! That may not seem startling now to people who have forgotten the first phase and outstanding figures of the revolution in Russia and who even now know only Trotzky and Lenine as the leaders of that appalling struggle. It was Prince Kovalevsky, once my schoolfellow in England, who had led the way to the communistic ideal which afterward Lenine imposed on Russia with an autocracy and cruelty which denied all liberty of opinion and made it a serfdom as intolerable in its way as the old tyranny of the czars. Kovalevsky was the leader of the intellectuals who had thrown in their lot with the revolution, and it was the fire of his enthusiasm for the equality and brotherhood of the Russian people, and for peace to end the ghastly massacres of war, which had helped to inflame the heart of the peasants to whom he mostly spoke.

Some of his words reached out to other countries. Before the worst atrocities of Bolshevism had happened in this convulsion of the great world of Russia, his philosophy and idealism had appealed to men of other nations, sick of slaughter, agonized by the long horror of war, and in spiritual revolt against the European system which had led to this insanity. Kovalevsky, away there in Russia, seemed a man with a new vision, the bearer of light in a world of darkness. Then suddenly his light was put out when Lenine rose to power and proclaimed the terror. Kovalevsky's name dropped out of history; and I, thinking back to him as a school friend, remembering his love of animals, his sensitive shrinking from any touch of cruelty, his passion for English poetry, the idealism which had marked him out among us even as a boy, wondered how far he had gone with the extremists in their reign of terror before revolting, as Danton did, from the stench of blood.

For more than two years I had seen no mention of his name, and believed that he had fallen a victim to the terror, like so many others who had led the way to revolution but had not followed the line of its dreadful logic. Now here he was in a hotel at Constantinople, surrounded by Russian aristocrats who had not betrayed their caste as he had done, and were the last remnant of the counter-revolutionary armies which under Denikin and Kolchak had led the white legions against the red, and had failed miserably, and were now exiles in this city of Constantinople, bankrupt in hope as well as in purse, impotent in their hatred against the Bolshevik power, finding a feverish gayety in life, like gamblers who throw their last coins onto the table, careless whether they lose or win. Among these people Kovalevsky would not be welcome; not safe from vengeance, I guessed.

I looked across at General Golitzin, my host at this banquet, and wondered how he would act if I revealed Kovalevsky's presence to him. Golitzin was a Cossack, on the staff of General Wrangel, who was trying to organize a new army against the Bolsheviks in the Crimea. In his Cossack uniform, with a long black coat above high boots and a short sword stuck through his belt—he had laid that on one side now while he dined, though he wore it in ballrooms and drawing-rooms—he looked a barbaric fellow. Under his veneer of civilization, beneath graceful manners which he could assume as easily as he turned from Russian speech to English or French, he was, I am sure, a barbarian, with a streak of the Mongol in his Slav blood, and an inherent cruelty. Stories came to me that he was a habitué of the night life in Pera, where Greeks, Armenians, Levantine Jews, Turks—unfaithful to the laws of Islam—loose women from most cities of Europe, and the worst elements of all the races that meet and mingle in this city between East and West, have given an infamous notoriety to the Grande Rue de Pera as the wickedest high street in the world.

One tale told to me by an eyewitness made this Count Golitzin the figure in a rowdy and squalid scene which had reached its climax when he had flogged a half-dressed woman with his Cossack knout. He was drunk with vodka, and his own companions, young officers of the Russian staff, were frightened of him because of his savage rage and brute strength. Not pleasant tales, but as I could not vouch for their truth I did not pay much attention to them, and was only guarded in my behavior to this man whom I was bound to meet with a certain civility owing to my position in Constantinople. He was drinking champagne now at fifteen Turkish pounds—about three English pounds—a bottle, and helping his guests to it lavishly.

"You drink nothing, little princess," he said to Vera Ivanova. "Another glass of this champagne—bad as it is in this thieving city—would put a little fire into those beautiful eyes of yours."

A touch of color crept into the girl's cheeks, but she did not show any pleasure at the compliment.

"The money this wine costs," she said, "would feed many of our poor refugees who do not get enough to eat."

"That's true," said Golitzin. "But if I gave them the last pearls I have in my pouch—not many left, alas—they could not all have a good meal. The Bolsheviks have proved the folly of the communal idea, which establishes equality of starvation. Let us eat, drink and be merry with the last luck that is left us."

He called to the waiter and ordered three more bottles of champagne, but the waiter hesitated, after a word to the manager, who was watching this banquet from afar, and came back to whisper a few words into the ear of the Cossack general. He swore an oath in Russian and gripped an empty bottle as though to bash the waiter's head with it. Then he laughed awkwardly, ashamed of this momentary gesture.

"These dirty dogs want to see their money in advance! They suspect that I am unable to pay for their filthy food. In Russia, in the old days, we should have known how to punish such an insult. Here it is part of our humiliation."

From his third finger he pulled off a ring which glittered with a single diamond and dropped it onto the table before the waiter.

"Get that valued," he said, "and bring me the change."

The waiter bowed and departed to the next room, where, as I know—for this was no unusual incident—an Israelite living in the hotel waited for business such as this.

"This city is filled with intolerable thieves," said Mikhail, who was Vera Ivanova's brother, a weak, dissolute-looking youth who seemed to have a hero worship for Golitzin, the Cossack general, and laughed or applauded every word he said as though it contained all wit and wisdom.

"It is part of our cross," said an old officer who had once been in the czar's bodyguard and was now a shabby old man in a frock coat with shining elbows. "Our exile is in a city where there are many low and ill-bred people."

He glanced round the room at the people who were dining at separate tables. It was certainly a strange, cosmopolitan crowd, but not, I should have thought, low and ill-bred according to the standard of modern civilization, apart from all questions of moral virtue. At one table was a Turkish pasha, steeped in intrigue, as I knew, against the Western Allies, who at that time were formulating the terms of peace with Turkey and ignoring the menace of the Turkish nationalists arming themselves in Asia Minor with the support of men like this. He had his wife with him, and she wore her black veil drawn back behind her ears, showing her birdlike face with sallow skin and painted eyes.

There were other Turks in the room wearing the fez and ignoring the presence of their hereditary and political enemies, Greek and Armenian merchants, English and French staff officers, and Levantine Jews, who were here with their womenfolk. Most of these European women

were, I thought, overdressed—or, in another sense of the word, underdressed—in imitation of Parisian fashions of last season but one. They were overeating, regardless of the cost in Turkish pounds which reached fantastic heights of robbery in this caravansary, laughing and chattering without restraint, and staring at other groups of Russians and their own people with feminine rivalry and challenge.

"Who is that young Russian dining alone?" asked the old officer, after his contemptuous scrutiny. "I seem to know his face, but have not seen him here before."

General Golitzin half turned in his chair and glanced at my old schoolfellow, Kovalevsky.

"Another poor devil come to join our exile," said the Cossack. "Ah, here is the wine! Little princess, I insist. You must drink your sister's luck at least."

Vera's sister Olga was dancing for the first time that night at the Petits Champs. This dinner was in her honor, and she was flushed and excited, not only with wine, though she drank recklessly, but at the thought of her first appearance in public. She had taken lessons from the mistress of the Russian ballet, and her name was being put in the bill without disguise—the Princess Olga Ivanova. In this city of exile it was no disgrace, though in the days before the revolution the mother of these girls would have wept with shame at the thought of it. Olga pushed back her blond hair and smiled at her sister.

"Yes, drink to my luck, Vera. If I succeed to-night I shall earn good money, badly needed."

"I drink to your luck, my dear," said Vera gravely, moistening her lips with a sip of the wine. "But I wish you were not dancing at that dreadful hall. Anything but that!"

"She is easily shocked, the little princess," said the Cossack, laughing good-humoredly and patting her hand.

"She would rather I went as a waitress girl in a Russian restaurant, as she goes," said Olga. "It is the fashion for our virtuous ones. But I could not bear the smell of cooking, or the touch of greasy plates, or the gallantries of young officers who insist on kissing hands between the courses. It is as bad as Bolshevism."

"What's All This Tumult? Olga is in Tears. I'll Shoot the Devils Who are Making This Riot"

"It is honest also," said Vera.

The younger sister, this Vera Ivanova, whom I had come to know first in that little Russian restaurant of which Olga spoke—I went there day by day, I confess, for no other purpose than the pleasure of being waited on by this patrician girl who was so strongly compounded of shyness and haughtiness, and who blushed when she took my money for the lunch, and talked to me sometimes in English with a charming accent—kept up the conversation as though nothing had happened to her in the last few minutes. Yet I knew, and I was the only one who knew, that something had happened to her of a most startling kind, so that she had become very white for a few moments and was in danger of fainting, and so that now her words meant nothing to her, but were spoken to hide this emotion.

She had seen Sergius Kovalevsky. At last that steady gaze of his had drawn her eyes to him and had spoken something which she understood. I was watching them both at that moment and I saw that sudden whiteness of hers and heard the curious catch of her breath. It was as though in this garish room, with its Saracenic arches and plate-glass windows looking out to the glare and traffic of the Grande Rue de Pera, with its Turkish crowds and carriages, its Greek women parading their painted beauty, and its commercial travelers from all the capitals of the world going back to Tokatlin's with their day's accounts, she had seen, in broad daylight, a ghost. Seeing her distress, I sought a way for rescue.

"It is very hot in this room. General, do you mind if we go into the tea lounge before setting out for the theater? The ladies would like to rest a little, I expect."

"My dear fellow, you are right," said the Cossack courteously. "I have enjoyed the conversation so much that I have forgotten my manners."

One forgot the barbarian in him when he spoke like that.

Vera Ivanova rose instantly and whispered "Thank you" to me, and we went together into the next room and crossed over to a corner partly concealed by curtains, in which there was a low chair. The girl sank into it as though she had become weak.

"You know him?" I asked. "I never thought to see Sergius Kovalevsky again."

She sprang up instantly, and there was a look of fear in her eyes.

"Do not speak that name aloud!" she said. "They will kill him if they find him here. He is mad to come."

"What is he to you?" I asked her. "A friend, or an enemy?"

She answered simply, in a pitiful way: "He is my lover."

We were both silent after that, and I could guess nothing that was passing through the mind of Vera Ivanova, except that she was afraid, for his sake or her own. I could see well enough, without more words from her, that the reappearance of Kovalevsky, whom she had believed to be dead, was frightening to her. Her own people, who had followed the fortunes of the white army through all disasters to this final debacle—to this exile in Constantinople—must regard him as one of the authors of their overthrow and as one of the murderers of their kinsfolk. The purity of his idealism, in which I had believed, would not weigh with them against his association with the enemies of czardom and the Bolshevik terrorists.

Vera's father and mother, once in the Emperor's entourage at St. Petersburg and now living on British charity in the island of Prinkipo outside Constantinople, would rather see their daughter dead than in conversation with a man who had betrayed his name and caste, as they must think—Prince Kovalevsky, his father, had been master of the household in Alexander's court—by going over to the mob. Any one of these Russian exiles, like General Golitzin, would kill him like a dog, and think it a good deed, if they could do so in this city policed by the Allies; policed pretty strongly, as far as the maintenance of outward order among Turks and Christians, but without protection, as I knew, against private assassination. Only a few weeks ago a high Russian staff officer had been stabbed outside the British embassy, and there was hardly a morning without a floating corpse in the Bosphorus or Golden Horn. My friend Kovalevsky—if he remembered me as his friend—would not find Constantinople a safe sanctuary. It was something of that kind I said to Vera Ivanova.

"He is already sentenced to death. Our people keep a black list for all the leaders of the revolution. Sergius is mad to come here. Yet I know why he has come, and cannot help a foolish gladness."

"You mean he has come to find you?"

She nodded in a grave, unembarrassed way.

"Before the revolution he loved me with all his soul. It was a boy's love—passionate and fresh—and we used to dream of each other and write long letters if away for even a little while. Then war came and he went away for more than a little while. He was at Tannenberg and in many battles. When I saw him again—he came to St. Petersburg on leave—something had changed in him. He was no longer a boy. Fearful things had made him old. He did not kiss me when he saw me. He said: 'I am not clean. I have wallowed in mud and blood.'

"He told me that the war was a crime against the people. He said that our class was guilty of its horrors. Our soldiers—poor peasant fellows—went into action without guns, sometimes with nothing but the bayonet against German shell fire and machine-gun fire, and were slaughtered in heaps.

"'Our enemy,' he said, 'is not in front, where those German peasants are—dupes like all others—but at the back, where a corrupt government and a filthy state of society are callous to all this death. I am for the people. I am no longer prince. I am Sergius Kovalevsky, rebel and revolutionary.'

"I remember his words, and I remember how at last he kissed me and wept and said: 'Your love was with me in the trenches, and I yearned for you; but now I am going away, and you will never see me again, unless you see me on a scaffold or at the head of a rebel mob.'"

"Did you see him again?" I asked her.

"Once before to-night," she said. "I saw him speaking to the people in the great square of St. Petersburg, after the murder of the czar. He stood on a wooden platform, and the lights of the street lamps were on his face. They were mostly soldiers in the crowd, and they cheered his words. It was like the roaring of animals, with a cruel note in it. That night my family and I went away from the city disguised as peasants."

She put her hand on my sleeve.

"I tell you these things because I trust you. You will not betray him? I believe you are kind."

"You may trust me," I told her, and she believed me.

We had no further talk then, for Golitzin pulled the curtains aside and said rather angrily: "Why do you stay here so long? Olga will be late for the theater."

We went with him through the great lounge. A band was playing and the Turkish rugs had been taken up from the floor and those people who had dined were now dancing. We threaded our way through them. I remember bumping against two young naval officers from the American cruiser in the Bosphorus, who were dancing together for lack of partners; and a Greek girl, abominably undressed, who was dancing with a little fat man of her own race, winked her eye at me over his shoulder. Olga was in the hall, her ballet dress concealed under a long ermine cloak, which by some miracle she had brought from Russia, and she was impatient because of our lateness.

"Have you two children been making love?" she asked.

"This child is too old for that," I said.

"Well, you seem to have forgotten my performance to-night. You don't seem to mind whether I succeed or fail."

I wished her the greatest luck, but she was too excited to hear my words. Golitzin glowered at me, and I guessed then, what I knew later, that this Cossack who had flogged a woman in a night club of Pera—you remember that?—coveted the possession of Vera Ivanova, whose timid shrinking from him, as I had noticed, amused his barbarian soul. Outside the Palace Hotel the Cossack had a Turkish carriage waiting, one of those two-horsed, red-upholstered broughams which are the ordinary hackney carriages of Pera, though it was not more than a hundred yards to the entrance of the Petits Champs. The kavass of the hotel, a Turkish porter with a red sash round his baggy breeches, stood at the carriage step and kept back the crowd of loiterers and beggars who always prowl about the entrance of the Palace Hotel. They were mostly Turks of the poorest class, and one woman, with her black veil held across her mouth, led forward a blind boy and thrust out a skinny hand to Golitzin.

"Effendim! Baksheesh!"

He waved her back and, whether by accident or purposely I know not, struck the blind boy a blow in the face, so that he cowered back.

The two girls were in the carriage before that happened and did not see this brutality. But Vera Ivanova had seen, I think, another figure in the crowd. It was Sergius Kovalevsky, who stood among the Turkish women, a tall, somber figure in the uniform of a Russian officer of the Red Cross, with a gray smock loosely belted. I looked after him as we drove from the hotel and saw that he had moved away from the crowd and was walking slowly toward the Petits Champs.

That place is a pleasure garden on the top of the hill at Pera, and from one side of it there is a view over the Golden Horn, with its shining water curved like a scimitar across to the Turkish quarter of Stamboul, which is the real heart of Constantinople, cleaner, more moral, with a finer simplicity of life among the Turkish people there than this European side of Pera, with its shoddy imitation of Western civilization, its rubbishy shops, its dancing halls and gambling dens and secret haunts.

As we went in that evening to the wooden building which is one of three theaters in these pleasure grounds, I had a glimpse of the distant domes and minarets of the Suleiman Mosque, white under the pale blue of the sky, in which a few stars were shining out, above the tall black trees of the old Turkish cemetery at the foot of the hill, and I thought that the spirit of Islam dwelling there in the hearts of the faithful might well be scornful of a Christian faith betrayed and besmirched by the night life of Pera. So, too, I think, did Vera Ivanova, for she sighed as she heard the thump and blare of the orchestra inside the wooden theater and looked wistfully a moment toward the cypress trees and the distant view.

"How cool it is after the heat of the day!" she said. "It is beautiful outside, and quiet."

There was no quietude inside, and precious little beauty. The theater was already crowded when we entered, and the air was thick with tobacco smoke, hot breath, cheap scent, the paint of women's faces, the fumes of Turkish coffee and the reek of bad whisky. I suppose in that crowd densely packed about small tables on the floor of the hall and more thinly scattered in the two rows of boxes on each

side of the stage there were people of at least a score of nations. Only a few Turks were there, clearly marked by the red fez, and no Turkish women.

The main body of spectators were Russians, Greeks, Armenians and Israelites, with here and there an Arab, a Persian and a Circassian; and among these Oriental types little bunches of British, French, Italian and American officers, petty officers and seamen from the Bosphorus fleet, American naval men, and commercial travelers of Germany, Austria, England and other countries. So I picked them out as, from the box which Golitzin had provided, I stared down at this human hotchpotch, studying their types and manners, while on the stage there came, one after another, a series of turns by Russian artistes—mostly dancing girls who made up for lack of talent by lack of clothes, and succeeded perfectly. Olga Ivanova, who was to try the same kind of part, was due to appear halfway through the program, and disappeared from the box under the escort of Count Golitzin—he knew his way behind the scenes well enough, as I guessed—twenty minutes before she was due upon the stage. Vera Ivanova and I were left together, and the girl looked down upon the crowd with a kind of loathing in her eyes.

"There is an evil spirit in this place," she said. "The very air reeks of it."

On the stage one of the dancing girls was capering about in a flimsy frock above long white legs, while the orchestra played an imitation—most hideous—of Oriental music, with a steady thump of the big drum and a wild wailing of clarinets and other wind instruments. The crowd gazed at her in a bored way. A young American sailor sitting with a petty officer, and excited by some vile spirit served out to him by an Arab waiter, banged a tray in a kind of ecstasy in time to the rhythm of the band. A party of English subalterns, all a little fuddled by the fumes of bad wine, were carrying on with some painted women who, as sure as fate, would rob them before the night was out. Groups of Russians, the exiled aristocrats, paid no attention whatever to the gambols of the dancing girl, but talked and laughed and quarreled together so that the noise of their voices rose above the strident music.

"The old devil has a playground in Pera," I said. "I'm sorry for these English and American boys. They must get some kind of amusement, and this is the only kind available, and pretty rotten too."

"I'm more sorry for my own people," answered Vera Ivanova. "They are lost to all sense of shame. Surely the tragedy of Russia—so much ghastly suffering—ought to have sobered us and given us some purpose more noble and more ideal than this sort of life. Otherwise the Bolsheviks are justified."

I put my hand on hers with a sudden warning touch.

"There is Kovalevsky. He is coming to speak to you." Vera Ivanova drew back in her box, very white and frightened.

"Dear God!" she said in a whisper.

Kovalevsky made his way through the crowd at the tables and came straight for our box. No one seemed to notice him, though his tall figure and massive head, with its shock of black hair, made him remarkable even among so many Russians. He disappeared for a moment through the door leading to the boxes and then opened our little door and stood there behind us.

"May I come in?" he asked quietly, and then took Vera's hands, both of them, and held them tight, scrunched up, and kissed them twice, and said: "Oh, my dear heart! Oh, my dream lady!"

"You must not come here!" said Vera. "Sergius, you are mad to come! They will tear you to pieces if they see you!"

"They have forgotten me," said Sergius. "They have forgotten everything that matters to Russia, except their own intrigues and dishonor. They have forgotten their own souls."

"You have forgotten something too," I said. "An old school friend."

He stared at me hard, a puzzled look in his black eyes, and then grasped my hands, and laughed in his old, whimsical way, which I had known as a boy.

"Good Lord!" he said in English. "Old Robin Good-fellow!"

So he remembered the nickname by which I had been known at school, though for him those English days must have seemed like a lifetime ago in another world. That thought came to him then, for he gave a queer groan and passed his hand over his forehead.

"That boy who was Sergius Kovalevsky is dead. He was a dreamer of dreams, do you remember? He believed in the progress of humanity and the divine power of leadership! I, who bear his name, see only the brutal realities of life and its incurable stupidity."

He turned to Vera Ivanova, again speaking in Russian.

"Where can we meet so that I can talk to you as I want to talk? Here it is impossible—in this foul place."

"It will be dangerous everywhere," said the girl. "For the love of God, Sergius, get away from Constantinople! For you it is a death trap."

Kovalevsky smiled and shrugged his shoulders in the curious, sulky way which I remembered from his boyhood.

"For me it is the same everywhere, and makes no difference. Somewhere—in Paris or Vienna or London or here—I shall get stabbed or shot by one of our countrymen in exile. Kovalevsky's corpse—a good sight for the eyes of Russian aristocrats! For a few weeks this Kovalevsky was the great Russian patriot. Crowds pressed about him to kiss his hands, to touch his tunic. That made his name stink to people of his own class. Now the patriot is a pariah dog and any Russian would kick him to death. What does it matter?"

"It matters to me," said Vera Ivanova.

"Still?" asked Sergius. "You do not shrink from me as a traitor or murderer?"

"You pleaded for peace," answered Vera. "You hated all the bloodshed."

"That is true. I hated blood."

Sergius Kovalevsky looked across the theater as though staring at scenes painted in blood which he tried to wipe from his vision by thrusting the back of his hands across his eyes.

"Our poor Russia!" he said. "Our poor blood-soaked Russia!"

He repeated the words which were spoken by a woman—Madame Roland—when she stood below the guillotine:

"O Liberty, how they have played with thy name!"

"Sergius," whispered Vera Ivanova, "they have seen you! Look!"

Down below our box was a group of Russians. They had risen from a table in front of the stage and had made their way close to us. Three of them were Russian officers of Wrangel's army of volunteers. The fourth was a woman whom I had seen in the Pera Palace Hotel with Golitzin.

She was pointing up to our box, and I heard the words she spoke: "I am sure of him! That is Kovalevsky!"

One of the officers stepped nearer, staring at Sergius with sinister intent. It was just as the curtain rang up for the dance by Olga Ivanova.

Suddenly the officer swung round, facing the whole audience, and shouted out in a loud voice to all the Russians scattered about the hall: "There is a traitor here! The scoundrel Kovalevsky! Kovalevsky, who incited the revolution and led to the murder of our kinsfolk and the ruin of Russia! Kovalevsky, the Russian Judas!"

The audience had been quiet a moment when Olga Ivanova had appeared. Even in Constantinople it was the first time a Russian princess had shown herself as a ballet girl. Now from all the places where the Russians sat came the noise of people pushing back their chairs, talking loudly, craning forward to stare into our box.

"Sit down!" shouted some English voices angrily.

"Say, you guys," yelled an American petty officer.

I heard the name of Kovalevsky spoken by many Russian voices with a kind of incredulity

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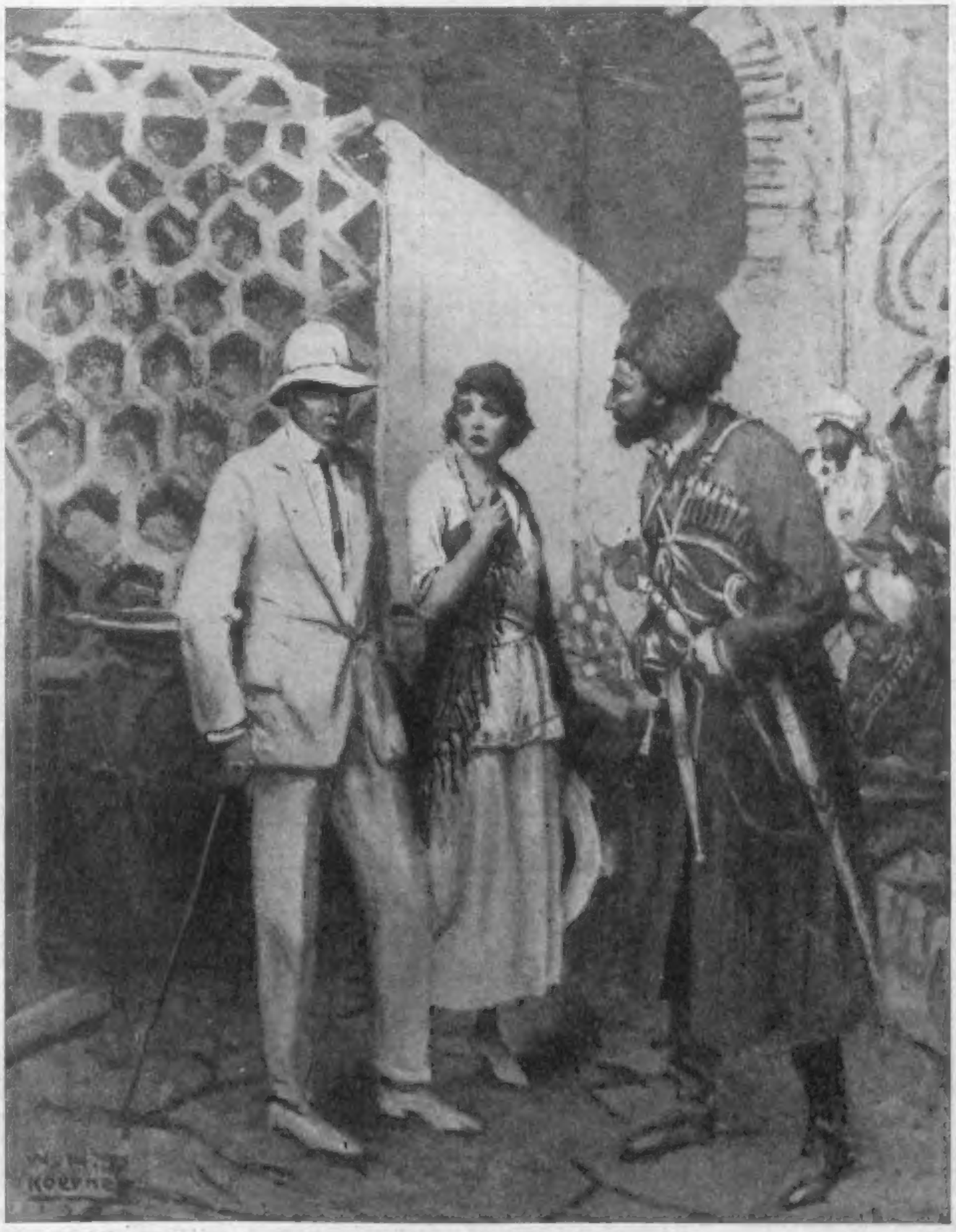

"You See How the Strongest of Men are Weak in the Hands of Women! They Put a Spell Upon Us"

NEEDLES AND PINS

By Anthony Wharton

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

HORACE ENTHWHISTLE and Ernest his brother were gardening. They gardened, as they did everything else, together in tranquilly affectionate duet. They were tying up one of their pillar roses, whose upper tendrils had grown a little disorderly. Horace stood on the top rung of the ladder, which Ernest steadied vigilantly while he watched with grave approval the driving of each judiciously placed nail and the looping of each tenderly adjusted knot of bast.

Ernest always steadied the ladder when Horace used it. Sometimes, indeed, it had occurred to him that, as he was nearly two stone lighter and three years younger than his elder brother, it might have been safer for Horace if their positions had been reversed. But it was so plainly unthinkable that Horace should descend to the secondary and subordinate part of a ladder holder, and so indubitable that Horace's dexterity and decision in regard to nails and knots were altogether superior to his own, that Ernest's affectionate common sense had always at once dismissed the idea of any alteration in their procedure as impracticable and even a little presumptuous. Besides, he was perfectly happy holding the ladder, a task which had its real responsibilities. For the ladder was a frail, spidery affair, and the leverage of Horace's portly person on its top rung was a serious matter. Then, too, from below one could judge effects; one was asked for advice and encouragement.

"Think that's a bit better, Ernest?" Horace would ask, pausing and removing a strip of bast from beneath his slightly ragged mustache; or, "How's that, Ernest?" or even, "Have I got that far enough over, Ernest?" Important things like that Ernest was asked, and after a prolonged, serious consideration he would reply, "Much, Horace," or, "Quite right, Horace." And Horace, satisfied and stimulated, would return the strip of bast to his teeth and proceed to select the site for his next nail.

The pillar rose was one of four which climbed the south side of the bungalow to its steeply pitched, red-tiled roof and framed its three white-and-green windows with crimson glory. Behind the gardeners, on a blamelessly shaven tennis lawn, two bored fox terriers and a spaniel yawned in the June sunshine, turning toward their masters at intervals gazings of resigned reproachfulness. At the click of the gate the terriers rose, leaped the tennis net and hurled themselves furiously at the legs of a small boy who emerged, wheeling his bicycle, from behind the shrubs of the little steep drive.

"Let Me Go!" "Not Likely!" Said Horace, and Sat Down on Him

"Pipers!" said the small boy with truculent succinctness.

"Bring them here, my boy," said Horace in his rich, amiable barytone, beginning to descend the ladder. "Late this morning again."

The small boy scowled.

"Punkshir," he said, handing the Morning Post to Ernest and the Daily Telegraph to Horace.

"What? Another?" exclaimed Horace severely. "That's two this week, my lad."

"'Twant 'nuther," retorted the small boy triumphantly. "'Twar same wun—see?" He retired, whistling excruciatingly, escorted by the undecided terriers.

"I shall have to make a complaint about that boy one of these days," said Horace. "It is perfectly ridiculous that—confound it! I've left my cigarette case in the sitting room."

"I'll get it," said Ernest eagerly.

He disappeared into the house and returned presently to find his brother comfortably absorbed on a garden seat with the middle page of the Telegraph.

"It's not in the sitting room, Horace," he reported. "I have looked everywhere."

"It doesn't matter," said Horace. "I must have left it in my bedroom."

"I'll go and see," said Ernest with undiminished eagerness. He disappeared, returned again unsuccessfully. "It's not in your bedroom, Horace," he said regretfully.

But Horace was now obviously paying no attention to him or to his failure to find the cigarette case. Horace was staring at the Daily Telegraph with an expression of mingled pity, surprise and horror.

"My word!" he exclaimed, allowing the Telegraph to droop to his plumpish knees and raising to his brother a face of tragic impressiveness. "Baxter is dead!"

"Dead?" repeated Ernest, awe-struck.

"He was drowned bathing at Braymouth, on"—he referred to the Telegraph—"yes, on Monday."

"Good heaven!" said Ernest.

He felt that the ejaculation was inadequate, trivial, unworthy. As he could think of no other, however, he seated himself after some moments beside his brother and, perceiving that Horace was staring solemnly at the stepladder, stared at it too, solemnly, for a little space.

"Well, well!" he said at length. "Drowned bathing! Does it—is there an account of it?"

Horace passed the Daily Telegraph to him silently and resumed his contemplation of the stepladder. But that contemplation was no longer one of altogether unrelieved melancholy. Already through its sadness was to be discerned dimly that resignation to the decrees of a trying Providence in regard to others which blossoms so becomingly and so consolingly in the well-disciplined and thoughtful middle-aged breast. Anon he shook his head—thrice—slowly, submissively, without bitterness.

The paragraph which announced the death of Mr. Louis S. Baxter was a brief one, but dignified by the heading, in fat capitals:

WELL-KNOWN NOVELIST DROWNED

"The deceased gentleman," said the Daily Telegraph, "whose novel, The Market Place, attracted considerable attention a decade ago, left the Royal Hotel at Braymouth early on Monday morning to bathe. Mrs. Baxter becoming alarmed at his prolonged absence, search was made, and resulted in the discovery late in the afternoon of the unfortunate gentleman's clothes on the rocks of a projecting headland a mile or so to the south of the town, known as The Spike. It is believed that Mr. Baxter, who had only arrived at Braymouth on the preceding Saturday, was unaware of the strong current which sweeps round this point, and being suddenly overcome by it was unable to regain the land, no assistance being available at so early an hour in so lonely a spot. The body has not so far been recovered, but there seems unfortunately no room for doubt that another name has been added to the long list of the victims of this notoriously dangerous bathing place."

Ernest prepared to return the newspaper to his brother, but after a glance at his absorbed profile abandoned this intention. To disturb in any way the memories which he divined that that paragraph had reawakened in Horace's faithful heart appeared to him an indelicacy, and for several moments he did nothing whatever with the most exquisite self-effacement.

"Poor fellow!" said Horace at last. "Poor unfortunate fellow! Foolish and reckless and unlucky to the last!"

The wrinkles at the corners of his eyes made a careful calculation.

"Baxter was only forty-eight. I remember that he was five years older than—than Alice. Alice is eleven years younger than I am."

Ernest checked the calculation gravely.

"Forty-eight," he agreed.

"I can't think of Alice as forty-three," said Horace. He resigned the baffling, incredible problem to his brother. "Can you?"

"I always think of her as she was the last time I saw her," said Ernest—"on her wedding day."

"Twenty-two years ago, Ernest. Can you believe that it was twenty-two years ago?"

Ernest couldn't, and signified the inability by a faint sigh. A long silence followed.

"Perhaps you left your cigarette case in the bathroom, old fellow," said Ernest, rising from the garden seat.

"Don't bother, old chap," said Horace.

"I want to get a hat," said Ernest. "That sun's a bit too hot without a hat."

The hat was the merest of excuses, as Horace was well aware. He smiled gravely, humoring his brother's eagerness in the little friendly service. And Ernest smiled, too, to show that he knew that he was being humored. Between them lay the thought that in this solemn hour Horace needed the solace of a cigarette. Once more Ernest departed gladly in search of it.

II

IT HAD always been so. Horace had always been the bigger, cleverer, better looking, more enterprising, more fortunate elder brother. In their childish days he had always been the spokesman, the deviser, the leader, the admired of their mother's friends, the spoiled of nursemaids, the favorite of the family good fairy, Aunt Emma. At school he had been on the second eleven and very nearly on the second fifteen; Ernest had never nearly been on anything. It had always been known that Aunt Emma's money—she was the childless widow of a Bristol corn merchant and had a good deal of it—would go to Horace. He had gone to Cambridge and had then returned to Bristol to become a solicitor—a solicitor who frankly disliked being a solicitor and who knew that upon Aunt Emma's death he would immediately cease to be one.

When that event occurred—with a perhaps unnecessary delay—his plans had long been decided upon in the minutest detail. His first care had been to provide his widowed mother with a more dignified and more secure comfort; his second to rescue Ernest from the office in Somerset House into which he had retired meekly and unobtrusively some fourteen years before through the examinations of the civil-service commissioners. These sacred duties discharged with dispatch, he proceeded at once to the accomplishment of his life's ambition, his own transformation—and naturally Ernest's—into the character of a country gentleman.

He had long had in his anticipatory eye a charming bungalow in the neighborhood of a charming Wiltshire village—a delightful and modestly idyllic retreat for two bachelors of hospitable and sporting tastes. It stood at the northwest edge of Salisbury Plain, with four hundred acres of excellent rough shooting at its hall door, two excellent fishing rivers within easy reach, an excellent golf course two stations distant and an excellent view as far as the best of eyes could see. Attached were a tennis lawn, a conveniently sized garden, stables and coach house, and a windmill which provided a satisfactory water supply free, gratis and for nothing. The air which surrounded these advantages was famous for its health-giving and bracing qualities. The drainage was beyond suspicion. Horace purchased the house, furnished, for three thousand pounds, rechristened it The Lodge, rented the shooting, put up his own name and that of his brother for membership of the golf club and both the fishing clubs, bought a dogcart and a couple of horses and installed himself with the grateful and admiring Ernest on one blustery afternoon in January a week before his fortieth birthday.

Within an hour of their arrival they had both changed symbolically into shooting jackets and knickerbockers, and with guns and dogs and utterly blissful hearts had sallied forth to the slaughter of their own partridges. When, for the first time in his life, Ernest picked up a partridge which he had himself shot with his own gun he had remembered to gaze at Horace with shining eyes. And Horace, who had shot dozens of partridges before but had just missed two, had none the less understood the shine and had held out a solemn hand and said: "Bit better than being shut up in a stuffy old office, old chap, isn't it?"

Ernest had never forgotten that intense moment.

They had many friends and two spare bedrooms. Every week-end a carefully selected pair of guests arrived at The Lodge joyfully. On Saturday they shot or fished, on Sunday they golfed or played tennis. At night they played bridge of an inexpensive but highly scientific kind until midnight, after which they retired into enormous easy-chairs with enormous whiskies and sodas for an indefinite period. On Monday morning they departed regretfully for Bristol by an early train. In fourteen years of week-ends no guest of The Lodge had ever been known to miss that train, a fact upon which Ernest, who made himself personally responsible for the catching of it, prided himself unostentatiously, the next available train not arriving at Bristol until after midday.

Gradually, as the years thinned out the garden of friendship, The Lodge had narrowed its hospitality to a little coterie of tried and trusty intimates—good, mellow fellows, jolly sportsmen, old Cliftonians all of them, with whom it was the most delightful thing in the world to swap old memories, sleepily but fondly, in the small hours of the morning over that last little 'un which Horace invariably suggested with such slyly humorous persuasion, while Ernest stirred up the winter log fire or fished for the summer ice. More and more largely did these reunions bulk in the scheme of the brothers' tranquil contentment; with greater and greater unwillingness could they be induced to venture forth from their retreat into a world in whose ways and thoughts they perceived such disturbing changes for the worse; with greater and greater relief did they return from its slightly disrespectful hustle to the familiar, unhurrying, unpretentious joys of their hermitage. Horace refused steadily to buy a car. A car would have simplified immensely their transport difficulties. All his friends now owned cars, and used them frequently to reach The Lodge, where a roomy garage had been erected for the special benefit of these weekly invaders. But to all suggestion that he himself should become a car owner he presented a smile of good-humored disdain.

"The good old horse is good enough for us," he would say, like a good old country gentleman clinging stubbornly to the good old country gentleman's traditions.

And Ernest, good-humoredly too, but with a plain pride in his brother's stubbornness, would close the argument by digging the arguer gently in the ribs and remarking:

(Continued on Page 141)

"If I Could Come and Settle Down in a Snug Little Place Like This, as a Bachelor, as My Own Master, With No Responsibilities—No Social Nonsense—I'd Chuck the Whole Lot To-Morrow"

EVA ON THE ICE

Emotion Triumphed. He Raised a Shaking Finger; Cried in a Choked Voice, "I Cannot Sit Down With That Man!"

By Samuel Merwin

ILLUSTRATED BY O. F. HOWARD

P. HEIGHAM GREEN alighted from the five-twenty-six and walked slowly westward along Simpson Street, pausing by one of the gay three-sheet posters in front of the Parthenon Picture Palace. He usually stopped there to wait for his sister, Goldie, who presided from one to six each day over the ticket-vending machine in the booth of marble and glass that was placed directly on the sidewalk.

A man had Goldie's attention now; stood before the booth, apparently asking questions; and so P. Heigham wandered on into the spacious lobby and looked absently at one and another of the photographs of film celebrities hanging there. Nearly every day he did this. He knew each of the blankly pretty faces, knew every dimple and every curl; yet never had his neat little mind drawn conclusions from the conspicuous fact that these rich and in a curious way famous persons were hardly more than inexperienced girls. Never had the thought come to him that the influence of such pictures on other inexperienced girls might develop new social currents of considerable magnitude. For he supposed life to be what he had been told it was at school and at home. And no one had ever told him that it is a fluid, that it changes at short intervals in emphasis, color, texture, that it even, at longer spaces, like a mighty river leaves familiar channels for new, and this often at the cost of widespread if casual destruction of ideas fixed solidly along the old banks. Such a thought would have put him painfully on the defensive.

He was, in mere years, a young man of twenty-four or twenty-five, rather below than above medium height, slender, with an oddly small face. The nose was short, the eyes and mouth little, the brows habitually puckered. It was a face without humor; with, rather, a slightly worried earnestness. His gray suit was plainly ready-made; the little speckled bow tie and the cheap straw hat such as were worn by thousands of clerks and bookkeepers in the city.

Disciplined to keep his humble place in the vast commercial organism, patient, negative, P. Heigham worried a good deal over the assertive quality of his sister. He often found it annoying to be with her in public places. But because she was, after all, his sister, his duty seemed clearly to overlook the problems she always raised and protect her when and if possible.

Goldie was eighteen and looked twenty-one. Crudely the gift of personality was hers. She spoke when away from home (she was cautiously silent when there) an oddly vivid language of her own. She was taller than her brother, and glowed with health and color, to the latter of which she added at times from a neat little vanity box, a practice that had wholly escaped the unobservant P. Heigham. Nor did he suspect that the thin curve of her dark eyebrows had been achieved through a laborious and painful plucking. The extraordinary way in which she arranged her abundant hair, however, could not escape him. It was not only that she trained it down over her ears, with flat puffs extending out on her cheeks—most young things nowadays did that—but the row of finely separated curls that appeared to be glued against her prettily white forehead was unique. Unpleasantly conspicuous. Men stared. But he had learned to use caution in rebuking Goldie. The last time he ventured to speak of the provocative curls, she had patted his cheek and murmured:

"Perce, old dear, never forget that you're a Heigham!"

It occurred to him now that the stranger was lingering overlong at the ticket window. An unprepossessing figure of a man; middle-aged, anyway thirty-five; in a pin-check suit of a lighter gray than was commonly seen in Sunbury or on the suburban trains; and stoutish, with the thickness about the shoulders that younger men dislike.

P. Heigham moved down nearer the booth.

II

"YOU'VE got a tongue in your head," observed the man, leaning comfortably on the marble slab and speaking through the round hole in the glass.

"In my cheek, dearie," replied Goldie, opening her vanity box and carefully powdering her nose.

The round face of the man clouded faintly as he searched his muddy mind for a quick retort. None offered. He said, with clumsy self-consciousness:

"I see I'll have to take you for a nice long ride."

"In those certain little sixteen-cylinder racers of ours? Wouldn't it be nice!"

"I can offer you eight cylinders," said he with some heat.

"That would be enough to take the whole family," she smiled. "Papa and mamma would love it."

He pushed his straw hat back and mopped his forehead with a lavender handkerchief.

The girl leaned confidentially forward.

"About that certain little matter ——" she began.

His eyes widened expectantly.

"—— you were buying a ticket, weren't you?"

His eyes narrowed again.

"Sure I'll buy a ticket. Box."

Deftly she pressed the proper button, and the bit of cardboard slid out. "Forty-four cents, please!"

She made the change.

"Now," said he, with a heavy grin, "s'pose you just keep your old ticket!"

"What for?"

"Sell it to somebody else, Cutie. With the compliments of Yours Truly."

Instantly she slapped down his forty-four cents in the marble cup before him.

He glanced at the change and, furtively, about him; straightened his hat and replaced the handkerchief in his breast pocket, leaving a lavender corner in view.

Then he spoke again, under his breath, a thought huskily:

"What would your folks say if I had the fellow wrap up about two dozen American Beauties and send 'em round?"

"Mamma'd love 'em."

He bit his lip. "How about a little ride? Honest, now; no kidding! Run up the shore—have a bite of supper somewhere?"

"What would the wife say?"

"How did—look here; I'll tell you about that! Just give me a chance to talk frankly."

Goldie murmured:

"Those genial Western brothers, Frank and Ernest—coming East—with a new act."

A woman with a child on each hand stopped by one of the posters.

"Listen, now!" said the man quickly. "You're a smart kid. That's all right. I like you. You hit me hard. I could be mighty good to you if ——"

The woman turned toward the booth.

Goldie took in the man with cool slow eyes. "Babe," she said, with an undertone of irony in her languid voice that penetrated, at last, the self-centered being before her—"Babe, you burn me up! . . . Tickets this way, madam!"

The man looked cautiously about; moved away a few steps; then, downcast, walked more and more rapidly along the curb to a bright-red roadster that stood near the corner.

Here the indignant P. Heigham overtook him. He had been unable to catch Goldie's voice within the booth, but enough of the man's speech had reached his ears to stir him beyond control.

"Wait just one moment!" he cried, and drew himself up in an attitude of what he felt to be commanding dignity.

The man, a foot on the running board, turned with a guilty start.

"Just one moment!"

"Well?"

"Suppose you step back and apologize to that young lady!"

Slowly, collecting his wits, the man slid into place behind the wheel and started the motor.

It was P. Heigham now who stood on the running board. If his color was high and his voice thick with emotion, there was no mistaking the firm purpose within him. It blazed from his eyes. He felt himself in the right and he knew that right must always triumph.

The man reached for his transmission lever; then said, a startlingly explosive quality in his voice:

"Get off that step!"

"Not until you stop your motor."

"Get off or I'll throw you off. This is my car."

"Stop your motor!"

"I've warned you!"

"Stop your ——"

The man slid toward him. During a brief moment they clutched ineffectually at each other. Then the man swung his right fist in a sweeping blow that found its mark directly under P. Heigham's left eye, knocking him clear of the car.

Slamming the door shut, the man drove swiftly away.

III

HAZEL AVENUE, through more than half its length, was conspicuously *the* residence street of Sunbury. There could be seen, set spaciously on a wide lawn and shaded by huge maples and oaks, the great square house of the Dexter Smith family; and a block north stood the imposing home of Mr. Weston, who had been president of the Sunbury National Bank for nearly forty years, a structure of red brick with two high curving bow windows in a setting of cedar hedges, suggesting to irreverent young folk a tomato salad. The Jenkinses, too, had always lived on Hazel Avenue, as had the Vanderdams, the Spaldings and the De Casselles, of the older families. . . . . But a few blocks to the north the avenue, twisting slightly eastward, made its way along the lower ground toward the North Sunbury Station; and here, nearer the tracks, stood rows of undistinguished and nearly indistinguishable wooden houses, built hideously in the eighties and nineties and rented systematically to the casual families that came on May first or October first in bulging vans, lived a year or two or three, attended this or that church, ran up bills along Simpson Street, appeared on the usual suburban trains and trolleys—even, in exceptional cases, at the Country Club and at weddings—only to depart one day in other bulging vans, leaving no perceptible impress on the life of the community.

And here lived the Greens, in a house of two stories that was set in a sixty-foot lot, with the usual railed porch across the front, the usual thin orange line of nasturtiums beneath it, and the usual somewhat littered back yard. There were evidences that a resistant or perhaps merely elusive landlord had been approached more than once in the matter of new paint and new shingles.

Henry C. Green, a thin, bald man of fifty, with a wrinkled forehead, a graying mustache, and the narrow sort of side whiskers known to an earlier generation as burnsides, was propelling the lawn mower about the little front yard. He was coatless and collarless. Anderson Green, the younger son, an overgrown lad of sixteen, exhibiting something of Goldie's high color but none of her shapeliness and grace, gloomily swung a sickle through the long grass along the fence. The twins, aged eleven, chubby girls with yellow pigtails and thick legs, were off somewhere down the street with a band of noisy children. And up on the porch Mrs. Green, a stout woman in a made-over summer dress of white muslin, sat upright in the old-fashioned net hammock idly moving a palm-leaf fan.

"It's six o'clock," she called down to her perspiring husband. "You'd better come in and wash. He'll be here any time now."

Henry C. stopped the rattling lawn mower, wiped his forehead with the back of a lean hand, and in a colorless voice remarked: "What?"

"I said it's six o'clock. Better stop."

"In a minute." And swiftly he swung the mower round the remaining square of longer grass, then trundled it off behind the house.

"Anderson!" cried Mrs. Green then—her voice rising as of a settled and petulant habit—"Come right in and change your clothes. You know we have company for supper."

The youth stuck his sickle into the nearest fence post and languidly entered the house, leaving a muddy trail across the porch and slamming the screen door with a bang that made Mrs. Green jump.

A moment or so after this small commotion Goldie appeared, walking with the briskly free swing that always vaguely alarmed her mother.

"Perce home?" she asked, pausing and poising with the grace of a Russian dancer on the top step. "He didn't stop by for me."

Mrs. Green shook her head, taking in her boldly beautiful daughter.

"No," she replied, adding: "Hurry up and get ready for supper. That Mr. Williamson's coming." Then, as the girl moved toward the door: "I wish you wouldn't do your hair that way. I don't like it."

"There is those as does," murmured Goldie lightly as she disappeared within the screen door. And Mrs. Green sighed.

It was a quarter of an hour later that P. Heigham Green, carrying a small parcel, stole in at the rear gate, slipped in through the side door and tiptoed up the back stairs to his room.

There his younger brother found him before the mirror with a hand cupped over his left eye.

"What's the matter?" asked Anderson.

"Nothing!" was the somewhat gruff reply.

"Aren't you going to change your clothes? It's supper time. Papa wants everybody down on time. That man's going to be here about the new agency."

"I don't know as I'll come down at all."

"Why not? Say, what's the matter with your eye? What you got there—raw meat? Good Lord, Perce, you've been in a fight!"

"I wish you'd go along!"

"I didn't know you had it in you. Let's see it."

Thinking perhaps to win a friendly silence, P. Heigham lowered the bit of steak, exhibiting a purple swelling.

"It's spreading," he explained miserably. Then added with a touch of vigor: "You go on down."

"But what'll I say? Mamma sent me up to see if you were ready."

"Say anything! Keep your head shut! Oh—maybe I'll come. How do I know—with company here, and every ——"

"You're too sensitive, Perce!" The youth examined the bruise with a delighted interest. It *was* spreading.

"Go away, please!" cried the elder brother, drawing himself up. "I've simply got to be alone now."

Reluctantly young Anderson withdrew and, all dangling arms and legs, booming in the manner of a saxophone one of the primitive melodic rhythms known generically as jazz which seemed during this period to fill his life, went down the stairs.

Goldie, who occupied the front bedroom, was interrupted in a delicate manipulation of one of her curls by the roar of a motor, a sort of roar new to this northern end of the avenue. A bright red roadster shot into view and slid up to the old-fashioned horse block. A stoutish man—curiously familiar in appearance—stepped out, looked about, then came in through the gate. That pin-checked gray suit she had seen before, and very lately. So this—*this*—was papa's Mr. Williamson.

Goldie sat on her narrow bed, pressing her curls flat and thinking—swiftly, delightedly.

IV

FOR Mrs. Green, at the last, everything went wrong. She had no girl at the time, and the "accommodator" in the kitchen, while well spoken of here and there along the avenue, was an unknown Hungarian quantity, fat and fifty, with large rings in her ears and rouge plastered over the folds of skin about her eyes. The occasion—Mr. Williamson appearing as a heaven-sent new connection for the slowly failing Henry C.—had seemed to warrant a steak, at whatever price per pound. And Mrs. Green remembered distinctly telling the Hungarian to broil it. But at the final, critical moment—the moment indeed of Mr. Williamson's brilliant arrival—it had become necessary to pursue the twins down the street and herd them firmly home. There was no time to go into the kitchen. Besides, Mr. Williamson proved more attractive than most of Henry's business acquaintances. He was brisk, exuberant, sure of himself, told new stories. . . . And the steak appeared as something near goulash, a tough slab, apparently boiled and swimming in an oddly flavored flour gravy which papa, who was not deft, sent in a shower about the best tablecloth as he struggled to hold and cut the elusive meat. It was inevitable that he should, at the last, spatter Mr. Williamson's handsome check suit. The twins, rumpled, tousled and enchanted with life, awaited the small disaster breathlessly, and giggled when it came.

Anderson looked on hungrily, hating guests, dreading papa's obvious funny stories (these were certain to come), eager to bolt his food and get out on the street.

Upon this scene came Goldie, wearing her best summer gown, which her mother found disturbingly low in the neck and high in the skirt. As this parental attitude had found voice on a number of occasions, had been, indeed, fully argued out, Goldie gave it now no thought whatever. Regarding her power over men there was no small doubt in her mind, and in the youthfully unscrupulous use of that power she found her chiefest joy. She was happy now, albeit demure, as she slipped into her chair, drew her napkin from the old yellow ring with its little black-and-white view of the Horseshoe Falls, and acknowledged mamma's introduction of Mr. Williamson with a cool smile. And the sight of the gentleman's face buoyed her spirits upward to the pitch of positive delight. For the face had turned abruptly red.

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Demurely, at the Long Marble Fountain, She Ordered Chocolate. She Took Her Time Hunting Through Her Purse for Change

The Goal of Central Europeans

Russian Peasants

By KENNETH L. ROBERTS

THE center of Europe, prior to the recent attempt of the male members of the Hohenzollern family to corner the world, was occupied by the large and fretful combination of peoples known as the Austro-Hungarian Empire. Among the races who dwelt in this so-called nation were Germans, Czechs, Slovaks, Magyars, Poles, Croats, Slovenes, Rusins, Rumanians, Dalmatians, Serbs, Jews, Gypsies and a number of other peculiar folk. When an outsider strolled into Austria-Hungary and tried to get a quick but comprehensive grasp of the different national groups which made up the empire his brain reeled with a loud buzzing noise.

Among the peoples in the old Austria-Hungary, for example, there were Slovaks, Slovenes and Slavonians. To the newcomer, for a long time, each one looked like a typographical error. These people ranged all the way from the refined and cultured individuals who lived in the great centers like Prague and Vienna and Budapest, used whipped cream on their chocolate and murmured mutinously when there were fewer than fifty beautiful women in the ballet of Faust, down to the hard-boiled Rusins, who wore sheepskin undergarments and slept on the mud floor of the living room with the heifers and the pigs. They differed widely from each other in their traditions, their history, their religions, their culture and their national costumes. They had only a few things in common: Not one of the different peoples of old Austria-Hungary was ever satisfied with its government; each nationality had a bitter, passionate and unwavering hatred for at least one adjoining nationality; and all of them wanted to go to America. In these things they were alike.

A Record Year

DURING the thirty-five years before the war the bulk of the immigrants who surged so freely into the United States came from three countries—Austria-Hungary, Italy and Russia. They were running neck and neck when the war broke; and on an average about a quarter of a million immigrants were entering America yearly from each of the three countries. Austria-Hungary, however, showed unmistakable signs of nosing out the two others. In the ten years before the war broke out, 2,347,636 immigrants had entered the United States from Austria-Hungary as against 2,196,884 from Italy, and 1,991,284 from Russia. In the big immigration year of 1907, Austria-Hungary alone sent to America the staggering total of 338,452 immigrants. This was the greatest number of people which ever moved from one country to another country in one year's time in the history of the world. Part of them went because the agents of steamship lines painted glowing pictures of the ease with which money could be made in America; part of them went because agents of big manufacturing concerns circulated through the crowded districts and mentioned jobs in American mills at wages that seemed fabulous to the poor peasants; and by far the largest part went because relatives and friends and acquaintances who had already gone to America wrote back to their home towns telling of easy money and bright lights and fine clothes, and filling the minds of the stay-at-homes with a red-hot sizzling desire to be up and doing in order to participate in the delights of America—especially in the easy-money part.

To-day Austria-Hungary no longer exists. It has become Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Austria, a part of Poland, a part of Rumania, a part of Italy and a part of Jugoslavia. The inhabitants of these new divisions of an old empire have as little in common as they had before the war; but the few things that they have in common have grown greatly during the past few years. They hate each other even more passionately than they hated each other in 1914; they are even more dissatisfied with their governments, for the most part, than they used to be; and their longing to go to America is violent and poignant and all pervasive. They would do anything to get to America.

Before the war there was a great pother over the vast numbers of immigrants that were pouring into the United States each year. The United States Immigration Commission proved conclusively that the bulk of the more recent immigrants from Central and Southeastern Europe hived up in settlements of their own, where they retained the languages and the ideals of the countries from which they came, and failed utterly to become Americans.

Undigested and Unassimilated

THEY had their own publications and occasionally their own laws. They were too frequently the sources of unrest and dissatisfaction, as well as of sedition and of innumerable varieties of revolutionary and anarchistic doctrines. In the cant phrase of the day, the majority of the more recent immigrants didn't assimilate. An ostrich could assimilate a croquet ball or a cobble stone with about the same ease that America assimilated her newcomers from Central and Southeastern Europe. Most of them seemed to have been inoculated against assimilation before leaving home. Their standards of living in their home countries were as low as any standard of living could possibly be. If it had been any lower it would have ceased to be a standard, and would have become a hole or socket. The immigrants brought many of these standards with them, and clung to them determinedly in America. No matter how meager their wages might be they lived on them handily and saved money, which they sent back home. That was what most of them came here for—to save money and send it back home.

Now there is nothing wrong with the saving of money by an immigrant; and when he has saved it he is entitled to do what he pleases with it; for he has paid

Slovak Women, Prayer Books in Hand, Waiting Outside a Church on Sunday Morning

for the money with hard work. But it is a different matter when great numbers of men, accustomed all their lives to living on starvation rations, come to America and take jobs at low wages and then, in their determination to save money, crowd into wretched quarters and live in squalor and darkness on a fraction of the money that an American workman must spend in order to live decently. Such a proceeding lowers the standard of living in America.

The 1920 platform of the Republican Party voiced the opinion of most political economists when it declared that "The standard of living and the standard of citizenship of a nation are its most precious possessions, and the preservation and elevation of those standards is the first duty of our Government," and added: "The immigration policy of the United States should be such as to insure that the number of foreigners in the country at any one time shall not exceed that which can be assimilated with reasonable rapidity, and to favor immigrants whose standards are similar to ours."

No prophet who ever lived, and no student of immigration, no matter how weighty his brain, is capable of figuring out the number of foreigners who can be assimilated by the United States in a given period of time. If they are allowed to live in the slums and ghettos and foreign settlements in which they are now living, they cannot be assimilated. There isn't a chance of it. There isn't even a shadow of a chance of it. Such chance as there is would, in fact, have to stand twice on one spot in order to cast a shadow. The people from these foreign settlements work all day by the side of other people of their own race or of other foreign races. When they leave their work they go back to crowded homes in which the only atmosphere is one of Europe. They come in contact with practically nothing that can be regarded as an Americanizing influence. So long as foreigners are permitted to enter this country and segregate themselves, just so long will they resist the rudiments of assimilation. Numbers have nothing to do with it. In approaching the subject from that angle, therefore, the Republican platform was disseminating a large amount of hot air. The idea behind the hazy words, however, was good. The idea proclaimed that the United States, in the past, had bitten off more than it could chew as regards immigrants, and that in the future smaller bites must be taken.

History's Favorite Pastime

THIS attitude on immigration came about as a result of the immense numbers of immigrants that were entering America each year during the decade before the war, and the difficulty America was finding in digesting them. But the prewar throng that surged into America do not loom so large when compared with the serried ranks and the teeming multitudes that to-day are anxiously awaiting the opportunity to break all surging records between Europe and America. Given a free field and no restrictions, they will surge to such an extent that they will, as one might say, turn America into one vast surgery.

In this we are able to observe history in her favorite pastime of repeating herself with deafening loudness.

The Napoleonic Wars left Europe wallowing weakly in an economic muddle of a most pernicious sort. The quarter century following the Battle of Waterloo saw nearly two million people emigrating to the United States from Great Britain and Ireland alone. In 1818—over a hundred years ago—an English writer named Robert Holditch gave the following picture of the economic woes that followed Waterloo:

"The cry of distress," he wrote, "was soon heard from all quarters, and the bankruptcy of our merchants and tradesmen occurred to an extent hitherto unknown. These failures involved the fate of thousands connected with trade and commerce; the opulent became insolvent; many of the middle classes descended to poverty; the indigent filled the workhouses; the local taxes pressed with intolerable weight upon those who were able to pay; and the situation of many who contributed was scarcely superior to the wretched inmates of the workhouse. A frightful national debt still presses, and the united demands of local and national taxes have influenced, and still do influence, thousands of our countrymen to abandon their native shores, and to commence, as it were, a new existence on those of the Atlantic."

Mr. Holditch's words, except for being too mild, apply to-day to almost every country in Europe. They apply particularly to Poland and the lands that used to be Austria-Hungary. Throughout those countries the city dwellers who once were opulent are living for the most part in misery; an income that five years ago would support an entire family in luxury for a year is to-day insufficient to buy a single suit of clothes. Owing to the worthlessness of Central European currency and to its violent fluctuation from week to week, merchants and farmers are loath to exchange their goods for money, and frequently refuse to part with anything except for its equivalent in other commodities. The erstwhile nobility is selling its furniture, its carpets and even its beds in order to obtain food; the poor are existing on less food and poorer food than is fed to an American dog that is being conditioned for a dog show. There are scores of millions of people in Central Europe who have been unable to buy clothes for three years, and who will be unable to buy them for years to come. They are making clothes out of window curtains, carpets, meal sacks. These people used to be affluent and comfortable. They used to travel, read new books, dine at good restaurants. To-day they have nothing, they see nothing, they do nothing except hope vainly for relief from their miserable existence. These are the city dwellers.

The farmers are infinitely more comfortable, being self-sustaining; and they will continue to be so until the city dwellers roam the countryside in armed bands and take by force whatever the farmers have. The misery that followed the Napoleonic Wars was a weak and puny misery compared to the ferocious, relentless old John D. Misery which has Central Europe by the throat to-day.

Balkan "Devil Dogs"
Above—Housing Conditions in Montenegro. Under the Old Régime There Was a Tax on Chimneys

In preceding articles I have shown that emigration from Ireland to the United States will probably be at least three times as large in the next five years as it was in the five years before the war; that five million people will probably emigrate from Germany in the next ten years, and that the majority of them will try to get to America if restrictions are removed; that emigration from Italy to America during the next few years will be limited only by the number of passenger steamers assigned to the task of carrying emigrants from Italy to America. The same thing that is true of Italy is true of the new nations that used to be Austria-Hungary. Emigrants from these nations to America will fill every ship that is supplied for that purpose for years to come—unless America wakes up to the fact that her chances of assimilating this mass of humanity, under existing conditions, is even less than a humming bird's chances of assimilating a box of tacks.

All Eyes on America

MOST of the top layer of the old Austro-Hungarian Empire has become Czechoslovakia; and Czechoslovakia, as I have mentioned before, has the outline of an old broken-down tennis shoe, or sneaker. On the front part of the Czechoslovak sneaker, extending from the top of the instep to the tip of the toe, there is a large growth, or wen, which was also a part of Austria-Hungary. This is the old Austrian crownland of Galicia, and it is now the southern end of Poland, just as it has been, off and on, ever since the eleventh century. One of the most annoying features about Central Europe is the way in which everything changed hands every little while in the old days, so that at the present time everybody claims everything in sight, whether it belongs to him or not. Galicia, however, is now a part of Poland, and a large percentage of the emigrants from Poland to America are natives of Galicia.

In Poland alone there are as many people keenly desirous of emigrating to the United States as emigrated to this country from all of Europe during any three of the big prewar emigration years. A commissioner of the Hebrew Sheltering and Immigrant Aid Society of America, after making a trip of investigation through Poland, stated that "If there were in existence a ship that could hold 3,000,000 human beings, the 3,000,000 Jews of Poland would board it and escape to America." This is, of course, an exaggeration, but not so wild an exaggeration as one might think. And out of the more than 20,000,000 Poles in Poland, there are great numbers who wish to fold their spare trousers and silently steal away, or noisily steal away, or steal away in any old way so long as they can get to that glad bourn whence no traveler returns without upward of $5000 in undepreciated American currency reposing coyly against his manly chest.

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TALL MONEY

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

And She Would Come Into the Chick, and Believe Me She Was a Good Customer, But We Hadder Cut Out the Discount Stuff

SAY listen, Mabel, have you ever tried living with your family? Well, except this once, neither of I since I been old enough to realize what I was doing. Not but what I would jump on any other person which knocked them at that; only it's a free country and I can say what I please about my own relatives I guess.

But some ways, ever since mommer died the less I see of them the more I think of them. Do you ever get that way? And what is further, Mabel, when I ain't seen none of them in a real long time I get awful homesick for 'em in my imagination and feel as glad to see them as if they was pleasant strangers. I get to thinking that blood is thicker than two and three-quarter per cent beer and ain't the family the backbone of this great country and all that stuff, and then a circumstance will come up which proves that the best way to keep a family together is to keep them as far apart as possible. Ain't that the truth? You tell her, tool box, you got the hammer!

But now it's over and I'm back in my furnished room again; and was I driven there by the family? Huh! Don't mention it! By more families than mine, too, meaning principally my sister's mother-in-law.

Say listen, Mabel, you wouldn't think it possible, but honest I can blame it all on the war, because it started back there in those times, with my sister Celeste marrying a boy which was a hick in the first place. You know the way it is—some is born hicks, some get the farm bug and some has hickness thrust upon them by the H. C. of L. I always suspected something awful would happen to Jane when she took that fancy alias, and it has.

Although honest, Mabel, I got to admit the hick in Elmer didn't show any when Celeste first married him. And it's the truth. One of the biggest jolts I ever been slipped was the first time they ast me down to the farm for Thanksgiving dinner. I would never of thought he come from any such place, and Elmer himself seemed to share my swell opinion of him. Because, Mabel, it's the truth there wasn't any straw in Elmer's hair when first we met. And if his clothes was a little too big in the waist, Celeste soon cured him of it. He looked like he had been born in the very middle of the Great Sahara—say about Forty-seventh and Broadway—and didn't own Fifth Avenue merely because he didn't care enough about it. Was he the joy-joy kid? You tell her, garter, you got the snap!

He was pulling a little over a hundred a week out of a munitions factory over in Jersey City when Celeste met him, a girl which was a manicurist but a good mutual friend introducing them one night at the pictures where Celeste had gone with this girl, Marcia Kline. And as Marcia had been manicuring him every Saturday for about two months, she had a feeling no doubt that a man whose hand she had held that often was a real acquaintance, although herself a very respectable girl and not a barber in the place but would back up that statement. So when they met in the lobby where they was looking over the different side swipes of Jack Barrymore that was made up of stills in the lobby and he come up in a light green overcoat and a pearl gray hat and quite a respectful although pleasant smile—why, they just naturally spoke. What? A-ah gwan, I didn't mean Jack Barrymore; I meant Elmer Basket.

Say listen, Mabel, ain't that a awful name? Especially to one like myself, which is going with a J. Livingston Smith, the originator of the Own Your Own Garage Movement. But to look at Elmer you couldn't of told the difference between he and Reggie Van Astorbilt. And neither could Marcia or even Celeste, which was still calling herself Jane but changed it that very night.

But was he the real goods, or did he have dressing in him, the same as his silk shirt? You tell her, razor, you're keen enough! Believe me, that's what I, like a good sister, wanted to know the minute I set eyes on him, which was about two weeks later. Would he wash, Mabel, that's what I wondered. Not meaning Saturday nights, but in the same sense as much of the fancy underwear I handle down to the Paris Intime. You see, Mabel, the worms which weaves the silk that most of our line of goods is made out of is using a lot of dressing nowadays and slipping over only about one-half of one per cent real genuine silk, and a person which handles as much as I do of them quickly learns not to handle them too much or they won't be in no condition for the customers to learn the truth for themselves.

But listen, Mabel, the first thing I knew about him and her was through Celeste blowing in the store to see me. I was working over to the Chick at that time and we kep' open until eight in case any wife which was too early for the theater could drag him in while they waited, and also so that girls which was working could have some place to leave their wages when they got out: We carried a pretty fair line of ribbon garters, chiffon camisoles, fancy gloves, Georgette underwear and other necessities of modern female life which the poor working girl was liable to need, and as I say, kept open late out of considering her and any other chance boob which might come along, Mr. Chris Bloom having no objections to loafing in the back of the store and paying himself overtime.

Well, one night round six-fifteen I was just in from supper and was folding some heavy-winter-weight crêpe de Chines for the night when someone says "Hello, dearie," and I looked up, natchurally expecting to see some regular customer, and who could it be but Celeste! She looked real cute, all dressed up like a plush horse, with a permanent wave in her cootie coops and everything. And was she excited? Check me up, phonograph, you got the record.

"Oh, Pansy," she says, "I come over the very minute the store closed," she says, "to tell you I'm gonner get married next week."

"This is so sudden!" I says, because we didn't live together then on account of the Y. W. C. A. not being gay enough for her. "What's the big idea?" I says.

"It's the draft!" says Celeste. "They are gonner make all the single men go in the Army," she says, "and so we're going to tie right up," she says, "before he gets called."

Well listen, Mabel, of course this was a good while ago and I hadn't met the bird or the war hadn't been won or anything, as you can guess. Also this wasn't exactly a recommendation for a brother-in-law. But when a only sister pulls a line of that sort, which it's the truth, Mabel, that was the first word she had said to me about even knowing Elmer, what is a person to do except be a sport and cheer on the bride? But it give me a shock just the same, although a big order for the house. Because he had give her a whale of a wad and she bought herself a outfit at the Chick right then and there, and me torn between business and the effort to keep her from being such a fool, but couldn't of persuaded her to do any different anyways, as I knew from long experience.

"Well," I says, when I had recovered a little from the news and we was in the midst of getting a family discount

from Chris on the trousseau—"well, when do we start for City Hall?"

"We don't," says Celeste. "That's something Elmer is dead against. He's a New Englander, and he's determined we shall have a home wedding down on the farm. He says outside of the railroad fare it won't cost us a cent. And as a week from Thursday is Thanksgiving Day we can kill two birds with one stone."

"Meaning turkeys, I suppose," I says. "Well, the Chick is to be closed in reluctant compliance with the law," I says, "and so that will be all right for me too."

Because of course, Mabel, I was to be in on the big event, no normal sister being willing to spare another who was at that time not even going regular with anybody and engaged only in making her own living.

Well, it seemed all right enough that it should be held down to his folks' place, we having no regular place for collecting folks of our own, the dear old home flat on a Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street where none of us was born having been given up long ago, and us being orphans. And so the night before Thanksgiving me and Celeste and the suitcases and Elmer pulled out of the big city headed for Stonewall, Connecticut. And this was the first time I seen Elmer.

Say listen, Mabel, ain't it a good thing we don't have to marry other people's husbands? Of course there are girls which actually seem to make a specialty of them, but how most people can pick out the husbands they do is a mystery to me. The only greater mystery is the wives most people choose, and Elmer was nothing that I could of used, I see that at the first look, and was it an eyeful? Don't mention it! He had on a synthetic custom-made suit that could hardly be told from real wool and a tight-waisted overcoat with a fur collar. His shoes couldn't of cost a cent less than twelve dollars, which was high in 1917, and his suitcase was the very best genuine near leather with brass-washed fittings. In fact everything about Elmer was almost nearly it—do you know what I mean, dear? And Elmer was almost a man. Right off the record I knew he had a tenor voice, and it wasn't very long before he tried to prove it. He would of been quite a husk if taken proper care of and his complexion could of been cleared up. He sounds something fierce, don't he, Mabel? But somehow, bad as he seemed, I felt there must be something good in Elmer for sis to be so crazy over him. Even the two-carat stone he had give her nor the hundred a week wouldn't be really enough to attract a girl which was sound at heart. And when I see his mother I realized what it was in Elmer that I sort of liked in spite of having better sense.

Say, Mabel, was you ever on a real, genuine farm? I don't mean no vacation house or summer hotel, but a real honest-Injun farm? Well, lemme tell you, dear, this was no small-time outfit. And it had everything on it but a mortgage. It seems Elmer's folks had bought it off a Indian chief for a pair of beads and I'll say that was some profiteering, but being quite some time ago the old folks was very stuck on both that deal and on the farm and I don't blame them. Because the place was a good deal bigger than Central Park with just as many sheep and a lot of pigs and chickens and turkeys and eggs and everything as well. Actually the outfit kep' itself, one thing feeding another, if you see what I mean, dear, but in the end feeding the Basket family—and it was some feed! Believe me, you couldn't of bought it at the hash house; no, nor at the Waldorf either.

And Elmer's folks was grand, Mabel, only you certainly wouldn't of thought he was related to 'em but that he was maybe something which had been left on the doorstep—that is, all but for his sort of hardly recognizable resemblance to his ma.

Say listen, Mabel, Mrs. Basket was just lovely. She had a sweet, round face and gray hair done without no snap to it, but she was so kind you forgot all about style, or even that it was a total stranger to her. One thing I did notice, though, and that was the quality of the goods her clothes was made of. Real wool in the morning, and the brocade she wore for the wedding could of stood alone. Believe me, I been handling silks since I come out of grammar school and I ain't never seen anything like them goods for quality. I guess they was made back in the days before the prophets had all become propheteers. And it was the same way with everything the old lady had—a little jay collar of real lace—and, Mabel, if you could of seen the sheets on the beds and the food we had!

Even the house was in the same class. Awful out of date, but built so strong it looked like it was going to continue the same forever. And believe me, Mabel, Ma Basket couldn't of thrown out anything since the day she was married. She wasn't a waster, and Elmer give her the big ha-ha for saving the paper and string offen every present that was sent in by the neighbors.

"Ain't that like a woman?" he says in pity. "Wasting time folding up scraps instead of using the same amount of effort to get somepin new?"

"Waste not, want not, son," says his ma.

"That line is old, ma," says Elmer. "It went out with the last Friday evening entertainment on the Ark!"

"The truth may be out of fashion, son," says the old lady, "but it ain't lost its value yet."

Elmer's pa was a hick for fair. I'll tell you, dear, I never got no impression of that man other than a pair of dirty blue overalls and a kind of depressing silence like he hoped to die soon but expected it would maybe turn out as big a disappointment as living had. He never opened his mouth except for two reasons: to park a piece of pie or give Elmer a call for not staying on the farm.

"I can't get help," he says, "and it's your duty to stay here."

"Aw, can it, pop," says Elmer. "Duty is a dull word."

"When I was a boy," says the old gent, "I worked for four dollars a week and my keep and got up at four-thirty every mornin'."

Say listen, Mabel, the old gimick actually seemed to think that was a virtue and, what is further, he acted like it was reason enough for Elmer making a repeat on it.

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"Say, Pop, D'yer Realize I'm Getting a Hundred Dollars a Week," He Bragged, "by Just Running a Machine Which Practically Runs Itself?"

The Liquidation of the Silk Shirt

By JAMES H. COLLINS

ILLUSTRATED BY RAY ROHN

THERE is a woman in it, of course—a fascinating French person called Georgette. But she figures chiefly in the trade situation. What the public knows is the silk shirt, and upon that it is venting its spite by consumers' strike, boycott, bargain hunting and other direct action. The individual citizen who pauses before the haberdasher's window, and goes thriftily and grimly on his way without buying, is wholly unorganized, and does not suspect that he is participating in a movement.

Some popular symbol we must always have for luxury and soft living. Yesterday it was the wrist watch. To-day it is the silk shirt. Leaping luridly into fame with our first munitions prosperity in 1915, this garment ran its blazing course, rising higher and higher in price, and becoming louder and louder in hue. Then, with our return to sanity and sensible spending, an outraged nation poured out upon it the vials of wrath.

At the peak of our extravagance the silk shirt was the distinctive garment of the proletariat.

Eight or ten years ago the crack metropolitan haberdashers in their search for exclusive novelties began cutting custom shirts from fine silk fabric, usually white or of very quiet patterns. These garments cost fifteen to twenty dollars and upward, made to measure, and were worn by exquisites. As a material for shirts silk had desirable qualities. It was thin, light, durable and clean. Absence of bulk and its smooth texture gave a certain bodily freedom inside one's coat. Made in soft weaves it was inconspicuous, yet the appraising eye of the stranger noted that it was silk, and, taking notice, accorded the respect due to fine raiment.

"In New York, at least," said an authority on the business and personal value of good clothes, "it is possible to dress so that a street-car conductor will stop and let you off in the middle of the block."

Silk Disdained by Well-Dressed Men

WHEN war wealth began to fatten the great American wage envelope the proletariat looked round for investments. It bought better cuts of steak, better grades of canned goods, better clothes for the wife and kids. It moved into better quarters and bought automobiles. For himself, the wage earner acquired the silk-shirt habit. There was something psychological in the moment. Silk is a poor conductor of electricity, but a good generator when rubbed. It threw out electric sparks, and the wage earner who made contact could not let it go. If every silk shirt in the country were gathered up to-day, after the carnival of spending, the pile might not be so very large, nor bulk seriously in the silk industry as a whole; but it has played the very deuce with that industry.

The silk shirt quickly became circusy in its design. Modest stripes were widened out to a quarter, a half and a full inch. Instead of one color, they became two in the same stripe, and three or four hues in the same pattern. Demand for the garment by the masses reduced the quality of silk, and then brought in substitutes that are much more glossy than silk itself. The quiet glance of the connoisseur was no longer needed. Silk shirts and near-silk shirts were resplendent. They could be seen afar, and heard round a corner.

"Have you ever worn a silk shirt?" the writer has frequently asked men in high places the past summer, dozens of business executives with incomes adequate for anything they may desire in the way of garments. Not one in twenty has ever purchased a silk shirt, and the exceptional man may confess that he has a couple for service in the woods, because they are so easily washed, or khaki colored for touring, because they are cool and don't show dust. One captain of industry was sarcastic, avowing that he had never owned such a garment, and never would. Then he recalled two white silk shirts that he had bought for a long ocean voyage, to piece out his wardrobe aboard ship. But his wife had appropriated them and turned them into shirtwaists.

On the other hand, walk through any factory town, mingle with the jolly crowds bound to a picnic, eat your lunch in a quick-service place, size up the applicants for jobs at any employment office or mingle with the rank and file anywhere, and the silk shirt is staple. Sometimes it has become a working shirt, because its colors have faded or the gloss departed. Then it is worn without a collar and with sleeves rolled up on sturdy arms—but it is silk or near-silk just the same. If this is the generation that returns to shirt sleeves, then the sleeves are silk.

The silk shirt quickly became synonymous with extravagance. Sermons were preached against it; not by clergymen alone, but by bankers, government officials, economists and that numerous fraction of the nation which is seriously concerned with the problem of how other people ought to live. Theology, finance, administration and sociology were equally powerless. The proletariat kept buying and wearing silk shirts, along with diamonds, furs and roadsters. There were sympathetic souls who approved, insisting that this was not only human but typical of the American instinct for higher living standards. Garbing himself in silk and fine raiment generally, the proletarian was simply demonstrating one hundred per cent Americanism.

At ten to twenty dollars, the silk shirt was worn by the mysterious "they" who are always setting the pace for the rest of us. Nobody knows who "they" are, or where, or why—they are just "they." When the silk shirt fell into the gents' furnishing store "they" dropped it. All things go in cycles. Some day "they" will take up the garment once more, say the fashion prophets—it just isn't being done now, you know!

But it is the Georgette person who has caused real trouble in the silk industry.

She slipped over from France about ten years ago, a Paris creation. She was light, fluffy, sheer, soft and feminine—and likewise tough. The fragile chiffon and airy crêpe de Chine were popular then. They didn't wear well, nor could they be washed. Georgette was a fabric just as sheer and soft, much more airy because it had only half as many threads to the inch as the other materials, and the thread being heavier, gave greater strength, with washing quality. Georgette vamped the country on sight, if one may scramble a simile, for her conquest was made among women, of course. Older silk fabrics made room for her, and she supplanted cotton and wool in feminine garments. "They" took her up and wore her, expensive minx that she was, and naturally she became the feminine equivalent of the silk shirt when girls in shops and factories began receiving munitions wages.

Queen Georgette Deposed

QUITE naturally, too, weavers began cheapening this fabric. Lighter thread was used, to shave costs and broaden the market. The open material is more easily and quickly woven than solid silk fabrics like taffeta. New mills were set up to produce it, and in the silk-weaving towns of New Jersey the mill operative put his savings into a loom, and began weaving Georgette at home. Merchants in those sections became infected with the Georgette craze, and financed weavers who abandoned the weekly pay envelope to become small manufacturers themselves.

In this mass of new production, marketed in countless ways, and easily manipulated by speculators, there was no standard of quality. But the small weaver very often continued to turn out Georgette at fancy prices when large mills, with standards and reputations to maintain, were hampered by shortages of coal, transportation, material or labor. Storekeepers and small capitalists throughout the silk districts furnished money backing to weavers. As looms cost several hundred dollars, and quickly became scarce speculative property, mill hands required financing. But an industrious operative could turn out Georgette that got by when it came to quality, because the demand seemed insatiable, and prices were continually rising.

In one case a weaver put his own savings into a loom, set it up in his front parlor, and looked round for silk thread. He had never bought any before.

"That stuff is worth thirty dollars a pound now," a speculator told him. "But you're just starting in, and I'll fix you up for twenty-five."

So the weaver paid that price for material which was then selling at seventeen or eighteen dollars a pound.

Overproduction of cheap grades finally killed the fabric. "They" eased up on Georgette because it was common. Poor quality, high prices and the sudden cessation of the buying craze last spring did the rest, and then woman's inhumanity to woman was shown in the dropping of Georgette by our lady proletariat. Good Georgette is practically indispensable in dainty

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The Silk Shirt Quickly Became Synonymous With Extravagance. Sermons Were Preached Against It

The Anthology of Another Town

"There Has Been a Good Deal of Talk That I Was Chased Out of Centerville. The Charge is True, But I Beg That My Side of the Story be Heard"

By E. W. HOWE

ILLUSTRATED BY RAY ROHN

Vic and Frances

VIC KING and his wife Frances have been great friends of Joe Todd and his wife Clara ever since they were children. They attended school together and as young married people visited back and forth.

But they have quarreled; Joe Todd and his wife say they are through with Vic and Frances.

Joe and Clara have a little baby, their first, and everybody hears how smart it is. Elderly women say, "Good gracious, do Joe and Clara imagine there never was a baby before!"

But Joe and Clara continued to lug their baby round and tell people about its beauty and smartness, though I don't believe anyone can tell how a baby will turn out for a year or two.

Clara said the baby talked when six months old, and pretended to be able to interpret its gurgles; and Joe stood by and said, "Hear that! It's as plain as words can be made! I tell you honestly, I'm worried. The baby is too smart; it's abnormal. I'm afraid it will die."

When people saw Joe and Clara coming to visit them in the evening, the mother carrying a white fluffy package and the father carrying bottles, bags and playthings, they knew they were in for an evening of it; nothing could be talked about except the baby.

I suppose Vic and Frances also became tired of the incessant talk about the Todd baby, though it was nice enough; but, as far as that goes, the world is full of the same kind. Anyway, it seems Vic and Frances used to go over to see Joe and Clara, and talk incessantly about how smart Tommy Mansfield is. They said Tommy could sing two verses of a song; that he could form long and complete sentences; that he could take steps between chairs. They didn't deny that Joe and Clara had a nice baby, but they talked incessantly about Tommy Mansfield, who is two months younger than Joseph, the Todd baby.

So Joe and Clara say they are through with Vic and Frances; and Vic and Frances—and pretty much everybody else in town—are laughing at the joke.

Matt Herrold

EVERYONE thinks it is his duty to serve as pallbearer when called on. And unless he has a mighty good excuse Jake Harris, our undertaker, won't let one of our citizens off when there is occasion for his services. Jake has almost as much authority as the judge exercises about jury duty.

As Jake Harris always picks good men as pallbearers six prominent citizens attended the funeral of Matt Herrold. But these comprised the crowd present, since Matt wasn't very well thought of.

Matt was generally known round town as the Evening Herrold, because of his habit of going to the drug store after supper and remaining late to growl and gossip about the town. He had never been successful himself, and when another man got along pretty well Matt couldn't understand it. He had a good mind, some said, but everybody knew he was mean. One evening Eddie Batty led him out of the drug store and gave him a beating on general principles.

For a time Matt was a little more careful in his talk, but soon got back to normal, and hated everybody about as usual.

He was thoroughly disliked at the Pierce House, where he boarded and spent most of his afternoons on the porches or in the office, growling. He had once lived in a big town, and when he came here and people didn't make a lot over him he was mad enough to bite a nail in two. Matt had as much chance as anybody, but never made much more than his board and clothes, and when anyone else did a little better than that he went the sour way. Matt thought he was a great deal smarter than he really was, is my opinion, and never could understand why the dull people about him were not dazzled by his brilliance.

Doc Tobin, who waited on him in his last illness, says there didn't seem to be much the matter. Doc thinks he died of hate.

Squire Bondurant

WHEN I was a little boy we lived in the country, where my father was a circuit rider. Every Saturday afternoon I accompanied him on his preaching trips, riding behind on a fat pony we called Mex, because we had heard the animal was a Mexican mustang. This animal wouldn't work in harness and wasn't very reliable under the saddle, as he frequently threw us both by jumping suddenly. Then we couldn't catch him, and were compelled to walk the rest of the way.

When I saw Mex tied by the kitchen door on a certain Saturday afternoon I knew what it meant, so I stopped what I was doing and went inside to put on my best clothes for the trip. On this particular occasion Mex threw us as usual, and, trying vainly to catch him, we walked to the home of a farmer named Joel Fair. We seemed to be expected, for a good many were gathered there, and we held a prayer meeting.

After it was over I heard the men discussing Squire Bondurant, a well-known rebel who lived in that neighborhood. It was finally agreed that it was their duty, as religious men, to go over to his house and talk to him in the hope of coming to an understanding about the war, then threatening. The squire was a religious man, but belonged to the South Methodist church, while we were North Methodists. Some thought that if my father went over and prayed earnestly with the leading man of his faith in our neighborhood trouble might be averted, for things were looking mighty black about that time. A big girl at school had already read a composition entitled The Horrors of War, and everywhere I heard discussions of slavery. We North Methodists were for freedom, but Squire Bondurant owned slaves and said the Bible plainly sanctioned his course.

After supper the men started over to Squire Bondurant's house, and I went along, wondering how the adventure would come out. As we walked through the woods after dark we sang religious songs and worked ourselves into quite a religious fervor and we claimed the Bible plainly said all men should be free.

Arriving at the Bondurant house, father walked in and the rest of us slipped in behind him; four or five men and as many boys. Father was very polite and said to the squire that as they were both religious men and confronted with a difference, would he join him in prayer?

The squire didn't like the intrusion very well, I could see that; but as there didn't seem to be anything else to do he consented. So we all knelt, and father began. Three or four of the squire's black people were standing outside, curiously watching the proceedings. As father proceeded he warmed up, and said a good many things even I thought were dangerous in Squire Bondurant's house, knowing his sentiments. None of us had ever been in the house before, as the family was somewhat exclusive.

The prayer being over, the squire was in a bad humor.

"Do you know," he sharply asked my father, "that you could be sent to the penitentiary for that prayer? What you have said is plainly intended to incite slaves to rebellion. There is a statute against that in this state."

Father was rather a mean talker, too, when discussing a disputed point with a South Methodist, and the argument soon became so warm that I went outside, frightened. The others of our party followed me and we stood in silence until father came out. Then we all walked home, realizing we had been guilty of an indiscretion. There was no singing on the way back, and little conversation.

I slept with father that night at Joel Fair's, in a big bed with a trundle-bed under it in which were three children, and noticed that for the first time in my experience with him he could not sleep, but tossed about.

The house was small, and we all slept in the same room. Very late in the night I heard my father say to Joel Fair: "Brother Joel, are you still awake?"

Brother Joel was awake; he too was sleepless from thinking of the indiscretion.

"Tell everybody you see to-morrow," father said, "to meet at the schoolhouse next Monday afternoon. If we can't settle it with prayer we will have to settle it some other way."

There was a tremendous rally at the schoolhouse the following Monday afternoon. Someone brought a drum and pounded it a good deal. Father was elected captain, and those who signed the muster roll followed him into the yard, the drum beating harder than ever. The women and children cried, as we supposed the men would march away at once; but they didn't actually go for a week, and when they did go they went away in wagons.

And that was the way Company A was formed.

Clara Dowling

CLARA DOWLING has worked in John Miller's family for nine years, and caused a sensation the other day by quitting. We all supposed the trouble was with John, as

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THE CAGE MAN

By Richard Connell

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWARD RYAN

"I Wash the Faces of Forty Million People Every Morning," Was the Way He Put It Himself

ALL day long they kept Horace Nimms in a steel-barred cage. For twenty-one years he had perched on a tall stool in that cage, while various persons at various times poked things at him through a hole about big enough to admit an adult guinea pig.

Every evening round five-thirty they let Horace out and permitted him to go over to his half of a double-barreled house in Flatbush to sleep. At eight-thirty the next morning he returned to his cage, hung his two-dollar-and-eighty-nine-cent approximately Panama hat on a peg and changed his blue-serge-suit coat for a still more shiny alpaca. Then he sharpened two pencils to needle-point sharpness, tested his pen by writing "H. Nimms, Esq.," in a small, precise hand, gave his adding machine a few preparatory pokes and was ready for the day's work.

Horace was proud, in his mild way, of being shut up in the cage with all that money. It carried the suggestion that he was a dangerous man of a possibly predatory nature. He wasn't. A more patient and docile five feet and two inches of cashier was not to be found between Spuyten Duyvil and Tottenville, Staten Island. Cashiers are mostly crabbed. It sours them somehow to hand out all that money and retain so little for their own personal use. But Horace was not of this ilk.

The timidest stenographer did not hesitate to take the pettiest petty-cash slip to his little window and twitter, according to custom: "Forty cents for carbon paper, and let me have it in large bills, please, Uncle Horace."

He would peer at the slip, pretend it was for forty dollars, smile a friendly smile that made little ripples round his eyes and—according to custom—reply: "Here you be. Now don't be buying yourself a flivver with it."

When the office force in a large corporation calls the office cashier uncle it is a pretty good indication of the sort of man he is.

For the rest, Horace Nimms was slightly bald, wore convict eyeglasses—the sort you shackle to your head with a chain—kept his cuffs up with lavender sleeve garters, carried a change purse, kept a small red pocket expense book, thought his company the greatest in the world and its president, Oren Hammer, the greatest man, was devoted to a wife and two growing daughters, dreamed of a cottage on Long Island with a few square yards of beets and beans and, finally, earned forty dollars a week.

Horace Nimms had a figuring mind. Those ten little Arabic symbols and their commutations and permutations held a fascination for him. To his ears six times six is thirty-six was as perfect a poem as ever a master bard penned. When on muggy Flatbush nights he tossed in his brass bed he lulled himself to sleep by dividing 695,481,239 by 433. At other and more wakeful moments he amused himself by planning an elaborate cost-accounting system for his firm, the Amalgamated Soap Corporation, known to the ends of the earth as the Suds Trust. Sometimes he went so far as to play the entertaining game of imaginary conversations. He pictured himself sitting in one of the fat chairs in the office of President Hammer and saying between puffs on one of the presidential perfectos: "Now, looky here, Mr. Hammer. My plan for a cost-accounting system is ——"

And he limned on his mental canvas that great man, spellbound, enthralled, as he, Horace Nimms, dazzled him with an array of figures, beginning: "Now, let's see, Mr. Hammer. Last year the Western works at Purity City, Iowa, made 9,576,491 cakes of Rose Petal Toilet and 6,571,233 cakes of Lily White Laundry at a manufacturing cost of 3.25571 cents a cake, unboxed; now the selling cost a cake was"—and so on. The interview always ended with vigorous hand-shakings on the part of Mr. Hammer and more salary for Mr. Nimms. But actually the interview never took place.

It wasn't that Horace didn't have confidence in his system. He did. But he didn't have an equal amount in Horace Nimms. So he worked on in his little cage and enjoyed a fair measure of contentment there, because to him it was a temple of figures, a shrine of subtraction, an altar of addition. Figures swarmed in his head as naturally as bees swarm about a locust tree. He could tell you offhand how many cakes of Grade-B soap the Southern works at Spotless, Louisiana, made in the month of May, 1914. He simply devoured statistics. When the door of the cage clanged shut in the morning he felt soothed, at home; he immersed his own small worries in a bath of digits and decimal points. He ate of the lotus leaves of mathematics. He could forget, while juggling with millions of cakes of soap and thousands of dollars, that his rent was due next week; that Polly, his wife, needed a new dress; and that on forty a week one must live largely on beef liver and hope.

He sometimes thought, while Subwaying to his office, that if he could only get the ear of Oren Hammer some day and tell him about that cost-accounting system he might get his salary raised to forty-five. But President Hammer, whose office was on the floor above the cage, was as remote from Horace as the Pleiades. To get to see him one had to run a gantlet of superior, inquisitive secretaries. Besides Mr. Hammer was reputed to be the busiest man in New York City.

"I wash the faces of forty million people every morning," was the way he put it himself.

But the chief reason why Horace Nimms did not approach Mr. Hammer was that Horace held him in genuine awe. The president was so big, so masterful, so decisive. His invariable cutaway intimidated Horace; the magnificence of his top hat dazzled the little cashier and benumbed his faculties of speech. Once in a while Horace rode down in the same elevator with him and—unobserved—admired his firm profile, the concentration of his brow and the jutting jaw that someone had once said was worth fifty thousand a year in itself, merely as a symbol of determination. Horace would sooner have slapped General Pershing on the back or asked President Wilson to dinner in Flatbush than have addressed Oren Hammer. An uncommendable attitude? Yes. But after all those years behind bars, perhaps subconsciously his spirit had become a little caged.

One cool September morning Horace entered the cage humming Annie Rooney. Coming over in the Subway he had straightened out a little quirk in his cost-accounting system that would save the company one-ninety-fifth of a cent a cake. He took off his worn serge coat, was momentarily concerned at the prospect of having to make it last another season and then with a hitch on his lavender sleeve garters he slipped into his alpaca office coat and added up a few numbers on the adding machine for the sheer joy of it.

He had not been sitting on his high stool long when he became aware that a man, a stranger, was regarding him fixedly through the steel screen. The man had calmly placed a chair just outside the cage and was examining the little cashier with the scrutinizing eye of an ornithologist studying a newly discovered species of emu.

Horace was a bit disconcerted. He knew his accounts were in order and accurate to the last penny. He had nothing to fear on that score. Nevertheless, he didn't like the way the man stared at him.

"If he has something to say to me," thought Horace, "why does he say it with glowers?"

He would have asked the starer what the devil he was looking at, but Horace was incapable of incivility. He began nervously to total up a column of figures and was not a little upset to find that under the cold gaze he had made his first mistake in addition since the spring of '98. He cast a furtive glance or two through the steel netting at the stranger outside, who continued to focus a pair of prominent blue eyes on the self-conscious cashier. Horace couldn't have explained why those particular eyes rattled him; some mysterious power—black art perhaps.

The staring man was quite bald, and his head, shaped like a pineapple cheese, had been polished until it seemed almost to glitter in the September sun. The eyes, light blue and bulgy, reminded Horace of poached eggs left out in the cold for a week. They had also a certain fishy quality; impassive, yet hungry, like a shark's. Without being actually fat, the mysterious starer had the appearance of being plump and soft; perhaps it was the way he clasped two small, perfectly manicured hands over a perceptible rotundity at his middle, an unexpected protuberance, as if he were attempting to conceal a honeydew melon under his vest.

Horace Nimms did his best to concentrate on the little columns of figures he was so fond of drilling and parading, but his glance strayed, almost against his will, to the bald-headed man with the fishy blue eyes, who continued to fasten on Horace the glance a python aims at a rabbit before he bolts him.

At length, after half an hour, Horace could stand it no longer. He addressed the stranger politely.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" asked Horace with his avuncular smile.

The starer, without once taking his eyes off Horace, rose, advanced to the little window and thrust through it an oversized card.

"You may go on with your work," he said, "just as if you were not under observation. I am here under Mr. Hammer's orders."

His voice was peculiar—a nasal purr.

The caged cashier glanced at the card. It read:

S. WALMSLEY COWAN

EFFICIENCY EXPERT EXTRAORDINARY
AUTHOR OF "PEP, PERSONALITY, PERSONNEL,"
"HOW TO ENTHUSE EMPLOYEES"

Horace Nimms had a disquieting sensation. He had heard rumors of a man prowling about in the company, subjecting random employees to strange tests, firing some, moving others to different jobs, but he had always felt that twenty-one years of service and the steel bars of his cage protected him. And now here was the man, and he, Horace Nimms, was under observation. He had always associated the phrase with reports of lunacy cases in the newspapers. Mr. Cowan returned to his seat near the cage and resumed his silent watch on its inmate. Horace tried to do his

work, but he couldn't remember when he had had such a poor day. The figures would come wrong and his hand would tremble a little no matter how hard he tried to forget the vigilant Mr. Cowan who sat watching him.

At the end of a trying day Horace dismounted from his high stool, hitched up his lavender sleeve garters and inserted himself into his worn blue serge coat. He would be glad to get back to Flatbush. Polly would have some fried beef liver and a bread pudding for supper, and they would discuss for the hundredth time just what the ground-floor plan of that cottage would be—if it ever was.

But Mr. Cowan was waiting for him.

"Step this way, will you—ple-e-ese," said the expert.

Horace never remembered when he had heard a word that retained so little of its original meaning as Mr. Cowan's "ple-e-ese." Clearly it was tossed in as a sop to the hypersensitive. His "ple-e-ese" could have been translated as "you worm."

Horace, with a worried brow, followed Mr. Cowan into one of those goldfish-bowl offices affected by large companies with many executives and a limited amount of office space. It contained only a plain table and two stiff chairs.

"Sit down," said Mr. Cowan, "ple-e-ese."

It is a difficult linguistic feat to purr and snap at the same time, but Mr. Cowan achieved it.

Horace sat down and Mr. Cowan sat opposite him, with his unwinking blue eyes but two feet from Horace's mild brown ones and with no charitable steel screen between them.

"I am going to put you to the test," said Mr. Cowan.

Horace wildly thought of thumbscrews. He sat bolt upright while Mr. Cowan whipped from his pocket a tape measure and, bending over, measured the breadth of Horace Nimms' brow. With an ominous clucking noise the expert set down the measurement on a chart in front of him. Then he carefully measured each of Horace's ears. The measurements appeared to shock him. He wrote them down. He applied his tape to Horace's nose and measured that organ. He surveyed Horace's forehead from several different angles. He measured the circumference of Horace's head. The result caused Mr. Cowan acute distress, for he set it down on his elaborate chart and glowered at it a full minute.

Then he transferred his attention and tape to Horace's stubby hands. He measured them, counted the fingers, contemplated the thumb gravely and wrote several hundred words on the chart. Horace thought he recognized one of the words as "mechanical."

"Now," said Mr. Cowan solemnly, "we will test your mental reactions."

He said this more to himself than to Horace Nimms, on whose brow tiny pearls of perspiration were appearing. Mr. Cowan drew forth a stop watch and spread another chart on the table before him.

"Fill this out—ple-e-ese," he said, pushing the chart toward Horace. "You have just five minutes to do it."

Horace Nimms, dismayed, almost dazed, seized the paper and started to work at it with feverish confusion. He boggled through a maze full of pitfalls for a tired, rattled man:

If George Washington discovered America, write the capital of Nebraska in this space. _____ But if he was called the Father of His Country, how much is 49 × 7? _____ Now name three presidents of the United States in alphabetical order, including Jefferson, but do not do so if ice is warm. _____ If Adam was the first man, dot all the "i's" in "eleemosynary" and write your last name backward. _____ Omit the next three questions with the exception of the last two: How much is 6 × 9 = 54? _____ What is the capital of Omaha? _____ How many "e's" are there in the sentence, "Tell me, pretty maiden, are there any more at home like you?" _____ Put a cross over all the consonants in the foregoing sentence. Now fill in the missing words in the following sentences: "While picking _____ I was stung in the _____ by a _____." "Don't bite the _____ that feeds you."

How old are you? Multiply your age by the year you were born in. Erase your answer. If a pound of steel is heavier than a pound of oyster crackers, don't write anything in this space. _____ Otherwise write three words that rime with "icicle." Now write your name, and then cross out all the consonants.

Name three common garden vegetables. _____

It seemed to Horace Nimms that he had floundered along for less than a minute when Mr. Cowan said briskly, "Time," and took the paper from Horace.

"Now the association test," said Mr. Cowan, drawing forth still another chart, very much as a magician draws forth a rabbit from a hat.

"I'll say a word," he went on, seeming to grow progressively more affable as Horace grew more discomfited, "and you will say the word it suggests immediately after—ple-e-ese," he added as an afterthought.

Horace Nimms moistened his dry lips. Mr. Cowan pulled out his stop watch.

"Oyster?" said Mr. Cowan.

"S-stew!" quavered Horace.

"Flat?"

"Bush!"

"Hammer?"

"President!"

"Soap?"

"Cakes!"

"Money?"

"Forty-five!"

"Up?"

"Down!"

"Man?"

"Cage!"

"Most peculiar," muttered Mr. Cowan as he noted down the answers. "We'll have to look into this."

Horace could not suppress a shudder.

"That's all," said Mr. Cowan.

"I am Going to Put You to the Test," Said Mr. Cowan. Horace Wildly Thought of Thumbscrews

"By George," Exclaimed President Hammer, "You Know More About the Business Than I Do Myself!"

When Horace arrived at his Flatbush flat, late for supper, he did not enjoy the bread pudding, though it was a particularly good one—with raisins. Nor did he go to sleep quickly, no matter how many numbers he multiplied. He was thinking what it would mean to him at his age if Mr. Cowan should have him put out of his cage. His dreams were haunted by a pair of eyes like those of a frozen owl.

The next afternoon Horace Nimms, busy in his cage, received a notice that there would be an organization meeting at the end of the day. He went. The meeting had been called by S. Walmsley Cowan, who in his talks to large groups adopted the benevolent big-brother manner and turned on and off a beaming smile.

"My friends," he began, "it is no secret to some of you that Mr. Hammer has not been pleased with the way things are going in the company. He has felt that there has been a great deal of waste of time and money; that neither the volume of business nor the profits on it are what they should be. He has commissioned me to find out what is wrong in the company and to put pep, efficiency, enthusiasm into our organization."

He smiled a modest smile.

"I rather fancy," he continued, "that I'll succeed. I have been conducting the tests with which you are all doubtless familiar through reading my books, Pep, Personality, Personnel and How to Enthuse Employees. I have made a most interesting and startling discovery. Most of you are in the wrong jobs!"

He paused. The men and women looked at each other uneasily. Then he went on.

"I'll cite just one instance. Yesterday I tested the mentality of one of you. I found that he was of the cage, or solitary, type of worker. See Page 239 of my book on Getting Into Men's Brains. But he was already working in a cage! Here was a problem. Could it be that that was where he would do best? No! Then a happy solution struck me. He was in the wrong cage. So I am going to transfer him from a mathematical cage to a mechanical cage. I am going to transfer him to be an elevator operator. This may surprise you, my friends, but science is always surprising. Just fancy! This man has been working with figures for more than twenty years, and I discover by measuring that his thumbs are of the purely mechanical type, and all that time he would have been much happier running an elevator. Now by an odd coincidence I found that one of the elevator operators has a pure type of mathematical ear, so I am transferring him to the cashier's cage. He may seem a bit awkward there at first, but we shall see, we shall see."

He turned on his smile. But the eyes of the employees had turned sympathetically to the pale face of Horace Nimms. How old and tired Uncle Horace looked, they thought. In a nightmare Horace heard his name pronounced. After twenty-one years! His temple of figures!

(Concluded on Page 46)

WHAT BECOMES OF A WHISKY SALESMAN

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE

I WAS so sorry for the liquor people a few months ago that my sympathy had reached a stage of bitterness. With plenty of idle hours in which to brood over the catastrophe of prohibition I was just beginning to feel sorry for myself, when I sensed the danger. In the prize ring they say that self-pity is a surer knockout than a clip on the jaw. And here I was at the count of nine!

I staggered to my feet just in the nick of time—dazed.

I found myself standing in Columbus Circle, one of the busiest spots in all New York, regarding the traffic with fixed gaze. Several old friends say they yelled at me from passing automobiles, but I did not see them. My whole attention, or as much of it as I could gather, was centered on trucks. I was trying to determine for myself which of those trucks was making the best showing in the traffic jam. I was also trying to figure out just who bought those trucks, and why.

At times I felt a little foolish, standing there. Under the same circumstances I believe any man of mature years would have felt foolish. Try to imagine, if you will, yourself, at the age of fifty-five, a successful business career behind you, standing there in the full belief that your future depended upon what you could learn about a two-ton truck and the kind of man who bought one. Often I had stood in the same place in my own car roundly abusing the big trucks ahead that gummed up the procession. Then trucks meant nothing to me more than a nuisance. It never occurred to me who owned them, what they were for or that there were different varieties of them. I didn't know what made them tick, whether they ran by gas, handspring or electricity. I didn't care.

This day, though, I did care. I could see nothing but trucks—big ones, little ones, fast ones, slow ones. My eye skipped over the pleasure cars as if they had not been present. Finally I saw a two-ton machine loaded with milk bottles back off a few feet and then skillfully slip by the more cumbersome ones and get away. This roused my interest and I made careful note of it.

From Gloves to Red-Eye

IT WAS a point, anyway. I needed a starting point badly. I was going to sell trucks to somebody—but who? I looked down Broadway for suggestion, but none came. I recognized old gin mills—now landmarks—but that was all. I realized that I didn't know a man in the world who bought trucks; I didn't know who needed them. Still, I was to start life anew, selling them. The prospect was certainly not encouraging.

I was not a boy with a new toy and no concern for the future. I was a man of fifty-five years. For twenty years I had never earned less than ten thousand dollars a year. In addition to that I had had an unlimited expense account; and kept it working, too. To give a party for a dozen men had been of no more consequence to me than offering my cigar case to a friend. My acquaintance in New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore was extensive. I dare say there is not now a man in either of those cities, unless he be a professional politician, who knows more people than I do.

But the business made possible by that acquaintance no longer existed. The career that I had builded with great care had been knocked from under me. Instead of standing on top of a lifelong struggle and looking down complacently, I was left flat on the ground.

I had been a wholesale whisky salesman.

For many weeks after prohibition came I was advised to take it easy—surely the liquor traffic would return in one form or other.

They even paid me a retaining fee of one hundred and fifty dollars a week for four months after Demon Rum died—in June, 1919. He was buried in the fall.

But I flatter myself that I am not a fool. I knew then and I know now that the whisky business will never return. I had no dire need of the one hundred and fifty dollars a week. I told the head of the house that it was foolish to pay it to me. He explained, though, that he was paying it as an investment—to make sure of holding me in readiness. He insisted upon it.

In the meantime, following my own hunch, I set about looking for another business—quite an undertaking. It is not easy for a man who has devoted his entire energies for twenty years or more toward building up a business to shift suddenly into some other form of endeavor.

I was not a whisky salesman as the public ordinarily understands it. In my latter years I did not visit saloons to dispose of my wares to the bartender or the little boss who personally served drinks. I dealt exclusively with jobbers, taking over entire districts. For instance, I built up the trade for my firm in Philadelphia and was then asked to take over the Baltimore district. I succeeded so well there that later I was assigned to the important district of New York, at a big salary and commission.

There was a time, though, when I did seek the saloon trade. I had to cut my eyeteeth. I started at the bottom and knew the business from the ground up.

I don't know to this day just why I ever wanted to sell whisky. Even as a boy I was always trying to sell something, and in my early travels I had met a number of salesmen. I had observed that whisky men were usually the best fellows—at least, I thought they were—and the best spenders. Also they always had on hand a stock of good stories. They held the limelight in the smoking cars, and as a young man this appealed to me, I suppose. I flattered myself on being a good story-teller. I was born and brought up in Baltimore—and good stories seemed to go better on whisky merchants than on other business men. Probably that was due to the occasional drinks that helped one to regard life more generously. At any rate, I dropped into the game naturally.

As to the moral side of the whisky business, I must admit that I never gave it a serious thought. In my early environment it was never presented to me in that light. It never occurred to me that there was anything wrong in it from a business point of view. Whisky was just the same to me as cotton is to a cotton merchant. Probably my point of view was influenced by the section in which I was brought up. Many of the best families—they were dignified churchgoing people too—were in the distillery business. I have known many distillers who would not think of going into a saloon.

As I stood there in Columbus Circle trying to face my new job bravely my thoughts naturally wandered back over those early days. In fact I had used my early experience in getting a job to land the new one. All my life I have managed to have a little money ahead. And, don't forget, that is a big thing in seeking a job.

One day, nearly thirty years ago, I was walking down St. Paul Street, in Baltimore, having returned from a trip of selling ladies' gloves. Ahead of me I saw the main office of a big whisky concern. On impulse I dropped in. "I can sell whisky," I told the boss. "And with a little experience I believe I can sell as much as any man you've got."

This rash statement caused the man to regard me with interest.

"But we never take anybody who is not experienced," he said.

"You didn't have any experience when you started, did you?" I asked. "Everybody has got to start sometime."

"But experiments are costly," he argued.

"This one won't be to you," I declared. "To begin with I don't want any salary, and I don't want any commission. More than that, I will pay all my expenses the first trip. If I don't make good, then you don't need to keep me and you don't lose anything."

"Well, by George, that's fair enough," he said. "Wait till I talk to my partner."

Great Selling Assets

HE DIDN'T see his partner, but the next day I got the job. I made a wonderful trip. The partner tried to belittle my efforts by saying it was complimentary business and indicated no particular merit. He was peeved because I was sent out before he could be consulted.

"All right," I declared, covering my disappointment with bravado. "I'll make another trip under the same conditions, though I don't see anything complimentary about it. I never met those people before."

Out of pure stubbornness I made good my proposition and actually did go on another trip at my own expense. I sold more goods than before. The discouraging partner admitted this time that I had done well, but I could see he did not like me. He took the idea that I had put something over on him.

Two months later one of the biggest concerns in Baltimore offered me a contract which gave me the chance to get away from that disagreeable partner. I gladly accepted and remained with the second house until prohibition dealt the final blow.

Just before he died the head of the concern, who always pretended that he could never understand my methods, called me in and told me something that has been of immense value to me. I repeat it in the hope that it may be a suggestion to some other salesman—we won't have any more whisky salesmen, you know.

"Jerry," he said, "you'll always get along if you don't get self-conscious. Your success has been due to just two things—loyalty, and the fact that every man you meet

the second time calls you by your first name. Even when customers write in here they refer to you as 'Jerry.' I don't understand how you do it. I noticed the other day when we were talking to the lieutenant governor at that clambake that he called me Mr. ——. Now, I have known him for years. Still, you have known him but two months, and he called you Jerry. How is that?"

I could not explain to him how it was, but it was true. It is a wonderful advantage in business to have a customer call you by your first name—if he does it affectionately, not with coarse familiarity. There is a lot of difference.

In the old days salesmen had to rely on observation, and the man who did not think everything out for himself got nowhere. Salesmen nowadays can get some valuable pointers by reading the papers and magazines—if they will only read. In my early days, though, I never saw such a thing as a business article or a business story in the magazines or papers. Evidently business was not considered a subject to interest the reading public then.

Just the other day I was reading an interesting article by some prominent writer on business subjects in which he pointed out a thing very old and very true. The same thing could have been written twenty years ago had someone been clever enough to see the value of it in print. It showed why a salesman should always impress his personality on the buyer—what it meant to him on the next call.

In more elegant language than I may hope to command the writer elaborated an idea that my young mind caught roughly when I first started out: I was in the office of a tobacco merchant when two salesmen came in. The merchant addressed one of these men as Hal. The other he did not remember; had to be reminded of the man's name. Hal waited until the other salesman had gone, and got an order. As the blank was being filled out Hal told the tobacco man two funny stories, after which they went out to lunch together. The merchant still did not remember the other salesman's name.

That little incident, apparently insignificant, impressed me deeply. I not only took careful note of it but I made a memorandum of the two stories in my little book. I used those two yarns for years. If I got encouragement I'd ring in a darky yarn or two from down in Baltimo'. I emulated Hal at every opportunity, and my business picked up surprisingly.

The Gentle Art of Making Friends

IT IS not an advantage to every man to be called by his first name. I have known some men to be injured by it as much as others are benefited. I had a boyhood friend who got to be a professor of mathematics and later superintendent of schools. We all called him Tony. It became necessary for him to ask us all to stop it except on very intimate occasions. It was injuring him in his career.

You can't figure out that use of first names by analysis. There are some men who are just naturally called by the first name. For instance, it seemed perfectly natural to refer to President Roosevelt as Teddy, and there was no loss of dignity. But can you imagine anybody referring to President Wilson as Woodie?

In using the familiar form of address to customers I had to be guided by intuition. Apparently they did not resent it. At the same time, at an early age I understood the disadvantage of being looked upon as a fresh drummer. I have some very close friends whom I shall call Mr.—— to my dying day.

The important thing—and one that can be perfected by study—is to make oneself remembered. It can be done by creating an impression on the first visit. I have no patience with the salesman who goes back the second time and has to be introduced. I cannot refrain from considering him a fool. I have taken particular notice that our great men, like Presidential candidates and governors, have the so-called knack of remembering names. I was introduced to William J. Bryan down South once. Six months later I was present at a political reception in Maryland, and to my amazement he called me by my name. Yes, and in consequence I voted for him.

Believe me, though, that is no knack. People who are satisfied to regard it that way are stupid. Those men became personally popular simply because they understood the value of remembering people and made a point of doing it. They concentrate their minds on the man and connect him with some incident that he relates or something that happens at the time. In other words, they think. The average fellow does not. The average fellow doesn't become President or governor, either. That average fellow doesn't even become a good whisky salesman.

The average fellow has another failing that is worse still. He doesn't read. He simply looks at a newspaper—doesn't even try to know what is going on in the world. I know some so-called salesmen who are going to be terribly shocked when they hear that a lot of nations were engaged in a war recently.

Perhaps I'm a little presumptuous in trying to teach people their business, but please don't consider me fresh. I've knocked about quite a lot these fifty-five years.

Already I can hear some fellow say: "Well, that's all right, but how does he make merchants remember him? Give us the recipe."

I cannot give the exact recipe. I only know that I managed it by being a good listener and watching successful men. When you listen attentively to a man for a long time he immediately thinks you out of the ordinary—and I guess you are. Men out of the ordinary are always remembered. There are so few of them.

I have sat for an hour while some old merchant told me of the difficulties his family was having in raising chickens. I tried to drink in every word that he said, no matter how trivial. I have had men explain to me what were the best shows and the best books, and why. I always tried to show an appreciation of the information. If I had read the book he mentioned he took an added interest in me. So I made up my mind to keep well read. It paid.

One day at luncheon a grouchy old whisky jobber told me of a remarkable way his wife had of cooking eggs by placing them inside ripe tomatoes with a spicy sauce and then baking them. This he said was the last word in breakfast dishes. At his direction I carefully wrote down the details. It seemed to please him.

When I got back home I took pains to write him a letter and tell him that my wife was crazy about the new dish, but that I had forgotten some minor detail. I asked if he would consult his wife and give me the recipe again.

Do you think that man forgot me? Not on your life! The next time I visited him he called me by my first name and invited me to his house to exhibit another special dish. For years he was one of my best customers. Other salesmen had warned me that he was a tough old bird and a tightwad.

As I gradually acquired friends in this way my business increased. After it had spread over three states it is not difficult to understand why I was worth from fifteen to twenty thousand dollars a year to a big firm. I have made more than twenty thousand dollars a year.

Finally the word came to stop taking orders. My firm, an old and honorable one, always insisted on a rigid observance of the law.

The last head of my house, a good woman, widow of the former president, followed him to the grave shortly after the passage of the Volstead Enforcement Act. With her passing the business ceased to exist. As a final request she asked that no efforts be made to dispose of the stock by questionable methods. Instead she gave us a carefully prepared list of hospitals and similar institutions and asked that all the whisky be turned over to them for medicinal purposes. Her wishes were complied with and that was the end. My weekly retaining fee was stopped.

I was out of a job.

I did not have enough money to go into a big business, though I was fairly comfortable for a while. I realized that I did not have the executive ability or experience to conduct a business. I gave the situation earnest thought. I had spent my life becoming efficient as a salesman. I came to the conclusion, therefore, that I should round out my life as a salesman. At fifty-five I was still young. But what should I sell?

Picking a New Specialty

I WENT over everything—candy, soft drinks, tobacco, groceries. None of them appealed to me. I must get into something with a big future—a coming business.

While checking up some old papers one night my eye was attracted to a memorandum concerning inability to deliver a consignment of whisky in barrels. On account of railroad troubles it became necessary to deliver this at a distance of one hundred miles in trucks.

"There is the business!" I suddenly decided. "The future problem of this country is transportation. The one thing between the railroads and helplessness on long hauls is the motor truck. It is bound to develop. Why not develop with it?"

The next afternoon I was playing billiards with a friend, a former writer. I recalled that he was now a truck salesman and doing well. If he could learn the truck business so quickly, certainly it was not impossible for a professional salesman.

"If you are really interested," he said to me, "I'll take you up to the general offices to-morrow and introduce you to the head of the company."

I was there at nine o'clock.

"What do you know about trucks?" the manager asked.

"Nothing whatever," I answered.

He looked disappointed. As he rubbed his chin reflectively I remembered how I had got my first job in the whisky business. It was an inspiration.

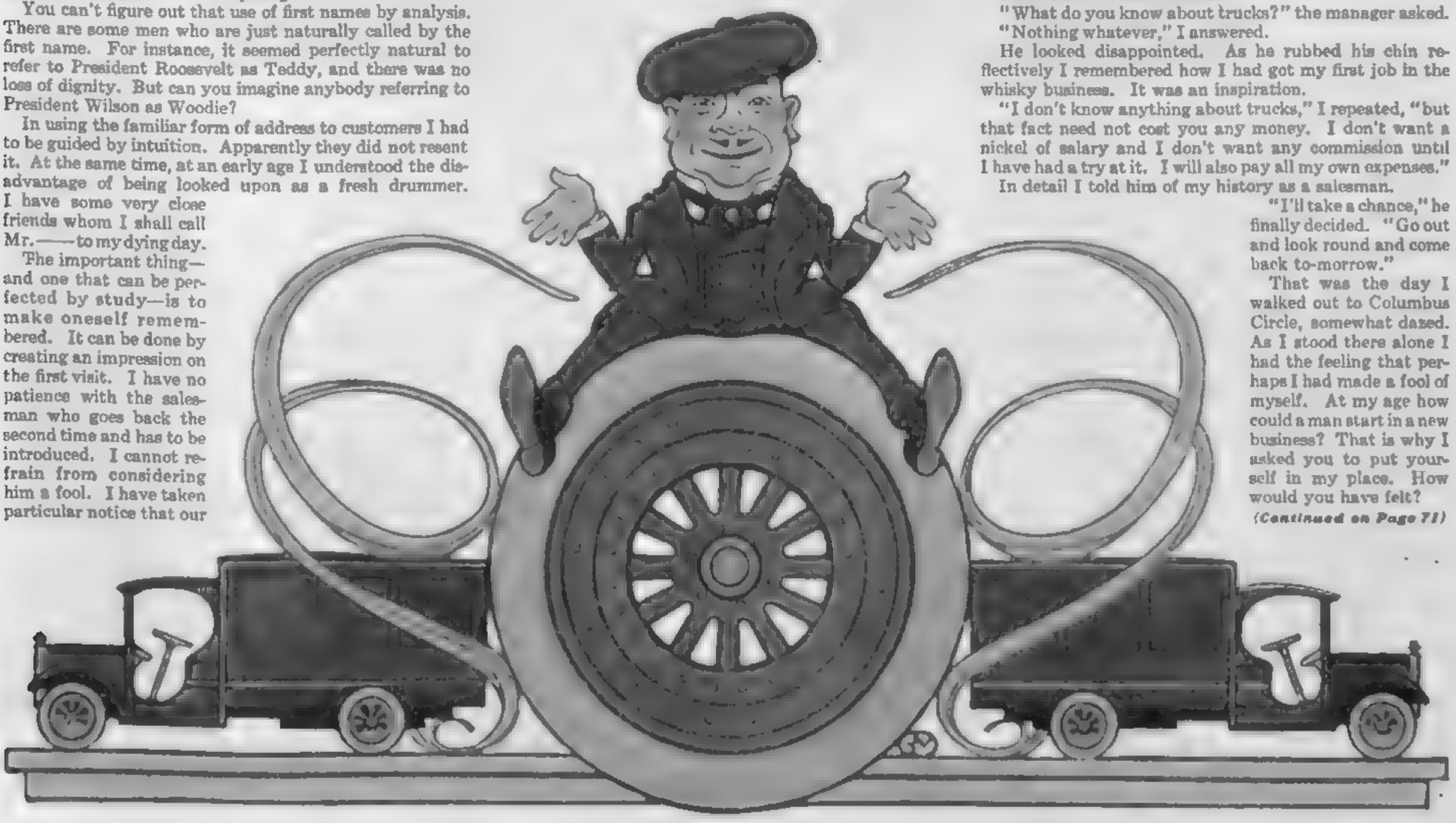
"I don't know anything about trucks," I repeated, "but that fact need not cost you any money. I don't want a nickel of salary and I don't want any commission until I have had a try at it. I will also pay all my own expenses."

In detail I told him of my history as a salesman.

"I'll take a chance," he finally decided. "Go out and look round and come back to-morrow."

That was the day I walked out to Columbus Circle, somewhat dazed. As I stood there alone I had the feeling that perhaps I had made a fool of myself. At my age how could a man start in a new business? That is why I asked you to put yourself in my place. How would you have felt?

(Continued on Page 71)



THE WHISKERED FOOTMAN

By Edgar Jepson

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

MR. ANTONY HAMBLETON, D. S. O., was apparently surveying the houses and shops on the opposite side of Brook Street from the window of his luxurious sitting room. Really his eyes saw nothing of them, since his mind was too busy with other things to allow their modest ugliness to penetrate it. His face was set in an expression of anxious thought; his blue eyes, usually so keen, were a little dulled by it; there was a cleft in his usually smooth and boyish brow.

Of a sudden his face cleared, his eyes turned keen again and his brow grew smooth. He turned from the window and surveyed his luxurious sitting room with a faintly regretful air. He liked luxurious surroundings and at the moment it seemed not at all improbable that he and luxurious surroundings would soon be complete strangers.

The door opened and Anderson, his man, entered the room bearing a tray on which were tea things and three plates piled with succulent cakes of many colors, mostly primary. He crossed the room with a slow and exceedingly dignified gait, set the tray on a chair by the small table to the right of the fireplace, and proceeded to arrange its contents on that table in a neat and effective pattern. Antony watched him with pleased eyes. He admired Anderson; he cherished a conviction that Anderson ought to have been a bishop. He had the mild blue eye, the broad and lofty brow, the smooth, almost sleek, gray hair, the rounded chin and the benignant expression which ignorant laymen are wont to associate with ecclesiastical preferment. He had never seen his legs, but he was sure that gaiters were their natural adornment. Then he walked to the table and surveyed the sumptuous tea with a loving eye.

"We shall want another teacup, Anderson. I'm expecting two ladies to tea," he said.

"Two, sir?" said Anderson, and there was a note of surprise in his suave and fruity voice.

"Yes. Why not? What is there surprising in it?" said Antony.

"It's generally one, sir," said Anderson in a faintly apologetic tone.

"Yes, I prefer one. But it cannot always be," said Antony slowly in a tone of gentle regret. "This one preferred to bring a friend with her. I don't know why. She doesn't know me well enough not to trust me. I suppose it's a Bootle convention."

"They have queer ways in Bootle, sir," said Anderson solemnly.

"Oh, you know Bootle, do you?" said Antony.

He was surprised. He could not see Anderson in that enterprising, go-ahead community. There was a ripe staidness about Anderson quite out of keeping with the hustle of modern industrialism which Antony believed to have been his perpetual possession. He saw him as a ripely staid boy.

"I spent my boyhood in Bootle, sir," said Anderson.

"I've Reached the Time of Life, Sir, When I Like to Have Young People About Me, and if the Fare Has Been Simple the Cheerfulness Has Been Beyond Compare"

"And a very nice place too, I'm sure," said Antony with polite enthusiasm.

"A very nice place to get out of," said Anderson with quiet certainty.

"Miss Briggs doesn't seem to think so," said Antony.

"Young ladies have queer ways of thinking, especially in the provinces," said Anderson in a tone of decided disparagement. "So it's Miss Briggs you're expecting to tea, sir?"

"Miss Briggs and friend."

"Ah, I could tell you things about her father, sir!" said Anderson with a slightly malignant thoughtfulness.

"For goodness sake, don't!" said Antony quickly.

"His looks are enough for me—to say nothing of his manners," he added.

"His hands didn't call him Bonny Ben Briggs for nothing, sir," said Anderson with a darkling air.

"I should think not! I should require a large consideration to call him bonny anything," said Antony with fervent conviction.

"You may well say so, sir."

"But as I often say, sons-in-law mustn't be choosers," said Antony in a tone of philosophic detachment.

"You're right, sir. I rarely come across anyone who chose his own father-in-law. They choose the daughter, and the father-in-law is—so to speak—thrown in," said Anderson.

"A profound and saddening truth," said Antony. "All the same it's fathers-in-law—fathers-in-law that were to be, I mean—who have been my bane."

"You certainly haven't been lucky in them, sir."

"I have not. I never loved a young gazelle but that its father insisted on its chucking me and marrying a man rolling in money. A needless extravagance, for I have always been extremely careful to make sure that the young gazelle was rolling in enough money for two before I loved her. Well, well! Miss Briggs is the last of the flock, and if I don't marry her I shall have to retire into the cold, cold world," said Antony mournfully.

"I'm sorry to hear that, sir," said Anderson with even greater mournfulness.

"Yes, if Miss Briggs falls down I shall have to abandon my great scheme for lack of capital. I'm down to my last tenner. At least I shall be when I've borrowed it from Mr. Bracket to-night," said Antony, and he paused to sigh. Then he went on in a more cheerful tone: "Thank goodness I've paid as I went. The tradesmen are all paid, and even your salary is paid to the end of the week, when my tenancy here expires. If Miss Briggs is not mine before Saturday we shall have to part. It will be a wrench."

"It will, sir," said Anderson."

"I had quite come to look on you as one of the family," said Antony, surveying him with mournful eyes.

"The sentiment is reciprocal, sir, if I may say so," said Anderson with respectful warmth. "I've rarely been in service with a gentleman I've liked better."

"That's a very handsome tribute," said Antony politely. "But I'm afraid that the fare has not been of the luciousness to which you have been accustomed in your other places."

"The fare has been Spartan, if I may put it so, sir," said Anderson. "But it has done me no harm. When I have felt the need of a change and dined at the Café Royal I have enjoyed those dinners, sir, more than I have enjoyed my meals for years. Besides, you explained to me that the fare would be simple when you engaged me. But I've reached the time of life, sir, when I like to have young people about me, and if the fare has been simple the cheerfulness has been beyond compare. I have never been in service with a gentleman before who could come home at half past four in the morning and be merry in a cold bath at eight."

"It is merely a question of the quality of the liquor," said Antony modestly. "Some of the company I have been compelled to keep in carrying out the great scheme may have been weak about their h's, but there were no headaches in their wine."

"I am afraid that a great deal of good wine is being drunk nowadays by the wrong people, sir," said Anderson.

The bell of the flat rang and he moved slowly to the door and out of the room. Antony stepped quickly to the hearthrug, turned and faced the door with an air of acute expectancy and his sweetest smile. The door opened and there entered a very pretty dark-eyed, dark-haired child of fourteen, very prettily dressed—his sister Priscilla. Anderson followed her into the room and shut the door with a benignant smile.

Antony's face showed no disappointment. Indeed his smile grew if anything sweeter as he went briskly forward to meet her, saying in a tone of warm welcome, "Hello, kiddie, what good wind blew you here?"

"I borrowed a shilling from mother and came to see you," she said, and kissed him.

"Let's have a look at you," he said, holding her out at arm's length. "Why, hang it all, your hat's on crooked again! How often am I to tell you that if you wear your hat crooked at fourteen you'll sit in the House of Commons before you're twenty-eight?"

"I don't mind," said Priscilla with amiable indifference.

"So young and yet so callous!" cried Antony in a tone of horror.

"It is no place for a lady, Miss Priscilla," said Anderson in a shocked voice.

Priscilla looked from one to the other amiably.

"My goodness, what's this?" cried Antony, pointing to a neatly mended rent in her left sleeve.

"It's only a teeny-weeny hole," pleaded Priscilla.

"There's no such thing as a teeny-weeny hole in stuff that costs thirteen and eleven a yard," said Antony sternly.

"It wasn't my fault. The black kitten next door did it," said Priscilla.

"You've been nursing a clawed animal with your clothes on? Ruin stares us in the face!" wailed Antony.

"It always does; so it doesn't matter much, does it?" said Priscilla placidly. "May I have tea with you?"

"I'm afraid it's impossible, kiddie. I'm expecting ladies to tea," said Antony in a tone of distress.

Priscilla's face fell, and she said: "More ladies? They're always coming to tea. I hoped it would be an off day."

"There are no off days for the altruist," said Antony sadly.

"I don't mind them, you know," said Priscilla.

"Unfortunately they're coming on business," said Antony. "But never mind; you get yourself some tea at a tea shop and go to the pictures."

He thrust his hand into his trousers pocket, brought up a shilling and surveyed it with forlorn but earnest eyes.

Then he said, "Lend me five shillings, Anderson."

Anderson brought up a good handful of silver from his trousers pocket, picked out two half crowns and handed them to Antony.

"Thank you," he said, and handed them to Priscilla.

She thanked him and put them carefully in the purse in her vanity bag. Then she said a trifle disconsolately: "I did want to have tea with you. You have so much better cakes than the tea shops."

Antony hesitated, frowning unhappily; then his face cleared and he said, "How would you like Anderson to give you tea in the kitchen?"

"I should love it!" cried Priscilla. "I love Anderson; and he loves me, don't you, Anderson?"

"Yes, miss," said Anderson with conviction.

"That's all right," said Antony in a tone of relief.

The bell of the flat rang.

"Off you go!" said Antony sharply, catching up a plate of cakes. "Take these. They're the nicest."

He thrust the plate of cakes into Priscilla's hand, opened the door in the right-hand corner of the room, which opened into the kitchen of the flat, and she went briskly through it as Anderson went through the door into the hall.

Antony leaped to the hearthrug and took his stand, facing the door with an air of acute expectancy and his sweetest smile.

The door opened, a young man appeared on the threshold, and Anderson behind him said, "Mr. Bracket, sir."

Mr. Bracket entered the room slowly. He was a large, thick-set young man, with sleek black hair, small slate-colored eyes, a slightly greasy, mud-colored complexion and an expression of smug earnestness on his round and fattish face. He was wearing a puce-colored tweed confection by Mr. Parkinson of Conduit Street, gray suède gloves, patent-leather boots of an out size, a flamboyant necktie; and he carried a soft hat and an ebony cane to which some misguided craftsman had affixed a gold top of a painfully florid decoration.

His sweetest smile faded from Antony's face, but he said with sufficient friendliness, "Hello, Bracket! How are you? I didn't expect to see you before dinnertime."

"How are you? The train got to Paris on time, so I caught the morning boat at Calais, and as soon as I'd changed I came round here. I want to talk to you particularly," said Mr. Bracket in a deep, thick, flat voice.

"Then you've come at the wrong time. I've got some people coming to tea," said Antony with decision.

"I know. That's what I've come to talk to you about," said Mr. Bracket.

"What is it? Fire away! Only be quick. They may turn up at any moment. When they do, out you go. Three at tea are too many—four's just impossible. It spoils my ap ——."

He stopped short and gazed at Mr. Bracket's necktie with a slow horror dawning in his eyes. Then he cried sharply: "What have you been doing to yourself? You're wearing a tie I didn't choose for you!"

Mr. Bracket's stubby-fingered hand rose nervously to the necktie and he stammered: "It's a very p-p-pretty tie. It t-t-took my fancy immensely."

"It isn't pretty. It's gorgeous. And the sooner it's off you the better. It makes you look like an extra giddy undertaker taking a day off at Peckham Rye," said Antony in the tone of one standing no nonsense.

"B-b-but they're all the rage on the Riviera," protested Mr. Bracket.

"They always were," said Antony with cold scorn. "Is your car still here?"

"Yes, it's waiting for me."

Antony strode to the window, opened it, leaned out and roared into the street below: "Hi, Jenkins! Bucket off home at once and get Smithers to give you half a dozen of Mr. Bracket's ties—those I chose for him. Hurry up!" He turned, and gazing at Mr. Bracket with terrible eyes he said in a slightly lower voice: "It's too bad! I give you my word it is! Here I am slaving—slaving—to keep you looking presentable, and you come out at four o'clock in the afternoon a mile and half west of Ludgate Circus in a tie like that! You'll be having the rainbow cut into trouserings next. What is it you want to say? Out with it! Hurry up!"

Antony could never quite forget that he had commanded the officers' training battalion in which Mr. Bracket had been a cadet.

Mr. Bracket's features had become discomposed; he wobbled on his feet.

"How c-c-can I hurry up? You've g-g-gone and upset every idea in my head. You know I like t-t-to t-t-take my t-t-time over things," he wailed.

"Well, while you're collecting your ideas lend me a tenner," said Antony firmly.

"I haven't g-g-got a t-t-tenner on me," said Mr. Bracket.

"You've got a check," said Antony in a cold, unrelenting voice.

"No, I haven't," said Mr. Bracket.

"It doesn't matter. You can have one of mine. We both bank at dear old Coutts'," said Antony, taking him by the arm and drawing him toward the writing table under the window. "Gently now—gently." He set him in the chair before the table, put his check book open before him and a pen into his hand. "Now write. Nothing clears the head like writing a check. Write distinctly, and be very careful about your signature."

"You owe me a hundred and forty-five already," moaned Mr. Bracket.

"Do I?" said Antony in a tone of utter indifference. "You millionaires have such heads for figures. But I hate those square sums. Make it fifteen—a round hundred and sixty."

Mr. Bracket made it fifteen with a groan. Then he rose, handed the check to Antony. Antony examined it carefully, folded it and put it in his empty note case.

"Thanks, brave boy," he said. "I'll pay you on my return from my honeymoon."

"That's exactly what I came to talk to you about," said Mr. Bracket with some animation. "Smithers tells me that you've been uncommonly attentive to Poppy Briggs. You're not making love to her by any chance?"

"Like a house on fire," said Antony buoyantly.

"But that won't do!" cried Mr. Bracket in a startled tone.

"Why not?"

"You don't love her," said Mr. Bracket sternly.

"That's quite all right," said Antony with careless confidence. "Love comes after marriage if it isn't there before. I learned that at my nurse's knee, and the whole of French domestic life rests on that principle. I'll lay you

(Continued on Page 127)

"I Know All About You, Me Lad. This Swell Flat and These Fine Duds o' Yours are a Bleedin' Sham. You're Impecconious! That's Wot You are—Impecconious!"

SEED OF THE SUN

By WALLACE IRWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

"The Account of His Speech is Headed 'Jewel Words From Great Lips.' Here is a Handful of Those Gems"

NEXT morning Anna rose early, stiff from lack of sleep. During her few hours in bed she had tossed her problems to and fro, struggling with her spirit on the brink of decision. When the morning light, drifting foggily under the window shade, troubled her tired eyes with another day she had reached but one conclusion:

Things couldn't go on as they were. At best she was but an amateur farmer. The crop might prosper, but her brief experience had warned her of the whims of labor and of the gambler's chance which a farmer takes with growing things. She was losing patience with her sister's perversity. Sid Footridge had arrived like a god out of the machine and Zudie was sending him away again. Her own future looked desolate. The farm she had chosen for her children was serving them indifferent well. She could see no satisfactory way of sending Kipps to school again, to be despised by whites and Japanese alike.

Of course if she married Tazumi the children would be thrown with the other race still. But in Japan they would associate with children of their own kind and class. Or she might arrange it with the baron that Nan and Kippe should be educated in America. No, she couldn't live away from her children—that mustn't be!

Over in her narrow bed, Zudie, her bright hair rilling across the pillow, lay huddled under a coverlid. She always loved to sleep late in the morning. That had been one of the indulgences denied her on the farm. A qualm of pity overcame Anna as she peered at the pretty, luxury-loving face against the pillow. Zudie was no farm woman. Her life among the trees had been one continual fight against nature—her own.

Anna rose and tiptoed to the dresser, and the first thing she saw there was the folded square of pinkish paper which had come to her so unaccountably last night at the dance. She went over the quaintly worded sentence until she came to Tazumi's name.

It had a sinister look, scrawled there on the silly pink stationery—"ten on time because danguras" had a menacing sound. She glanced closely at the script and decided that the hand was feminine.

She had thrown the note aside the night before, deeming it the idle work of some insane slanderer. But in the depression of cold morning it took on a larger importance. The name of Tazumi fairly shrieked at her from the page. What did she know about him, after all? She still held stoutly to her belief in his unselfishness, but if he had an enemy she should know it.

Anna dressed herself in the bathroom that she might not disturb her sleeping sister. At last she tiptoed in and was putting on her hat before the mirror when Zudie woke sufficiently to drawl, "What are you doing, Ann?"

"Go back to sleep," she commanded. "I'll not be gone long."

Zudie lay back and resumed her nap. But Anna had just laid her hand on the door knob when her sister sat up in bed, rubbing her eyes.

"Ann, you're not going to do anything about that foolish note!"

"Rubbish!" said Anna, and closed the door against Zudie's supplications.

The taxicab man downstairs did not hesitate over the address she had found scribbled on the pink stationery.

"That's in the Richmond district, lady," he informed her, and sent his car chugging up the heights.

Westward the flying wheels took their course, now over asphalt, now over cobbles. Anna recognized the city hall, but after that she was completely lost. The miles of pretty commonplace houses and apartment buildings of the Richmond district—a city built on empty sand dunes almost over night after the fire and earthquake—meant nothing to Anna Bly.

The scene was pleasing to her eye, accustomed to the heavy sterility of Eastern streets. Flower boxes bloomed under every window; roses climbed over walls as pretty and as flimsy as though they had been built to adorn a stage set. Between the street and the sidewalk there were neat grass plots and flowering shrubs. Along these miles of inexpensive, domestic-minded streets there appeared every variety of architecture from the Spanish mission to Nuremberg rathaus. But one eccentricity prevailed: Every house had its garage, built facing the street, right under the parlor windows. It gave the district a quaint appearance suggesting a town of fire stations. At any instant you might expect any one of those broad doors along the sidewalk to fly open, gongs to sound and gallant fire laddies to dash forth upon the hook and ladder.

It was five minutes after ten when Anna, her taxi having swung into a side street near the Presidio, found the right number in a serried row of domesticated fire stations. It was a very small house, pretty in architecture, with well-tended flower boxes under the nicely curtained windows. At sight of the place Anna lost the misgivings that had haunted her along the way. Nothing sinister could dwell behind those dainty gables and those prettily ruffled curtains.

Scarcely had she raised the small brass knocker when the door opened. It seemed to creep open as though a hand were already upon the inner knob and had turned it even before she came up the steps. She had a glimpse of a pretty foyer paneled in dark wood and of a handsome gray jar filled with flowers. Against such a background stood the woman who had opened the door. Dazzled by the brilliant outdoor light, Anna's eyes must needs grow accustomed to the dim interior before she recognized the tiny animate figurine with the rosebud mouth and languid Asiatic eyes. Even then there was a momentary puzzlement wherein the caller asked herself, "Where have I seen her before?" Then she remembered—the teeny-weeny Korean goddess whom she had seen so carefully guarded in a Market Street department store!

"You come in?" squeaked the lovely miniature, and the knowledge that she was not carved out of ivory or fashioned of porcelain, that she was alive and could talk like other people, brought a certain shock.

"Thank you," replied Anna.

As soon as she was inside, the Korean woman closed the door as softly as she had opened it.

The Ming figurine glided ahead of Anna, a fastidious goddess in a tailor-made skirt and nicely fitted shirt waist. Lithe she was, and agile as a cat; or was she like some spare-bodied Java dancer, trained to gyrate before a temple god with many heads and a belly of brass?

"You sit down?" she invited, gesturing toward a stiff-backed chair.

She did not grin and bob as Japanese women do, but there was a fragile smile upon her dot of a mouth.

"Thank you," said Anna again, and watched the Korean woman perch herself primly in another stiff-backed chair.

The setting was right. Her feet, which could never have touched the floor from where she sat, reposed upon a footstool of red lacquer. Behind her stood a six-paneled Coromandel screen carved with fabulous birds and flowers, delicately tinted. A Chinese rug of an apricot dye, seldom seen even in private collections, stretched across a room, which, though not large, had the look of space, due to its balanced simplicity. There were a few kakemonos on the neutral gray walls, and on the mantel two Chinese jars, graceful and creamy white.

"I am Mrs. Bly. Did you send me a note last night?" asked Anna after a prolonged silence.

"Oh, yes," replied the Korean woman, smiling faintly. "You got him—all right?"

"A maid at the hotel gave it to me."

Anna's curiosity was growing with every sentence.

"I gave one Japanese laundry boy five dollars to do that," explained the Korean. She chirped her words in a precise staccato, much as though she were reciting a lesson. "I did not think he would do it. I so glad."

"Just what was it you wanted to see me about, Miss ——?"

"Mees Kim. I am Korean, you un'stand."

"Yes, I know."

"Oh!" Two stiffly graceful hands came together in tiny excitement. "Then you hear about me?"

"I saw you in a department store once. The saleswoman said you were a Korean."

"Yiss."

The slanting eyes closed for an instant, but the dot of a mouth held its faint smile.

"Then you saw," continued Miss Kim, "that Suko-san standing over me like big club? I fool her this morning to see you."

She uttered her first laugh, such a trill as might have issued from a small reed instrument played beside an ancient river in the heart of Asia.

"From ten to eleven," she continued, counting on her fingers, "this Suko-san go fish-marketing. From eleven to one hairdresser come. She very nice people, that hairdresser. She teach me Inglis quite good. She bring me Japanese paper, so that is why I send to you."

"Japanese paper!" echoed Anna, nebulous fears rising in her mind. "What have Japanese papers to do with me?"

"They mention your happiness very often now."

"My happiness?"

"How you shall get married with Baron Tazumi."

Anna sat staring at the little figure in the stiff teakwood chair. What labyrinth of the Orient was she entering now? What trick was this? Why had she been brought here to talk of a groundless rumor in a Japanese paper?

"I wish go to you when I hear that news," Miss Kim was prattling on. "But how could I get away from Suko-san? Then American newspaper tell how you shall be at Tazumi dance. I send for you to-day while Suko-san is away fish-marketing."

"Is there any reason why you shouldn't go where you please?" Anna had now sufficiently recovered to ask.

"Why should I go somewhere? Baron Tazumi would not like that."

Baron Tazumi! Anna's mind went blank again in the new light of understanding.

"Are you married to Tazumi?" she asked softly.

The little Korean's face was now as astonished as her own.

"How could I do that? I am poor family of Korean official. Tazumi very high nobleman."

She still sat straight and proud, but her voice was very humble as she said: "How could he make himself low to me? In his household there should be many ladies. I am honored. Some Korean hate Japanese. But I do not hate Tazumi. He most kind of all men to me. When Japanese soldier men enter Seoul and make my father dead, then Tazumi come there so that I should not be hurt. He send me to America and take me in his household."

His household! How much was revealed to her in that expressive word! Anna looked round the magnificently simple room. How he must have loved her to have surrounded her with such perfection. And here sat the captive creature, daughter of the ancient East, more content than any exotic bird could ever be in its cage of jade and ivory!

"Baron Tazumi is considerable rich," the pretty captive babbled on. "So he can have many households. But I always so happy when he come to this So Ko. I wait for him here all time. I have no name like Japanese woman, so he make me one name for himself."

"A Japanese name?" asked the caller, who already knew all she cared to know.

"Yiss. He call me Ai."

Anna was thinking "What a tiny name for a tiny lady!" but the gentle staccato was explaining.

"That name mean two thing. One thing when happy, another thing when sad."

"What does it mean when you are happy?" asked Anna.

"Then it mean Love."

"And when you are sad?"

"Grief!"

The word tinkled like a little bell tolling over a funeral among the fairies.

"Do you love him very much?"

Anna had risen to go.

"Ah!" For the first time the supple body bent forward. "I am not his wife. Therefore I can say how much and not feel shamed for it."

"I must be going now," said Anna. "It's nearly eleven, and Suko-san will soon be back."

She could feel nothing more than a maternal pity for this child of another code.

"Yiss," agreed Miss Kim. "But first I tell you what I ask."

The Korean woman had got down from her chair, and again her body bent a little.

"When you marry to Tazumi you will not kill me also?"

"Kill you?"

In spite of the tension—or perhaps because of it—Anna could have laughed at this last request.

"Why should I kill you?" she inquired.

"Suko-san say you will," declared Miss Kim. "She tell me how all American lady when they marry gentleman make him kill all his households. Will this be so?"

Miss Kim's slant eyes were twinkling so pathetically up at the superior being that Anna could have taken her in her arms.

"I'm not going to marry Baron Tazumi, my dear," said Anna.

"No?"

The long eyes were now completely puzzled.

"Why you no should marry to him? He most kind man of all world. I could tell you that. He most noble man you find."

"Good-by, Miss Kim!"

Upon an unreasoning impulse Anna stooped down and kissed one of the tea-rose cheeks of the captive sprite. Frightened at the barbaric demonstration, the little Korean backed away a step, then opened the door soundlessly.

"Goo'-by!" she said.

When Anna returned to her hotel room she found Zudie dressed for the street.

"Anna," she cried, "how queer you look! Has anything awful happened?"

"No, it hasn't happened, dear," said Anna softly. "I've been saved from it by a miracle. And now let's pack and get out as soon as we can."

"But the baron's calling at noon."

"I know," replied Anna. "And that's why we must hurry."

xx

THE week preceding harvest time brought dreamy days to Anna Bly and Zudie Brand. Orchards were purple with the small, sweet plums poised on their branches, awaiting the day when they should fall to earth, borne down by their own ripeness. Every day Anna prayed that the harvest would be to-morrow. She wanted to be busy again—in a fury of labor.

With every hour a fear grew in her—fear of the smiling yellow people who encircled her about. Her eyes had been opened to the real Tazumi, and in unreasonable reaction she began to distrust his entire race. Yet she had no grounds for disliking him, she told herself. Measured by his own standards, he was still a very noble gentleman. Only his standards were not hers.

Her cheeks would flush with the thought of the weak hour in which she had regarded him, driven as she was by necessity, as a marriageable possibility.

(Continued on Page 97)

What Was That? Something Stirred Just Beyond Her. Among the Trunks She Could See a White Shirt Flitter, Pause and Flitter Again

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Laws and Criminals

IT IS an accepted truth that one may do only those things the law permits him to do and still be a scoundrel. And yet we concede that one who is otherwise decent and obeys the laws is a good citizen. There are but two classes of citizens: Those who obey the laws and those who do not.

Thousands of lawbreakers think themselves good citizens. When they violate a law that would interfere with their pleasure or profit, they say: "I don't believe in that law. It is an invasion of our constitutional rights." The excuse would serve as well in the case of one who cracks a safe.

Law is law. The anarchist frankly opposes all law. The professional criminal frankly scorns all law. Only some of our respectable citizens obey the laws that please their fancy, and evade the laws that were framed without their permission.

A criminal act is always preceded by a criminal thought. One who would commit crime may be deterred by circumstance, but he is no less a criminal. The willingness to violate law is the root of crime.

Of late there has been much scolding concerning aliens who do not respect American institutions. State and Federal laws are the root and branch, the warp and woof of American institutions. These aliens, whose poor minds cannot grasp the significance of America, are a nuisance, but do they show less respect for law than is shown by many American citizens?

Consider the matter of taxes. Taxes are burdensome. Tax laws are notoriously unscientific and crude. Nevertheless, one who evades a tax law is a criminal. One who conceals a portion of his income is a criminal. One who places a dishonest valuation on his real and personal property is a criminal.

One who withholds what rightfully belongs to his Government is a thief. Why beat about the bush? If one evades a tax law and steals from his Government, wherein is he a better citizen than one who violates the law against stealing and purloins a purse? Crime is violation of law. Are there righteous crimes, permitted as a special concession to certain citizens?

There is a law forbidding traffic in alcoholic drinks. It was made law by the opinion of a majority of the states, by the action of a majority of the people's representatives and by the opinion of a majority of the Supreme Court. Yet it is very unpopular in some sections, and is violated to some extent in all sections. It is violated by professional criminals for the sake of profit and by amateurs for the sake of a drink. The amateur feels superior to the professional. He thinks he belongs to a higher stratum of society. Yet he not only violates a law but by his patronage lends moral support to the professional and persuades him to a continuation of his criminal practices.

We enjoy the feeling of righteousness. We like to feel that the town we live in is a decent town. When some reformer exposes rottenness we feel under compulsion to back him up and cleanse or whitewash the spot he has uncovered, but in our hearts we may resent his activity. He has shamed us.

He has made us feel unclean. We had a vague consciousness that the rotten spot existed, but were content to let it alone rather than humiliate ourselves by washing dirty municipal linen in public.

One cannot consistently condemn the blind tiger while excusing its patrons. One cannot consistently condemn the burglar while the profiteer is unmolested. One cannot consistently condemn any of the lower forms of crime while granting to any class of citizens the right to evade laws that do not please them.

However unpopular, inconvenient and annoying it may be, law is law. One cannot deliberately evade or violate any statute without tarring himself with the stick that blackens thugs.

As a result of the war, or perhaps as a part of the hysteria that comes of wealth quickly and easily acquired, there is now in America too much contempt for authority—a spirit of lawlessness that pervades every layer of society. This spirit has encouraged every ugly thing in the land to raise its head and dare Government to a test of strength.

As government extravagance encourages private extravagance, so the cynical, perfumed lawlessness of citizens who feel respectable encourages crime among those who know no other restraint than fear of punishment.

One need not be a moralist to perceive that the rats are gnawing the floor of his house; and even a fool may understand that flippant, contemptuous, casual and universal violation of law does not add to the security of either life or property.

Great Sport

IT HAS been said that the greatest American sport is not baseball, but the practice of generalizing from a few instances. It is not exactly an infant industry—this exploiting of partial truths, half truths and grains of truth into sweeping generalities, but it is a lusty, growing one. Possessed of a few scattered facts concerning social and economic injustice and armed with a complete vocabulary in which such words as greed, profiteering, capitalism, and so forth, are conspicuous, multitudes of ardent persons are ready to sweep aside the whole structure of industry, credit, commerce, savings and organization, and erect new systems in their place.

The bane of every historical period, we suppose, must be the inability of most men to think far enough ahead. Prejudice, the greatest positiveness on the part of those who know the least, the closed mind and the mind so open that fallacies flow through it like refuse through a sewer—these are perhaps no more characteristic to-day than before the war.

The word perhaps is used advisedly, because there are scientists who hold that minds have been just as much upset by the war as have currency systems or industrial production.

But whether mental processes are much as they were before the war or have been thrown out of equilibrium entirely by that great disturber, it is clear that the consequences of loose thinking are vastly more dangerous now than six years ago. A well man can stand a lot of physical abuse which is perilous to the ill. Yet the sad fact is that the temptation to take hazardous chances is often greater with those who can least afford the risk. Loose thinking, half thinking has always been with us; its ill effects are merely more evident now than when the world had more fat to absorb the shock.

The best prescription this country can have is to think its facts through instead of going off at a tangent when only a few of the returns are in. This will get to the seat of the disease much quicker than even the largest doses of such generalities as the abolition of capitalism and the introduction of communism, socialism or other systems so comprehensive and vague that it takes no thinking to recommend them. Even such old-fashioned, reliable and desirable medicines as hard work, production, savings, and the like, lack definiteness of application unless analyzed with the utmost care.

What the country needs is not a mere expression of pious wishes, either by the conservative or the radical. The conservative who denounces the tyranny of labor and the radical who regards capitalism's only desert as a wagon-load of bombs, both need to have their noses ground into the dirt and be compelled to face immediate problems and to think them through. The blunt truth is that a man is saved the pain of laborious mental processes when he glibly recommends sweeping and revolutionary changes whose chief appeal is in their very ambiguity. Only be extreme enough, radical enough, and you do not have to specify or particularize.

The larger the generality the fewer and smaller need be the specifications. Only make the plan grandiose enough and you will not have to soil your hands with actual brick and mortar.

Those who advocate that industry in general should at once operate on a new motive are so busy, of course, preaching that doctrine that they escape the necessity of being obliged to operate any single industry on such motives as are now available.

Those who concoct wholesale plans of industrial revolution do not have to make them work; the actual production of wheat and cotton goods will be left to the poor devils who come after.

Never was it so true that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing, or that a few facts buttressed by many phrases make heady, intoxicating liquor. There are those who assert that what we need are more facts, organs of intelligence, bureaus of research, more inquiries, more investigations.

We do need many further facts about countless features of our daily life, such as the various disputes between capital and labor, the qualifications of management and business direction, strikes, profits, qualities of merchandise, and so on; but in the main this is a wonderful fact-gathering age. Libraries groan under the weight of unread volumes of testimony taken in forgotten investigations. Hundreds of public and thousands of private agencies are busy gathering facts.

Long before there were anything like as many available facts as now, Emerson said that "we all have enough facts; what we need is the heat to dissolve them." Most of us are too lazy, too indifferent, too superficial to apply the necessary heat and light; not the heat that expresses itself in outward excitement and argumentative impetuosity, but inward heat, real mental earnestness and zeal. It is so much less difficult to seize a few facts here and there and tear and shout round with them. Making a loud noise over a few facts or phrases attracts attention to ourselves much more readily than a quiet search for the truth through patient, unprejudiced thought; but it does not work so surely for the general benefit.

Striking All Round

WE ARE familiar with labor strikes. During recent months we have had a consumers' strike. We observe signs of a manufacturers' strike. Boston had last year a strike of civil servants, which is common abroad. In several countries of Europe the farmers are on strike. In each case the strike means that the particular body of men will not work unless guaranteed certain terms. The union workers want recognition of the organization, higher pay, shorter hours and, in some cases, participation in management. The policemen wanted higher pay and shorter hours. Manufacturers strike by refusing to make goods except on guaranteed orders. Farmers strike for higher prices by reducing acreage. Consumers strike for lower prices by refusing to buy. Success in each strike is contingent upon the others remaining in operation.

If consumers strike, workers cannot hope to secure higher pay. If manufacturers refuse to operate their plants, a consumers' strike cannot hope to inflict serious injury. When more than one strike, none can succeed.

Confidence in the continuation of operations in all groups is the basis of operation in any one group. For years workers have been striking successfully because labor alone has been on strike. When society begins to strike all round the wheels will stop. The world must return to the basis of social trust. Society cannot be conducted on contracts. Industry cannot be operated on advance orders.

White Chicks From Red Eggs

THE red wing of the Socialist Party is avowedly warming a batch of eggs that may some day hatch out an astonishing brood. Instead of liberating true-to-color socialist chicks with all the catchwords, dogmas and prejudices that should be their birthright, the hatching is altogether likely to overrun the maternal nest with a lively and irrepressible flock of incorrigible reactionaries.

As scar-faced Prussian subalterns used to drink to Der Tag, so extreme socialists count the hours until the coming of The Day. In radical circles The Day refers to the time when industry shall be nationalized, when those who work with their hands, if at all, shall throw out their employers, neck and crop, seize by force and arms the plants in which they labor when not on strike and operate them for their own benefit.

The order of events for The Day was long ago decided upon; but it has been considerably modified by events in Russia. What the bolshevists did to Russian industry filled their brethren in America with misgivings and chagrin. They were not prepared for the chaos and ruin that ensued as the result of proletarian management. The more intelligent radicals now freely accept the conclusion that to be ignorant, inexperienced and untrained is not the prime qualification for the successful operation of a great industrial business. With this lesson still in mind, and reënforced by the more recent one afforded by conditions in Northern Italy, even extreme socialists are willing to admit that when it comes to running a big and complicated business, technical knowledge, commercial experience, executive ability and credit at the bank are some of the ingredients of the stuff of which success is made.

Acting upon their new discovery, they are urging their younger recruits to prepare for The Day by studying and learning from the ground up the industries in which they are engaged. They admonish them to master not only the work intrusted to them but to study raw materials, sources of supply, transportation, technical processes, plant management, major policies, credit, salesmanship, distribution and all the problems that beset great executives.

When the proletarians—to adopt the cant of radicalism—have absorbed all these sister arts and sciences they will be ready for The Day. When the plant has been seized a committee of earnest and highly trained young proletarians, mobilized from foundry, assembling room and shipping platform, will gather in the executive offices and provide enlightened management.

Logically the plan is perfect. It reckons with every factor except human nature. It nonchalantly assumes that these earnest young workmen, whose eyes are red with study, who have gone without sleep to increase their knowledge, who have toiled while others loafed or plotted and whose tireless industry has marked them for advancement, will turn upon their employers at the word of command and trust their lives and fortunes to the whims and caprices of the apostles of plunder.

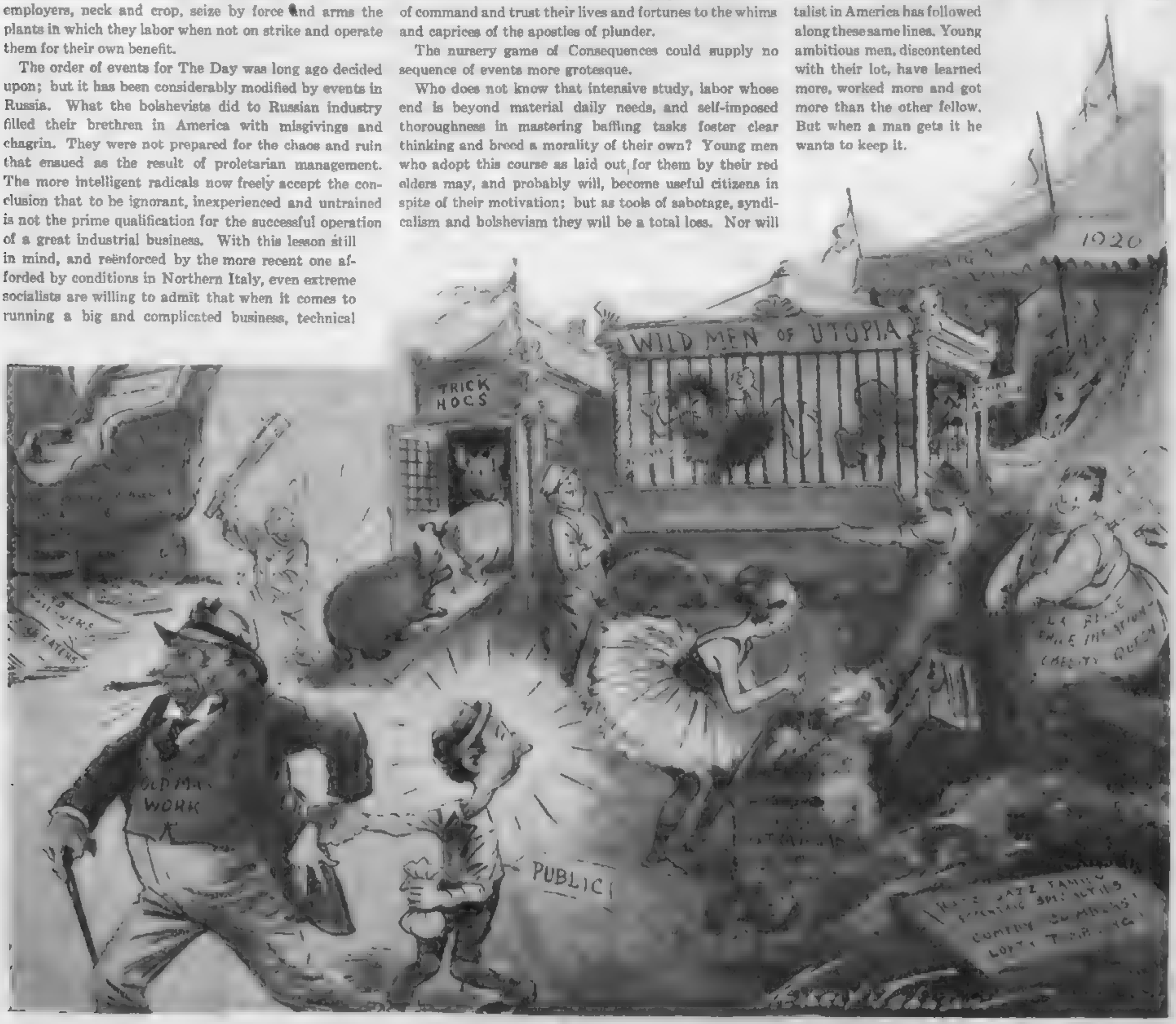
The nursery game of Consequences could supply no sequence of events more grotesque.

Who does not know that intensive study, labor whose end is beyond material daily needs, and self-imposed thoroughness in mastering baffling tasks foster clear thinking and breed a morality of their own? Young men who adopt this course as laid out for them by their red elders may, and probably will, become useful citizens in spite of their motivation; but as tools of sabotage, syndicalism and bolshevism they will be a total loss. Nor will that be the worst of it for those who gaze through red spectacles upon the miscarriage of their plans: Centuries of experiences have taught that radicalism, even liberalism, has no fiercer foes than newly admitted members of a higher class.

The easy-going master of inherited wealth is often a man of liberal tendencies; but he who has risen from gutter or ghetto and reached a commanding position by his own unaided efforts is apt to be the hardest known specimen of hard-boiled egg.

We second the admonition of the radicals to their young men. If these embryo bolshevists have it in them to carry out the program proposed to them, they have it in them to become the sort of timber the country most needs; they have it in them to become good citizens and great constructive forces. Let them go to it and learn their trades from bottom to top and they will find that their capitalistic employers will reward them in cleaner and more abundant coin than their red mentors can even promise. They will pay them high salaries. They will put them in high places. Eventually they will make them partners rather than lose them.

Socialists of this kidney will come into their inheritance by the time they reach middle life. They need not grow old and gray or bitter and forlorn, lurking in dark places waiting for The Day. The evolution of the capitalist in America has followed along these same lines. Young ambitious men, discontented with their lot, have learned more, worked more and got more than the other fellow. But when a man gets it he wants to keep it.



"Come On, Son, the Circus Is Over"

THE PEACOCK THRONE

By Maude Radford Warren

Women of the Hedjas

IN TEHERAN is a lofty room about the size of one of the smaller European cathedrals, which contains more heaped-up riches than any equal area in the world. It is the throne room of Persia, a sealed place, open only rarely to a favored few. Opening from the grand staircase of the Shah's palace, the room looks on a beautiful court, musical with the sweet confusion of voices of myriads of birds and the splash of fountains, redolent of soft languorous odors. Just a block or two away is a street of misery, of poverty and sometimes famine. Yet in the Shah's courtyard, the palace or the throne room, there could be no remembrance of want; the senses are benumbed with the profusion of wealth.

The ceiling is faced with prisms of cut glass and from it hang half a dozen magnificent chandeliers, blazing with lusters and touched with various colors. On the floor are more than fifty rugs—I counted them—some of them hundreds of years old. There was one little thing that one could have carried off in one's hands, a rug with a tree rising from its base; looking at that I could really almost sympathize with the Persian's flair for brigandage. And between wall and wall are tables, priceless tables and chairs, china and clocks, and articles of every description. There was a great round silver tureen set in amethysts, which the Grand Duke Michael had given the late Shah. On a stand were two huge gold samovars, gifts from Great Britain, and between them an ugly gold bowl, given by the Kaiser. There were great elephant thrones, or howdahs, long tusks of ivory, vases from China, as tall as a man, carved work from Japan, embroideries and laces—all the crowded riches that imagination can conceive. And here and there amid the glory some cheap grotesque thing that looks as if it came out of a five-and-ten-cent store—a cheap vase, an ugly crockery figure, a knot of dusty artificial flowers.

But from the doorway what halts the eye, what is the climax of the place, is the Peacock Throne. It stands at the head of the room, a striking object even seen at a distance and in perspective. It is about the size and shape of a French bed, a structure with a floor, six broad legs, a headboard, sides, and at the foot three mounting steps.

Riches and Poverty Rub Elbows

IT IS covered with thick gold foil enameled in deep blues and greens. The headboard is a glory of color. At the top is a huge sunburst of diamonds and, underneath, three emeralds, each about the size of a checkerboard square. At the two ends of the headpiece are two jeweled peacocks. Wherever one looks on the surface of this throne are to be seen jewels—diamonds and emeralds, pearls and sapphires, turquoises and rubies—set in with lavish profusion. At one side of the throne stands a chair on which the Shah is crowned, a chair heavy with gold foil and set with delicate and lovely pearls, graduated in all sizes.

But the gold foil of this chair is fastened on with common tacks! And the pearls are carelessly graduated. And on the throne the precious stones are side by side with semiprecious stones. An emerald may be cheek by jowl with the cheapest sort of flawed ruby. And even the best of the stones are badly cut, absurdly cut. Symbolic, the whole thing seemed to me, of the state of Persia — glory and tawdriness, lavishness and waste, riches and poverty.

But the Peacock Throne is Persia of the passing moment. Autocratic rule and corruption, backwardness and injustice, self-seeking and misery and illiteracy will pass. Persia has been as unhappy as Ireland, though not for the same reasons. She is now one of the countries that will date their new era from the close of the Great War, but she has more to gain and less to lose than most of the others. She has plumed herself always on her independence; in one sense she has possessed it in that she has never been wholly absorbed by any other nation. She was the only Oriental country invaded by Greeks and Romans that did not yield to them. Yet, in another sense, she has never been independent. She has had to give up territory to Russia and Turkey; she has had to give spheres of influence to Great Britain and to Russia. Independence in the sense in which we of the west understand the word she has not had for ages. Unpracticed as she is in constitutional government, in education, in administration, in the conduct of finance, in development of resources, in industry, she could not carry on her country without help—not yet. But some day she will.

For about three hundred years Great Britain has had relations with Persia, and until late years there was nothing in these relations of which any man need be ashamed. Three hundred years she has sent trade to the Persian Gulf and for over a hundred years she has lent advisers. Even from the beginning this was not done for the *beaux yeux* of Persia or for the sake of trade only. But for the last fifteen

(Continued on Page 30)

Tehran Caravansary

One of the Shah's Palaces

"Hello! little stranger
You warn me of danger
I'll guard all my children with care
I'll see every day
They have plenty of play
And eat Campbell's nourishing fare."

Watch the health barometer

Look out for the little warning signs—poor appetite, uneasy sleep, uncertain temper.

Nip these symptoms in the bud. Don't wait for serious trouble, particularly with the children.

See that they have plenty of sleep, plenty of play. Above all, watch their appetites.

Here is where Campbell's Tomato Soup will help you most decidedly. It is rich in the tonic properties—vitamines, the doctors call them—which strengthen digestion and aid the body's natural building-up processes.

Made of vine-ripened tomatoes and other nutritious materials, everybody enjoys and thrives on this delicious soup.

Serve it regularly and often. It will do the whole family a world of good.

21 kinds **15c a can**

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 28)

years pressure from Russia and fear of German designs on the Persian Gulf via the Berlin-Bagdad Railway, have made Great Britain a party to dealing which her finest people condemned. Great Britain has a chance now to rectify her errors, and she means to take it. Not that she has expressed herself in any such Sunday-school manner, but the attitude of the British workers in Persia is eloquent of the fresh beginning she means to make.

Please permit a couple of paragraphs dealing with historical events vital to Persia. Some two hundred years ago there became ingrained in the Persian policy of Russia a paragraph said to have emanated from Peter the Great: "Bear in mind that the commerce of India is the commerce of the world and that he who can exclusively control it is the dictator of Europe. No occasion should therefore be lost to provoke war with Persia, to hasten its decay, to advance to the Persian Gulf, and then to endeavor to establish the ancient trade of the Levant through Syria." They didn't bother in the old days to cover up their intentions with any polite verbiage of diplomacy.

A Persian Gateway of the Girls' American School

Nor were Great Britain's kindly relations made solely for the benefit of Persia. She knows that her northwest border of India always has been in danger of invasion, and she wanted the friendship of the barrier states of Afghanistan and Persia. As long ago as 1809 there was an Anglo-Persian treaty which stipulated that the Shah of Persia should not let any European nation's force whatever pass through Persia toward India or the ports of that country.

Taking Peter's Advice

RUSSIA immediately began to carry out the dictum attributed to the great Peter, and bit off this and that piece of territory to the north until by 1828 she had established the present Persian boundary. The Turks took part of the west. Russia did more than take the land; in certain regions near the frontier she forbade the Persians to make use of the water of rivers the sources of which were in Persia, and which flowed into the territory annexed by Russia. She saw to it that the Persian villagers diminished their farming and their irrigation in order that the bulk of the waters should flow into the annexed territory. Quite palpably she separated the rich lands at the foot of the Elbrus Mountains from the poor territory which she let the Persians keep.

She laid predatory eyes upon the rich province of Azerbaijan and upon Khorasan.

Jealous of Great Britain, who had been a pioneer of commerce in the south, she tried to steal a monopoly of trade by a secret preferential Russo-Persian customs agreement, by establishing a subsidy to Persians who imported Russian goods which would offset carriage and customs costs, and by erecting a quarantine barrier in Sistan, which was, superficially, to check the spread of Indian plague, but which also checked Indian trade. Naturally this did not please England; but her hands were tied, the more, because the Berlin-Bagdad Railway, nearing completion, meant Germany's power in the Persian Gulf, and further menace to India.

All this strenuous friction of foreign interests was happening in an Oriental country more than forty per cent of the population of which were nomadic wandering tribesmen, where the system of taxation was worse than mediæval, where the resources were undeveloped, the agriculture primitive, industry almost nil, and corruption rife. Misrule and financial bankruptcy were the normal state of the country. The majority of the people were so poor that they were put to it to get the next meal and had no energy left for politics, even if the feudal way in which they lived under their landlords had given them an inclination toward constitutional reform. Yet despite these disadvantages Persia was feeling the effect of western ideas. A few of her people were educated, some of them in the American mission schools. A few of them were traveled. Many of those who were only partially educated got ideas from their educated leaders. Then came the Russo-Japanese War, which exerted a profound influence upon the Persians, as showing them what a little nation could do against their own bitter enemies. There was also the influence of the Young Turk movement.

The effect of all this was the bloodless revolution by which Persia achieved a constitution and a parliament. The British approved this, while the Russians disapproved. But the British and the Russians continued their own policies, which resulted in 1907 in the Anglo-Russian convention, defining two spheres of influence—the Russian, covering the whole northern half of Persia, the British covering the southeast portion, the middle territory becoming a neutral zone. This the Persian Government accepted as the price of the Anglo-Russian loan.

The Shuster Incident

THE Persian Constitutionalists were not pleased with this. To add to their troubles, the new Shah, Mohammed Ali, backed by Russia, opposed the new régime with imprisonment, bloodshed, and at last open warfare. Finally he was deposed and the present Shah, then a child of ten or twelve years, was put on the throne. As yet the new Constitutionalists hadn't had a chance to do much for Persia. They knew that nothing could be accomplished until they were in a solvent condition financially. Due to the influence of deputies in the parliament who had been educated in the American mission schools it was decided to get a financial adviser from the United States. Mr. Morgan Shuster, a former director of the Philippine customs, was selected, and he went to Persia with various American assistants, to act as treasurer general. He made extraordinary achievements in a short time and no doubt, if left alone, would have succeeded admirably. Not one of his men mentions him to me but speaks of him in the highest terms. But Mr. Shuster put his time and energy on work and not on diplomacy. Russia in a very few months acted against him. The immediate occasion was because he tried to collect taxes by force from certain wealthy Persians, and because he had written an open letter to the London Times in which he spoke in loud, clear terms of Russia and Russian doings. The next move was a Russian ultimatum to the Persian Government. Mr. Shuster was to be dismissed; the Persian Government was not to engage foreigners without the consent of the Russian and the British legations; and the Persian Government was to pay Russia for troops it had dispatched into Persia. Great Britain did not want a war; the alternative seemed to be to take the position of a helpless partner who could not check an unscrupulous associate.

Up to the time of the war the Constitutional movement did not make much progress in Persia. It had its effects, however. For example, about the time of the war the civil and criminal laws were remodeled according to the French code. In small towns there is a court of first instance and in large towns a court of first and second instance. But though the religious courts are done away with the big cases are tried by the mullahs or priests, who do the work in their own houses, and, it is said, not by any means with pure justice in their minds. The laws based on the Koran are held in higher esteem than any decree of parliament. If a man buys real estate in Persia he has to have upon his transaction the seal of some well-known priest. The ideal which some of the younger Persians have of separation of church and state will not prevail for a long time to come.

If the effect of the constitution has been

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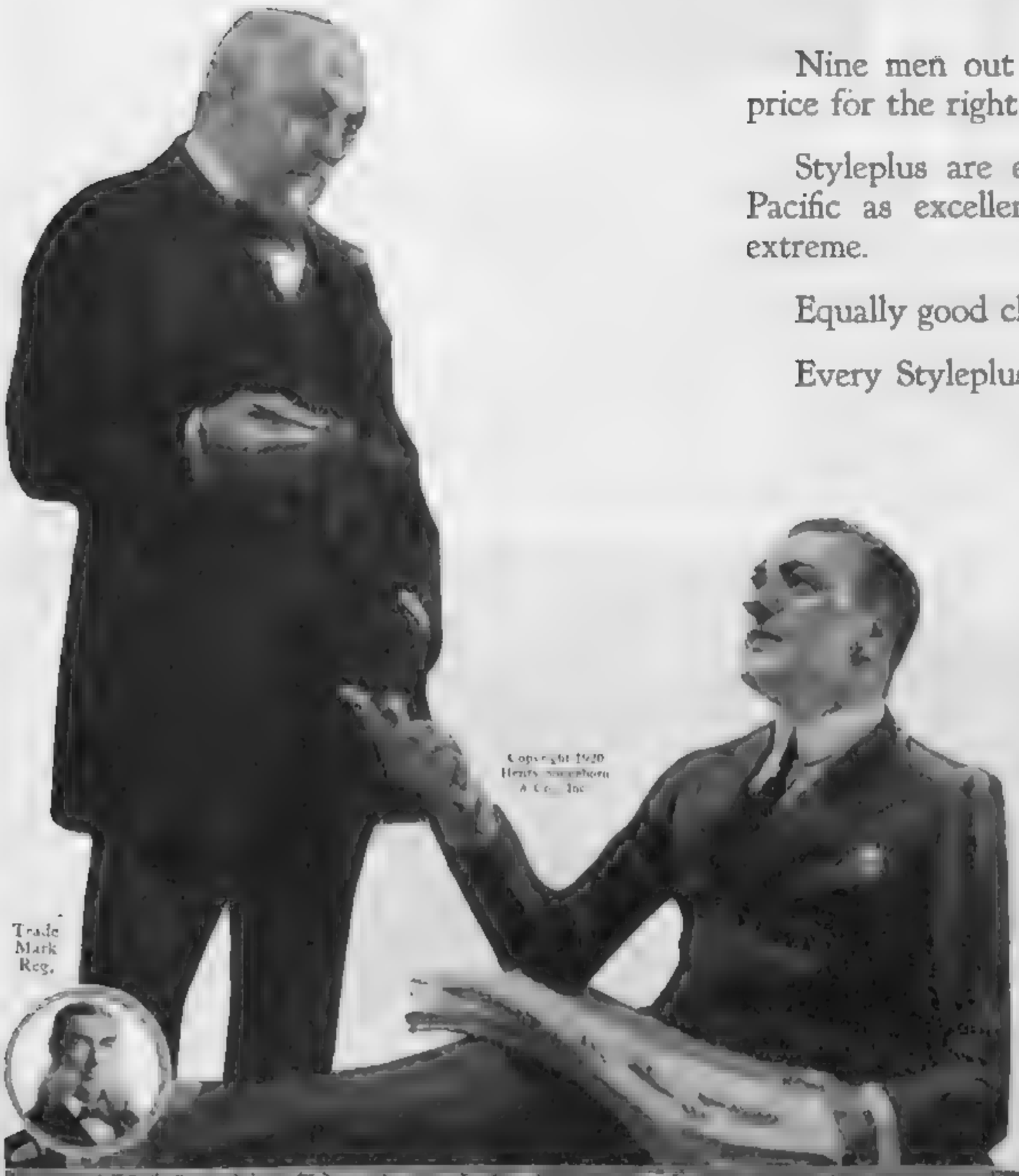
A Persian Churn

Styleplus Clothes

Trade Mark Reg.

How much do you want to pay for clothes?



Nine men out of every ten will answer, "The least price for the right quality."

Styleplus are established from the Atlantic to the Pacific as excellent clothes at prices that are never extreme.

Equally good clothes simply cannot be sold for less.

Every Styleplus fabric is all-wool, and the style and tailoring will convince you that it is not necessary to pay more.

Our unqualified guarantee goes with every Styleplus suit and overcoat. Your local Styleplus merchant will show you a large variety for your choice. See them and save.

Henry Sonneborn & Co., Inc.
Baltimore, Md.

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Trade Mark Reg.

STYLEPLUS — The big name in clothes

(Continued from Page 30)

slow for some ten years, the fact is not surprising. It had an enormous amount of corruption to contend against! The poor, who had vaguely heard of it as something that would help them, found that they were taxed as much as ever. Some of them said that the only difference the constitution had made to them was that instead of having one master they now had many. Formerly their governor of a province could punish with death. Now that power was taken from him; but every little official, once in fear of the governor, could, if he cared to, exercise his power to make trouble for a man with a bribe to spend. This, of course, was the complaint of a few. A more vital defect was that the advocates of the constitution did not pull together; there were too many cliques. Yet, after all, they were only at the beginning of their attempts to adventure in democracy, a system foreign to the Oriental character.

The war found Persia avowedly neutral, but Germany saw in the country a good field for stirring up antagonism between the Christians and Moslems. The Holy War which was decreed in Constantinople had not much effect on the Persians, but German propaganda did. While mullahs in the Persian mosques were proclaiming a holy war German agents were going about as Moslem converts, spreading the word sometimes that Kaiser Wilhelm Mohammed II had become a Moslem and that his population had followed him, and sometimes saying that he would protect Persia against Russia and England. German money was scattered like seed in springtime among the nobles and tribal chiefs; the poor got more words than money. There was a wireless station that took pains to spread constant news of German victories; and Persian armies were raised at the expense of Germany. Even the force of gendarmery that Morgan Shuster had raised under Swedish officers was gathered in.

The Turks were advancing, and in the summer of 1916 the Russians landed a force of twenty thousand men at Enzeli and began to advance toward Teheran. The Germans tried to get the young Shah to move his government seat to Ispahan, where he could mobilize his forces and declare war on the Allies. It is said that the Shah was unwilling to side against the Allies, but some of his most influential advisers had their pockets lined with German money and they added their weight to the persuasions of the German and Turkish advisers.

The Young Shah Under Pressure

IT IS a thrilling experience to hear people who were in Teheran at the time tell of that last day when the Shah's decision hung in the balance, and with it, perhaps, the fate of the Moslem world. The Allied legations had done their best, but apparently the Shah had decided to yield to his German and Turkish advisers. The Germans were so sure of him that they got their troops together on the plain south of Teheran for a grand morning review by the Shah. He was to leave the palace at ten o'clock, and long before that hour crowds had assembled to see him depart. At nine a carriage pushed through the crowd and from it stepped the British and Russian ministers to make a final appeal. The hours passed and the crowd waited, and down on the plain the officers wondered and the troops stood patiently.

No one knows what the two ministers said to the Shah. Perhaps they threatened to bring back his deposed father, Mohammed Ali, from Russia, and make him the Shah. Perhaps they merely presented the facts of the situation, showed what the defeat of Germany must inevitably mean to Persia. The young Shah has a pretty clear mind, and it is said that the real history of the events of the war up to that time, and the real after possibilities were then put before him for the first time. But no one really knows what took place, except that within the space of half a dozen hours a good many words can be poured forth. In the afternoon a court official announced to the waiting crowds that the Shah would not leave the palace.

In 1916 the British, with the permission of the Persian

Old-Style Harem Dress Introduced by Nasr-ed-Din

cabinet, organized a constabulary to replace the gendarmery suborned by the Germans. Sir Percy Sykes trained them, and they displaced the German agents. Then a force of Turks with Kurds and Persian gendarmes flowed over the border, and from that time on the poor Persian people suffered all that any invaded land suffers. For a year this force and the Russians opposed each other until the British victorious advance on Bagdad forced the Turks to retreat, pursued by the Russians. Followed the Russian revolution; but even then the Russian troops were slow to withdraw. Next came the most dreadful famine in all the history of Persia. The harvest was almost nil. Certain rich ones profiteered, people died of hunger and of cholera and of other diseases by the hundreds of thousands, until the nation was sick with despair.

Nor could she yet become a neutral country. For Germany had again set her mind on the new route to India, possibly by the withdrawal of Russia and the rise of Bolshevism. Germany saw her way through the Caucasus from Tiflis and down to Persia, and through Persia, perhaps, to Bagdad. There could be operations in Transcaspia with Krasnovodsk as a base—Turkestan willing, and Afghanistan willing—for a sweep into India. The British sent a force into Persia as far up as Kasbin, from there advancing them to Enzeli and to Baku. In Baku they were joined by a force of Armenians and Persians, but they were later forced to evacuate.

The signing of the armistice found a broken Persia. Her people were still dying as a result of the famine. There was the usual vacuum in the exchequer. There was a weak central government. There were disunion and the usual factions among the politicians! Above all, the spirit of the people was depressed, even broken. This was, however, only a little worse than the state of some other countries, and Persia, though threatened with internal dissension, and from without by Bolshevism, was at least free from the tyranny of Russia.

The Persian Oil Field

MEANWHILE a Persian mission went to Paris, hoping to get a hearing at the peace conference. They wanted an enormous amount of territory, covering Transcaspia and Turkestan, including Khiva, and a large part of the Caucasus, taking in Baku, with a considerable portion of Armenia, Kurdistan and Mesopotamia. Mosul, Lake Van and Diarbekir lay within this map, which also took a slice out of Upper Syria. This mission also wanted loans and advisers to help bring order to their finances and to reconstruct their faulty system of administration. The members of the mission got a ticket to the Hall of Mirrors but they had no opportunity of presenting their case to the peace conference. Meanwhile negotiations were going on between the Persian cabinet at Teheran and British representatives there, which resulted at last in the Anglo-Persian agreement, given to the world in the late summer of 1919.

The reasons why Great Britain wanted the agreement are obvious. There was not only the great advantage accruing from having as a strong friend the nation which is a barrier against India, but there is the trade with Persia and the oil. The British have been interested in Persian oil for a long time, but it is only since 1909 that they have had the concession for the sole oil company, which is called the Anglo-Persian Oil Company. The mileage which the wells cover is small, but the oil is plentiful; how plentiful no one knows. Many of the wells are capped because the supply so much exceeds the demand. The wells are up in the foothills of the Bakhtiyari country, up the Karun River and above Ahwaz. When the Anglo-Persian Company was first formed it spent an enormous amount of capital. There was so much road building to be done and so much outlay of various sorts that it is only within the last couple of years that the money has been coming in. But it seems to have come in floods. Last year the company made a million sterling on a capital of four millions. The capital is now twenty millions, of which the British Government owns six millions. This is about the only time the British Government has become an investor in this way since Disraeli bought the Suez Canal shares. Eight per cent is now being paid on preferred shares. The Persian Government receives a royalty, and the Bakhtiyari chiefs are small shareholders; to what extent could not be learned. The oil is piped down about a hundred and thirty miles from Ahwaz to Abbadan on the gulf, whence it is shipped overseas. Refineries are being built near Swansea and also near Bagdad. It pays the company to take the crude oil to market, rather than to do the refining in Persia. A big system is under way for fuel-oil installations at various ports for ships—Karachi, Aden, Bombay, perhaps Marseilles; a plan, by the way, which will appreciably lessen the demand for coal. More and more of these installations will be made if the oil holds out, and it is expected to do so. There is hope of a pipe line across the desert to the Mediterranean Sea, which would lessen carriage

(Continued on Page 73)

American Mission Schoolboys Eating Watermelon

CADILLAC
STANDARD OF THE WORLD

"The workmanship on a Cadillac is simply perfect. There is no other word for it. It is far and away superior to anything I have seen elsewhere. The infinite pains taken over the infinitely small jobs are most impressive."

From an interview with the distinguished English designer, Mr. Laurence H. Pomeroy, published in The Motor, the English National Motor Journal, August 4, 1920.

WE have never spoken as strongly of the Cadillac as does this generous English critic.

Respecting the patriotic pride of England, France and Italy in their own splendid products, we have never made invidious claims of Cadillac superiority.

But, as we have said before, the group of men whose life is bound up in the betterment of the Cadillac would be less than human if they did not experience a deep satisfaction at such tributes from European sources.

Surely, it is no slight thing for these men to be told, or for Cadillac owners to hear, that America's great car is also proclaimed the great car of the world!

We feel that there is no impropriety in publishing the facts, since England has so generously disclosed them.

We feel that every man, woman and child, in the more than one hundred thousand homes in which the Cadillac is a household institution, will derive an added pride in their ownership, of which we have no right to deprive them.

It would be hypocritical for us to pretend that we believe that the English engineer who is quoted above has overstated the case in his reference to Cadillac workmanship.

"Infinite pains taken over the infinitely small jobs"—in these words he has given a true and graphic picture of the rigid rules that govern Cadillac manufacture.

Spurred on by the overwhelming tributes paid to Cadillac performance by foreign observers and American military men in the world war, Cadillac craftsmen have redoubled, during the past two years, the unflagging zeal that actuated them during the preceding fifteen years.

The Cadillac has been honored by being pronounced the greatest car extant of any size or any price, at home or abroad.

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CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

By FLOYD W. PARSONS

The Labor Savers

THE further along we get in our efforts to normalize the present industrial situation the more certain it becomes that high rate of production in all lines of business is our one sure and sensible hope. This means that the industries whose productive capacity is beyond the nation's needs must be adjusted to a new basis of output and release thousands of men for the industries suffering from a scarcity of labor.

There are very few industries in the United States that have not a productive capacity greater than is necessary to supply the demands of the markets of this and other countries. This statement is especially true providing there are sufficient transportation facilities throughout the country to furnish means for the free movement of goods. There is reason to expect better transportation service now that the railroads have secured higher rates. The slight slowing up of consumption will also tend to help relieve the haulage situation. Therefore, it is proper to conclude that the outputs of our more essential industries will be handled with reasonable promptness during the coming months. Deficient transportation has done much to advance prices during the past two years; adequate hauling facilities will consequently do much to bring prices down to a fair basis.

I know of a dozen industries right now that are accumulating stocks through overproduction, and yet the consumer has not benefited materially from any reduction in prices. This is puzzling and annoying to the average person, but if Mister Citizen will just exercise patience and continue his economy he will find that the same old law that put prices up is now at work to bring them down. Nothing the consumer could do was effective in staying the advance that finally came, and, just so, nothing that producers can do will do more than merely retard the certain coming of lower prices which are on their way.

All great adjustments take place slowly; sometimes so slowly that we nearly give up in despair. In most of our big cities a first-class lady's maid can now command a higher wage than a competent secretary. Also, in many occupations filled by males, brawn is now valued at a higher price than brains. The certain result of this is that fewer people will take the time to train for the professions that are now underpaid. White-collar jobs may be alluring to a few people who dislike getting their hands dirty; however, the almighty dollar is a force that holds a powerful persuasion for most red-blooded men and women, and as a consequence the future will probably reveal crowded schools for plumbers and a smaller enrollment of pupils in the institutions that teach bookkeeping.

So goes the cycle. There is always a plenty for people to worry about. Inequalities and injustices never last. Truth and right are permanent. The history of civilization is a continuous story of swings to extremes. But through all such changes there has never been anything more than a temporary slowing down in the constant climb of man toward better conditions. As each great problem is solved we look back and wonder at our stupidity in permitting the evil to exist so long and worry us so much. For instance, at the present time in our great Eastern cities apples are being sold at five cents apiece in many of the retail produce stores, while thousands of bushels of this fruit are either being fed to pigs or rotting on farms because there is no available market for the apples. In other words, a poor system of distribution stands as a high wall separating the producer and the consumer. Such conditions are so fundamentally wrong and could be so easily remedied that they are a sad reflection on our present standard of intelligence.

Of all possible ways to better our present industrial and economic situation the one that deserves most attention just now is the substitution of mechanical means for human effort. Wherever a machine is installed to take the place of human labor, workers are released for other essential tasks that require hand and head attention. In order to keep the ball rolling in this most laudable movement let me cite a number of instances where mechanical substitutes are rendering valiant service in the present fight on high prices, underproduction and labor shortage.

Some of the country's greatest financial institutions are being converted into veritable machine shops where the bulk of each day's routine work is handled by mechanical devices that are more accurate than humans and possess the additional merit of being tireless. Many modern establishments not only conserve the stenographers' time by having all dictation recorded on the wax cylinders of dictating machines, and these cylinders later transferred to repeating devices that permit the typist to transcribe the notes, but they also employ shorthand machines on which the operator writes a phonetic English, which the same or another operator may transcribe later, in the same way that shorthand notes taken by hand are translated.

The up-to-date typewriting machine is a wonderful mechanism, but when it is equipped with some of the many accessories now available it becomes nothing less than a mechanical marvel. One attachment will count the number of words the machine writes, and this improvement is particularly valuable in departments where a great many telegrams are written. Another attachment is designed to hold the copy to be typed at the proper angle and height, while a metal ruler keeps the operator's eyes on the line that is being written. The so-called bookkeeping typewriters, generally used for making out customers' statements, add and prove all the figures that are written. Then there are the typewriters that are automatic and work on the same principle as that which is applied in the operation of a player piano. Like the records of a piano, those used in these automatic machines consist of rolls of paper perforated with holes. As a roll unwinds, the holes appear and establish electrical connections which cause the proper letters to be depressed with greater accuracy and as much speed as if the work were done by human fingers.

The Old Way of Handling Cotton

All the big insurance companies and many of the large commercial establishments now use sorting and tabulating machines which separate and classify a miscellaneous assortment of data cards under proper headings. By using one of these machines it is possible to set the device so that it will throw out the data cards of all men having blue eyes, all accounts sixty days overdue, all sales to any particular foreign country, or any other class of cards that contain a fact identical in nature. All the cards are of the same size and if they contain data such as that accumulated by insurance companies, where the color of a man's hair, eyes or complexion is a fact of importance for identification and research, all such cards of people possessing a similar characteristic have a hole in them at precisely the same point. The machine can be adjusted to sort out each card having a certain hole in it. These machines, like most other mechanical devices used to save labor, are so constructed that if they make an error the machines lock automatically and remain useless until human hands correct the mistake and allow the device to go ahead with the work.

A number of our big banks not only save in time and effort through the use of devices that write at a distance, but they also eliminate the necessity of asking certain questions that may slightly embarrass their customers. These little contrivances transmit written messages electrically from one department to another in the general offices of a company. Frequently a depositor presents a check at the cashier's window and requests the cash the check calls for. The cashier knows the man and is sure of the signature on the check, but he may not know whether or not the patron of the bank has sufficient funds in his account to cover the amount demanded. In the past the general plan has been for the cashier to leave his window and consult the bookkeeping department before he hands out the money. To-day he simply writes the man's name on the little telautograph by the side of his window and then slowly and deliberately goes about getting the money together. In the meantime the man's name has appeared on the telautograph located in the bookkeeping department, where a quick observation is made and one of the bookkeepers writes on his telautograph the amount of money remaining in the customer's account. If the cashier is clever enough to pass a few pleasantries with the bank's patron and fumble a little with the money he will consume plenty of time for the search to be made, and will be able to note on the little machine on his desk the customer's balance. All this is now accomplished without the patron of the bank even knowing that his account has been investigated. This is not only a tactful procedure but effects a material economy in time and affords protection for the bank.

Large financial institutions that write a great number of dividend checks use special machines for this purpose. The dividend receivers are classified according to the number of shares they own. When the checks are to be written for all the stockholders owning seventy shares of stock the dial of the machine is set for the proper amount, and this total is impressed into the fiber of the paper with indelible ink. For each different total of shares the amount of the dividend changes and the dial must be reset. Perforating machines are used to cancel all checks, stock certificates,

(Continued on Page 38)

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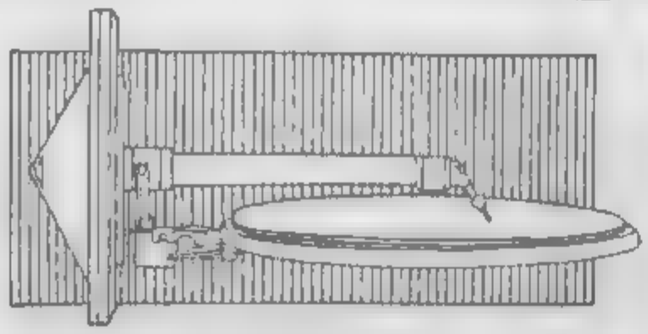

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(Continued from Page 34)

and so on, and these devices are able to stamp the word "Paid" through two or three hundred checks at a time.

Large economies are effected through the use of addressing machines which save clerical handwork in the mailing of circulars and statements, and cutting machines which prepare small metal plates with customers' names stenciled on them for use in the addressing machines. Other devices seal letters and place postage stamps on the envelopes. Melting pots heated by electricity keep sealing wax ready for instant use. Electric letter openers cut less than the hundredth part of an inch off three sides of each envelope and this work is done with such minute precision that the contents of a letter are never injured. Machines are now in use for indorsing checks, and these devices will do more work of this kind in a day than could be accomplished by half a dozen men.

One of the most unique machines yet devised for commercial use is a device that will sign a dozen letters or other documents simultaneously by means of fountain pens controlled by a master pen in the hand of the signer. The letters or papers to be signed are automatically carried under the pens as fast as the signatures can be attached. Well-equipped cashiers' desks now have machines that automatically produce the exact change that is due the customer. With one hand the cashier simply pushes the proper key on the machine and with his other hand he catches the change that must be handed the patron.

Many companies have now equipped their telephones with an apparatus which enables the person talking to continue using both his hands. This is of considerable value as a time saver, especially in the case of calls where the line must be held either before or after getting the proper connection. Some of the large offices now have a double arrangement of central switchboards, one for inside and the other for outside calls. Any employee having a telephone on his desk presses one button when he wishes to talk with another employee of his company, and a different button if he desires an outside number.

A majority of the big banks and trust companies now have what they call a cremation department, where specially constructed incinerators are used to burn all canceled bonds, coupons, and so on. The furnaces are equipped with a very fine grating to prevent even the smallest particles from escaping, and electric blowers stimulate the fire and force the burning. Another department now rendering valuable service to large corporations is a photographic division, where photostatic machines save the time and effort of typists by photographing reports, contracts, wills, checks, and all kinds of important documents. All such photos are developed and printed in the same department and the prints are dried by electricity in a minimum of time. Many companies have found their photostatic department particularly helpful in getting together a large mass of data for use as an exhibit or as evidence in lawsuits.

Some offices are now using electrically driven copying machines, and devices for testing the quality and resistance of paper to furnish data that will be of help to the purchasing department. Perforating and punching machines as well as those for cutting paper are quite common, while a compact mechanical arrangement is now installed in some of the largest offices to do bookbinding in the most modern fashion. Many corporation executives now prefer to have all their company's important papers and records kept in book form rather than laid away in many files.

But the greatest opportunity and the most urgent need just now is for the installation of labor-saving machines in the production, handling and distribution of both raw materials and finished goods. The chief aim of American industry is to multiply man power. This end can be accomplished most speedily through substituting mechanical devices for human hands. Machines not only free mankind from drudgery but they reduce costs through increasing output and decreasing the total of physical effort. A certain amount of human labor is beneficial to the individual, but an excess of physical effort is harmful, since it dwarfs both mentality and development. The World War left civilization with a shortage of man power and nothing less than dire necessity has forced man to focus his attention on the development of machines to serve as man aids.

The history of the advance of civilization is really only a recital of the invention of one labor-saving device after another. When the first wheelbarrow was finished and primitive man was able to dump the load from his back and convey it in this simple but efficient device the human race received a decided impulse forward. But now, after centuries of splendid service, the wheelbarrow is obliged to give way to the mechanical truck, just as the galley that was rowed by hand eventually succumbed to the superior merits of the power-driven ship. All such inventions increase man's capacity for work from two to ten times what it formerly was. Now come other devices to supplant the early trucks, and so the game goes merrily on. Probably the best way to indicate the possibilities that lie in the use of machines is to tell briefly some of the results being accomplished.

In handling cotton bales at certain points in the South the load-carrying electric truck will carry ten bales per load with more speed than one man can carry one bale. The use of these trucks for handling cotton has released hundreds of men for more important work requiring individual service. Trucks of this same type were first used in New York City for handling baggage at the railroad stations, but their use has now been extended from freight and express handling into many other industries. At one of the big rubber factories in Ohio their electric trucks haul loads of thirty-one hundred pounds each trip, and make one trip round the department every four minutes. In an average eight-hour shift a truck pulls over two hundred thousand pounds of tires and cores, doing work that formerly required the time and energy of twenty-five men. The power used is storage battery, and it is only necessary to make a change every eight hours.

In a number of cases, where regular train service has been established in manufacturing plants, these electric trucks or tractors pull loaded trailers in groups of six to ten. The trailers and trucks are so designed that each tracks perfectly with the truck ahead, which makes it possible to turn short corners and traverse narrow aisles. In planning new plants in the future, manufacturers will undoubtedly provide better floor surfaces than exist in many plants to-day, and this in turn will materially increase the present efficiency of these electric trucks.

In one city a large brass and copper company was having difficulty securing men to handle brass and copper in its warehouse stockroom. The loads averaged about seven hundred pounds and the stock was all moved by hand. The manager made a survey of the situation and then installed an overhead trolley conveyor system costing seven hundred dollars. Reports indicate that the conveyor has paid for itself in direct saving in less than six months, and in addition to releasing two men for other important work the installation has eliminated the annoyance to the management from having frequently to secure extra men for days or weeks when much material was moved and the work was unusually heavy.

One of the big beet-sugar companies was faced with the difficult problem of securing numbers of men for a brief period of service, as the sugar season is comparatively short and during this time everything must move at a feverish rate. The company operates two shifts of twelve hours each, and when the sugar is sacked it must be stacked at once to make room for the next run. For years the bags of sugar had been trucked by hand across an immense warehouse. Later it was piled by hand, fourteen men being required for each shift, or twenty-eight in all.

In solving this problem the company purchased two hundred feet of sectional electric conveyor and an electric portable piling machine. As the warehouse is filled the sections not needed are removed and laid aside. Power is secured from motors placed overhead, each power unit driving a number of sections, and as the system shortens, the power units are also removed, stopping all waste of power instantly. The system is unusually flexible, and when the stacking is done the units of the conveyor may be shifted about to carry sugar, beet pulp or beet seed directly into railroad cars, to motor trucks or any other point desired. The conveyor has not only eliminated much of the back-breaking labor formerly done in this plant but it has largely insured the company against the evils of a labor shortage and has greatly reduced the breakage due to human carelessness. Furthermore, the installation has released twenty men for more important work, which, at five dollars a day, in a hundred-day handling season, amounts to a total saving of ten thousand dollars in the company's pay roll. Instead of fourteen men on each shift, the present arrangement necessitates the use of but four, and these four exert only half the physical effort that was formerly required of them.

(Concluded on Page 114)

The New Way of Handling Cotton

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COMMENT ON THE WEEK

Experimenting With Future Industry

INDUSTRIAL experiments in times of full production, ample credit, easy transportation and normal trade hold promise of progress. In times like the present experimentation is fraught with danger, unless one proceeds upon the idea that all is lost and any change is a gamble for the better. This holds true of nations as well as of individuals. Apparently a large industrial experiment is being undertaken in France. The world over, iron travels to coal. The ore from Superior comes to the coal of Ohio and Pennsylvania. The ores from Cuba and distant Chile come to Bethlehem. England draws ores from Spain and Sweden. Germany before the war imported ores from France, Spain and Sweden.

With the return of the Lorraine ore fields to France, a group of French magnates wish to reverse the stream and make coal travel to iron, to transfer the furnaces of the Rhine to Lorraine. Germany, having the coal, wants to draw from France enough iron ore to add to domestic ores and imports from Spain and Sweden to restore the iron and steel production of the valley of the Rhine.

France, holding the iron but having little coal, her magnates wish to move the center of utilization of Lorraine ore from the Rhine to Northern France. This is outside of the question of reparation, but complicates the settlement of reparation.

The prewar supply of coal in France, from all sources, could not support such a transfer of the iron industry of Europe. France has not the domestic labor to support such a program. France would need to double her supply of coal to support a material expansion of her furnaces and foundries. At present prices, prospects might seem to favor the magnates of France. With the inevitable recession of prices, it will be uphill for coal to flow to iron. In past years the French peasant invested his savings in Russia. Is it now contemplated that he shall invest them in an imperialistic exploitation of iron?

Prices of Foodstuffs

PRICES in different classes of commodities tend to be sympathetic, and the present reductions in prices of textiles and metal goods rouse expectations of similar reductions in foodstuffs. Circumstances, however, are so abnormal that inferences are hazardous. We have harvested exceptionally large crops of corn, oats, barley and the sorghum grains. The prices of these fodder grains have fallen. Spot corn is below a dollar and may fall further. Cheap corn means cheap meat, other things being equal. A part of the heavy corn crop is in the Southwest, where, as in Kansas, animals are scarce. The national count of swine has fallen five million within a year. Our cattle have not been maintained. Under these circumstances it is possible to have cheap feed and not have cheap meat. The prices of wool and hides have fallen disproportionately. Under these circumstances the producer and the packer attempt to keep the price of meat high in order to minimize the depreciation in the by-product. The retail prices of fresh meats are high and may be expected to descend.

On paper, milk production ought to be cheaper this fall. With a larger crop of cotton, the price of cotton seed might be expected to fall. But with the price of the fiber falling rapidly, the grower and the trade will attempt to keep the seed high. Mill feed is lower at present, but will not be nearly so plentiful as last year, because the flour mills will grind less wheat. Under the Food Administration and the Grain Corporation it was national policy to favor export of flour rather than of wheat. With an open market the European buys wheat, which reduces the mill feed. In many parts of the country the new milk contracts for the fall present an increase in price of approximately a cent a quart. Butter production is on the increase in countries that might ship to the United States. With present rates of exchange, Argentinian, Canadian and Danish butter finds the American market attractive. Export of condensed milk has fallen off. Condenseries are reducing their operations, though the increased use of milk in bread makes up for the loss in part. Under these circumstances it is possible that we may experience increase in price of fresh milk with decrease in price of dairy products.

We have the largest sugar-beet crop on record, and the cane crop is normal in the Gulf district, Porto Rico, the Hawaiian Islands and in the Philippines. The stand of sugar cane in Cuba promises four and a half million tons. The crop of sugar beets in Germany and Czechoslovakia is worth a million tons more sugar than last year, assuming that coal and transportation are available for refining. Europe proved, by sending us sugar this summer, that she cannot indulge in high-priced sugar. The price of sugar ought therefore to continue to fall, unless a distributive shortage should develop just before the new crop comes in. The profits in the spectacular and unnecessary rise in the price of sugar went largely to the producers; the losses in the recent precipitous descent have fallen largely upon the American wholesaler.

The pack of canned fruit, vegetables and fish is light, and, since done with high labor costs and expensive ingredients, one does not see how the prices are to fall unless attended with heavy losses. Potatoes have swung from scarcity to profusion and prices are expected to become reasonable.

All in all, it seems clear that lowering in the prices of foodstuffs will be more gradual and less intensive than in the case of clothing, furnishings and metal goods. Heavy breaks below the cost of production would have a disastrous effect on agriculture.

Exporting Cows to Germany

STATEMENTS have appeared in the daily press and in medical journals in Germany to the effect that milch cows are to be shipped from the United States to Germany. It is clear from unprejudiced testimony that the milk supply of the industrial cities of Germany is very low. It does not solve their problem to point out that the agricultural classes enjoy a practically normal food supply and that their marketable surplus of milk goes to the rich. It is from every point of view desirable that German children should not pay a penalty in subnutrition for the sins of their forbears. Every scheme of relief must stand upon a demonstrated need. It must also be sound and efficient. The very people who are most desirous that the milk shortage of Germany be alleviated should reject the scheme of shipment of milch cows from the United States, because it is unsound and inefficient.

Before the war forty per cent of the feeding stuffs represented in the milk supply of Germany was imported in the form of mill feed, peanuts, copra, cotton seed, linseed, sunflower seed or their derivatives. The report of the Eltzbacher Commission on the nutrition of Germany recommended in 1915 that the number of swine be lowered one-third—from twenty-five million—and the number of milch cows ten per cent—from ten million five hundred thousand—because the country could not produce feed for them.

The last official census of milch cows in Germany gave the figure nine million. For three millions of these cows the country does not produce or possess feed to support milk production. Since the Germans already have cows but not feed, the obvious thing to do is to resume the importation of feeding stuffs. To import milch cows would simply be to add to the number of such animals in the country for which no feed but roughage is available.

A milch cow in a cargo going across the Atlantic occupies one hundred and sixty cubic feet. The same space devoted to oil cake would carry three and a half long tons. This amount of oil cake would produce forty-two hundred gallons of milk, according to prewar German practice. The cow during nine months after landing would produce some six hundred gallons of milk. The direct shipment of oil cake as contrasted with the same cubic space devoted to a cow would represent seven times as much milk.

Further considerations deal with the practicability of the proposition. One hundred thousand good milch cows would cost a large sum in the United States. These animals could not be picked up and transported like non-perishable freight. A foreman and assistant foreman are necessary for each shipment, and one caretaker must accompany each twenty head. Milch cows can hardly be shipped across the ocean when in flow of milk. Lack of milking and care in transit would dry them up. It would be necessary to ship cows during the dry period, just before calving. It is scarcely possible to make such shipments during the winter. Ocean tonnage adapted to living animals is scarce and expensive—fifty dollars an animal.

To ship a hundred thousand milch cows would require nearly six hundred thousand cubic yards of cargo space at a carriage cost of five million dollars. The same space would carry three hundred and fifty thousand long tons of oil cake; the same dollars for carriage would ship four hundred and fifty thousand long tons of oil cake. The proposition is visionary and impractical.

Since the unsoundness of the plan is obvious, we may conclude that the proposal rests upon considerations other than technical. It is stated that such relief would have a good psychological effect in Germany. It would exert a propaganda effect upon untrained laymen throughout the world. The Treaty of Versailles provides that a certain number of cattle, a figure in the neighborhood of one hundred and forty thousand, shall be returned to France and Belgium. This is less than a tenth of the cattle that Germany took from France and Belgium during the war. The purpose of the reparation is not to make good the losses in the numerical sense but to restore to Belgium and Northern France particular strains of blooded cattle. The Germans are numerically no worse off for milch cows than the French, and they are better off than the Belgians. Since the armistice the German cows have deteriorated, because the depreciation of the mark has made it impossible to import feeding stuffs.

There is unemployment for milch cows in Germany on account of lack of feed, just as there is unemployment for men on account of lack of raw materials. To import cows instead of feed would be as irrational as to import workers instead of raw materials.

The world would like to believe that Germany is facing her problems with the single purpose of reconstruction, but Americans cannot be blamed if they regard the proposal to import cows as an act of propaganda against the Treaty of Peace.

Chinese Coal in Europe

EVENTS of world-wide importance sometimes take place without attracting attention at the moment. The delivery of a hundred thousand tons of Chinese coal at Marseilles received no comment from the American press. Failing to procure sufficient coal from Great Britain or Germany, the Danish state railways have contracted for ten thousand tons of Chinese coal. This is an event of first-grade importance and represents a marked advance in the industrialization of China.

The coal resources of China are estimated as larger than those of Europe, sufficient to cover the present world consumption for a thousand years. Labor is practically inexhaustible—industrious, resourceful and cheap. It is customary in mining statistics to estimate coal production by output per man per annum. The chief limiting factors are transportation, adaptability of the field to machine operation, and output per hour per underground employee.

The record annual output per man was attained in the United States in 1918—eleven hundred and thirty-four short tons. The nearest competitor was in New South Wales, with eight hundred and fourteen tons, closely followed by British Columbia and Nova Scotia. The highest recorded output in Great Britain was four hundred and nineteen tons; in Prussia four hundred and fifty-nine tons. Everywhere in Europe, Australia and North America the present output per man is far below the records stated. The output in Japan has never been more than two hundred and thirteen tons and is now down to something like one hundred and forty tons. The output in China is still lower.

China lacks railway transportation, of course. To what extent her mines are adapted to machine operation is not yet known. But it is clear that with rising costs of operation and falling output per man in Europe and North America the Chinese coal mines, with the cheap labor at their disposal, will soon become an active factor in the export coal trade of the world. The mines are largely under operation or control of Japanese. Shipping is in Japanese bottoms, which introduces another factor into the situation. Certainly China may be expected to supplant Australia and British Columbia in the markets of our Pacific States. Replacement of British coal by Chinese coal in South America would exert the most profound influence upon the manufacture and trade of the British Empire.

At the bottom of the coal difficulties of the United Kingdom is an understanding between the British and the German coal miners with respect to wages, output and living conditions. If the Chinese miner is left out of the calculation, he may spring a surprise upon the British and German miners. Coal is such an important factor in the routing of trade over the world that the appearance of a new source of supply is bound to exert far-reaching influences.

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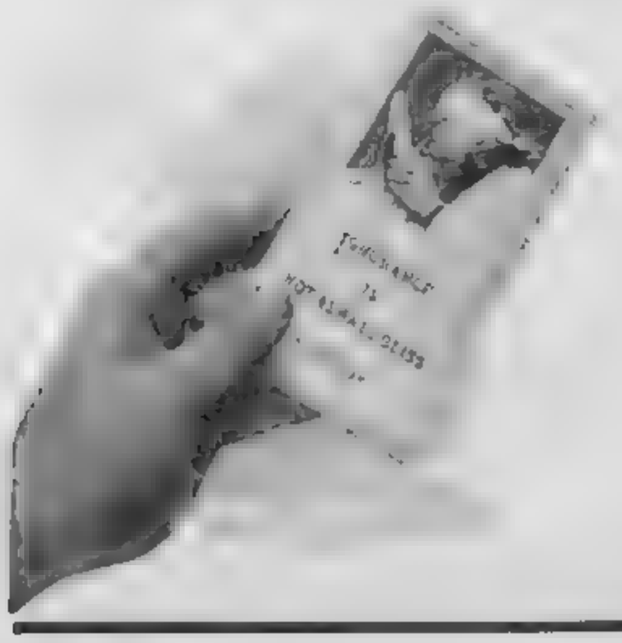

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PLATINUM MONEY

RUSSIA'S red ministry of finance, in anticipation of the resumption of commerce with foreign nations, has been casting about for means to pay the international trade balances that will have to be liquidated in hard money. There are no accurate figures available upon which to base an estimate of Russia's stock of gold coin; but it is well known that her gold supply has been materially depleted by the Bolshevist leaders.

An interesting phase of the red program for paying international trade balances is the proposed issue of platinum credit notes. The soviet ministry of finance claims that it holds platinum reserves to the amount of 37,500,000 rubles or, in round figures, $18,750,000 at par of exchange. It is purposed to issue against these reserves, credit notes, convertible into platinum coin, for 65,000,000 rubles. The new notes are to be issued in denominations of 50, 100, 500 and 5000 rubles.

If the foregoing figures, quoted from press dispatches, are correct it would appear that each hundred-ruble note would have only about 58 rubles' worth of platinum behind it; and, such being the case, there is no apparent reason why anyone outside of Russia should care to accept it at its face value in the discharge of an international obligation.

Platinum coin, if the recipient were sure of its weight and fineness, might very conceivably be acceptable, though outside of Russia its value would be measured by its bullion value and would rise and fall with the value of that metal.

This will not be Russia's first attempt to use platinum as a money metal. Nearly a century ago, or in 1828, to be exact, the imperial government minted platinum coins intended to have the values of three, six and twelve rubles. In those days the metal was far less valuable than it is to-day and coins made of it were proportionably much larger than they would be at this time. This coinage produced endless difficulties, for in those days the melting of platinum was exceedingly difficult, and the withdrawal and replacement of worn coins proved unexpectedly costly. In 1845 the experiment was pronounced a failure and the existing platinum pieces were withdrawn from circulation. Marked advances having been made in the technic of working platinum, a Russian representative at the International Monetary Conference, held at Paris in 1867, proposed that the metal be used for the coinage of five-franc pieces; but the suggestion met with no great favor. It is very likely that this gentleman was endeavoring to make a French market for Russian platinum just as a later Muscovite statesman attempted with greater success to bring into vogue the squirrel skins of his native land and thus rid the taxgatherers of millions of useless little pelts which they had accepted in lieu of money payments in the rural districts.

When Platinum Was Cheap

Until very recent years platinum had not come into its own. The late W. Stanley Jevons, whose little book, Money and the Mechanism of Exchange, is still regarded as a standard work, writing as recently as 1875, made a statement that to-day scarcely seems credible. Describing the Russian experiment that has just been cited and setting forth the shortcomings of platinum as a money metal, he goes on to say: "The appearance of platinum being inferior to that of silver or gold, it is seldom or never employed for purposes of ornament." If the author could walk through the great jewelers' shops in any of our large cities he would no doubt wish to revise his short section on platinum.

Jewelers themselves have only a dollar sympathy for the present vogue for platinum settings. They are free to admit that silver is a far more beautiful metal and all that can be said in favor of the more costly substance is that it tarnishes less readily and that its natural tone and luster are so neutral that it always harmonizes with whatever color or fabric it may have for a background.

To show how rapidly platinum has come into its own, as measured by a dollars-and-cents standard, one need only recall that a dozen or fifteen years ago one used to hear the white metal referred to as "almost as expensive as gold"; that is to say, it was worth almost $20.67 a Troy ounce. By 1911, owing to the expansion of the electrical and the chemical industries in which platinum is largely used, its price had advanced to $43.12; and during the next four years its value increased by only as many dollars. In 1916, however, it climbed swiftly and broke all earlier records when it touched $83.40. The high peak was reached last year, when it sold for $120 an ounce. The platinum best suited to the setting of jewels is alloyed with iridium and now fetches about $135 an ounce.

In the past, the Russian platinum mines of the Urals were our great source of the metal, but since the establishment of the red régime our main dependence has been upon the mines of Colombia. Owing to the primitive metallurgical methods employed in that country, her output is not large; but if prices remain high production in that quarter will no doubt be stimulated. Our importations from all sources of supply during the year 1919 amounted to about 53,000 ounces, and our visible stock on hand at the beginning of the current year was approximately 65,000 ounces.

Hungarian Leather Bills

Unfortunately no large deposits of the metal have been discovered in recent years. A small quantity of the metal is mined in this country; but our entire domestic production does not supply more than two per cent of our requirements. It is not unlikely that the osmiridium field in Tasmania may soon be sending us small quantities of platinum, but its entire production is not likely to be greatly in excess of 2000 ounces a year.

Returning to the new Russian experiment, it is safe to predict that it will at least be quite as successful as her recent issues of paper money. The novelty of the new issue is that it is good for only one month after issue.

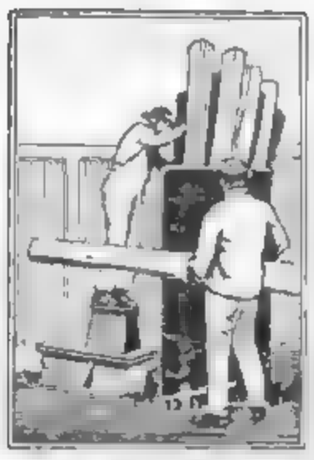
The pink financiers who invented this extra-perishable money adopted this expedient in order to prevent hoarding and to keep the new currency in rapid circulation. They have made spending like the game of hearts.

Hungary, not to be outdone by her larger neighbor, announces an issue of leather money. In view of the present price of shoes, gloves and traveling bags, it is not hard to believe that this will be a sound currency; but the cabled dispatches say that the money is merely to be printed on leather. Pigskin is the chosen material, and it has been said in its favor that it is exceedingly difficult to counterfeit. It should not, however, offer insuperable obstacles to an American manufacturer of leather goods.

An old trick of the trade is to make electrotype dies by covering genuine pigskin with black lead and plating on a thin deposit of copper. The electrotype is then backed to give it solidity.

Cowhide stamped with such a die so closely resembles pigskin as to deceive the very elect.

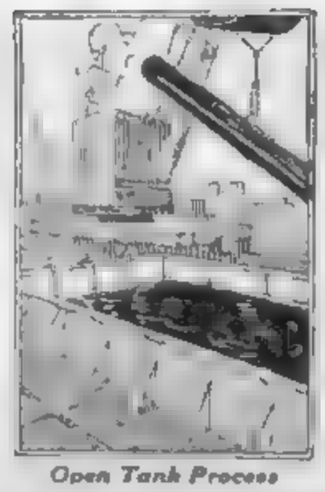
Only small bills will be printed upon pigskin. Notes of larger denomination will be printed upon a very high grade of silk paper to be obtained from the silken wall coverings of the old palaces with which Hungary abounds.



Treating Fence Posts

WOOD PRESERVATION

A timely talk of interest to all users of structural wood



Open Tank Process

PUBLISHED BY US EVERY FEW WEEKS IN THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Mr. F. J. Hoxie, well-known Fire Insurance Engineer and Authority on Factory and Mill Construction, advocates Wood Preservation.

F. J. Hoxie

"The Factory Mutual Fire Insurance Companies have been studying the problem of rot in factories forseveralyears. These studies have shown that proper design, together with suitable wood preservatives applied to the lumber with intelligence and engineering judgment, will increase the life and safety of moist weaving, finishing and paper mills and will make it possible to use low grade lumber to prevent the escape of heat through the roofs of these structures. Such heat insulation can be used on concrete as well as wooden roofs and will not only save heat but increase the life of the wooden roof and prevent dripping on both the wood and concrete roof. Good creosote is best adapted to this service.

"The thorough way in which the preservative is applied to the wood is of the utmost importance as its sterilizing action depends upon physical contact with the fungus or its spores.

"It is becoming more important to spend the money necessary for careful treatment as the structures become more expensive. The cost of replacing rotted roofs is rapidly increasing."

To-day's high prices are only the first pinch of the lumber shortage.

Even if an adequate policy of reforestation were put into operation at once, it takes 50 to 90 years to grow a saw-log. Therefore, economical utilization of available grades and species is the only protection against further advance in prices.

Demonstrating butt-treatment of posts by Open Tank process with Carbosota at Fulton County (Ky.) Fair. Note metal tank for hot bath and wooden barrel for cold. All posts excepting cedar, chestnut, etc., should be treated their entire length.

Carbosoted Lumber for Factory Buildings

Costly repairs and replacements are only part of the loss to factory owners due to wood decay. Equally serious is the increased fire hazard of rotted timbers.

The Associated Factory Mutual Fire Insurance Companies, in a recent pamphlet, "Dry Rot in Factory Timbers," state:

"The loss to mills from rotting timber is many thousands of dollars a year. Wood infected with dry rot ignites more easily than sound wood, and mill timbers with rotted ends fall more quickly under fire."

Decayed timbers are also apt to fail mechanically, endangering the life and limbs of workmen.

Architects and engineers have long recognized the advantage of wood preservation. However, inability to secure treated timber has prevented its more general use in industrial buildings. This obstacle was removed when Carbosota was placed on the market.

The expense of installing an Open Tank carbosoting plant on any construction job is very small compared with the saving on replacements and repairs. Treatment of wood used in roof-decks of paper and textile mills, and other buildings where a high degree of humidity exists, is an especially economical measure. Carbosota adds to the natural advantages of wood, the durability needed to make it the ideal roof deck material.

Write for free folder No. 408, "Preserving Wood Roof Decks with Carbosota."

Great pier erected by State of Connecticut at New London. Entire timber framing and roof-deck of shed dipped in Carbosota.

To permit the utilization of these available inferior species of timber, preservative treatment against wood decay is available to *all* users of structural lumber.

"Pressure" and "Non-Pressure" Treatments

In treating railroad cross ties, paving blocks, piling, and timber used where severe mechanical abrasion is a factor, complete impregnation of the wood is desirable, requiring employment of standard "pressure processes." This involves expensive equipment, and timber so treated is not generally available.

Bungalow stained with Carbosota and trimmed with white lead and oil paint.

Fortunately for the great mass of lumber users, however, "non-pressure processes" have been made the practical means of effectively checking wood decay. In this the development and wide distribution of Carbosota Creosote Oil have been a most important factor.

Engineers, architects, contractors, industrial plants, manufacturers of wooden products, and the individual in town or on the farm can practice wood preservation by employing non-pressure treatments. The Open Tank process (hot and cold bath treatment) is the most efficient and should be used wherever possible. The equipment is simple and comparatively inexpensive. Surface treatments (brushing, spraying or dipping) are by far the most available, however, to the average lumber consumer and retard decay sufficiently to more than warrant employment wherever the Open Tank process is not practicable.

Non-Pressure Treatment for Railroad Lumber

Years of experience have proved to our railroads the sound economy of wood preservation.

Carbosota, applied by non-pressure treatments, permits extending this money-saving practice to include lumber for constructing and repairing freight cars, freight sheds, platforms, outhouses, fences, roundhouse roof-decks, and other similar material where the reduction of wood decay would result in a big saving in maintenance costs.

Open Tank plant used for treating roundhouse timbers.

Carbosota Cuts Mine Timber Costs

Some Eastern coal mines are increasing their timbering costs by placing timbers infected with decay and using species of local growth without peeling, seasoning and drying. This is grossly extravagant, particularly in view of high labor cost of replacements.

The only practical way to lower cost of mine timbering is to carbosote all lumber used above and below ground. The simple, inexpensive Open Tank process saves, on an average, 30% to 50% of timber replacement costs. In some instances the saving is even greater.

Our special folder, No. 409, "Longer Life for Mine Timbers," free on request.

A lumber dealer's creosoting plant, showing hot and cold tanks, draining board, and lower end of hand-operated crane.

The Lumber Dealer's Opportunity

Carbosoting reduces the *per year cost* of lumber, making it once more the most economical material for general construction purposes.

Every lumber dealer owes it to himself to stock and sell Carbosota. Where the size of his business justifies the small investment and facilities for heating the oil are obtainable, he will find it sound policy to install an Open Tank carbosoting plant. This will enable him to supply his customers with lumber and posts already treated.

Proper Method Essential

Any preservative treatment, to be effective, must be properly applied. Our free technical service is available to small as well as large users of lumber. By writing our nearest office, describing in detail your particular problem, your letter will receive prompt and careful attention.

Our booklet, "Long Life for Wood," sent free on request.

Put up in 1 and 5 gallon cans, also metal drums and tank cars.

What is Carbosota?

Carbosota Creosote Oil is a highly refined and specially processed Coal tar Creosote, particularly adapted to Surface treatments (brush treatment or painting, spraying and dipping) and the Open Tank process. It conforms to standard specifications.

Barrett B Carbosota Grade-One Liquid Creosote Oil

The Barrett Company

New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, St. Louis, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, Detroit, New Orleans, Birmingham, Kansas City, Minneapolis, Indiana, Nashville, Syracuse, Seattle, Buffalo, Johnstown, Dayton, Salt Lake City, Bangor, Washington, Jamestown, Lebanon, Youngstown, Milwaukee, Toledo, Cleveland, Rockland, Latrobe, Bay City, Elizabeth, Bridgeport, Baltimore

THE BARRETT COMPANY Limited: Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver, St. John, N. B., Halifax, N. S., Sydney, N. S.

ECONOMY
600 AMPS. 600 VOLTS
NO LAB. INSPECTED
ECONOMY renewable FUSES
ECONOMY
30A250V
THE prevention of damage to machinery and the proper protection of lives and property in industrial plants using electrical energy for power and light purposes are best accomplished through the installation of Economy Renewable Fuses in all circuits
The famous Economy "Drop Out" Renewal Links constantly operate at rated capacities. Their use enables a saving of 80% annually in fuse maintenance costs as compared with the use of "one-time" fuses
Your plant needs Economy Fuses
Tell your electrician to install them
For sale by all leading electrical jobbers and dealers
Economy Fuse & Mfg. Co.
CHICAGO, U. S. A.
Economy Fuses also are made in Canada at Montreal
Economy Fuses were the first line using an inexpensive bare renewal link for restoring a blown fuse to its original efficiency to be approved in all capacities by the Underwriters' Laboratories

Sense and Nonsense

The Right Diagnosis

WHILE traveling in the Pacific Coast States recently Herschel S. Hall was taken violently ill with an attack of acute indigestion.

Hearing there was a Chinese doctor in the town who was highly regarded by the citizens of the locality, Mr. Hall sent for him.

The physician came, felt of the sick man's pulse, inquired briefly as to his sufferings and then entered upon the following questionnaire:

"You smokee shigalet?"

"Oh, yes."

"Cigar too?"

"Yes."

"Pipe maybe, eh?"

"Sometimes."

"You takee li'l' dlink sometime—maybe col' pop, col' soda, col' milk shakee, col' linger beer, licy-col' lemonade, col' sider, maybe some hot tlea, hot coffee, hot chocolatee, lots of sugar and cleam?"

"Sure thing!"

"You eatee fast?"

"I got to, doctor—always in a hurry—lots to do, you know."

"You eatee hot bliscuit?"

"You bet!"

"You eatee fly ham, fly bacon, fly eggs, hot clakes, lots molass?"

"I'll say I do!"

"You eatee gleasy stuff some fly, some roast, some boil, some stew, some blake—you mix 'em all uppee same time, eh? Maybe some jam and gleasy glavy sametime, eh?"

"Yes, everything goes with me."

"You eatee pie?"

"Pie? Pie is my middle name at mealtime, doctor."

"You eatee some pickle, some cheese, some nut, some nice lich clake, some lice cleam—you mixee all uppee inside same time, eh?"

"Yes, sir—that was the way I was taught to eat at boarding school."

"You dlinkee lice water same time?"

"Of course."

"You chewee up wood toothpickee fine, eh, at finish?"

"Usually do—sometimes I have to use a match."

"Good nightee! I can no curee damn fool!"

More Than Two Sides

EDWIN JAMES, the war correspondent, who had just returned to America and was on a vacation in Virginia, met one of the farmers of that state who immediately engaged him in a discussion of the League of Nations.

At times the argument grew heated, the warmth abating with the farmer's concluding remark.

"Well, you should know, Mr. James," he said, "there's always three sides to every question—my side, your side and the right side."

"Tell me the secret of these Pork and Beans"

Thousands of restaurants and hotels have for years served Van Camp's to please men.

Go where the beans are finest and ask the waiter the secret of the dish. He will, if he likes you, probably tell you the truth.

He may bring you in an empty can of Van Camp's bring it wrapped in a napkin to show you the brand.

This is the secret of superlative Baked Beans, at home or anywhere. They are baked in the Van Camp kitchens, by Van Camp experts, in the Van Camp way.

Such beans were never prepared elsewhere. No home or hotel has one-tenth the facilities.

Then why not serve this great dish at its best? Simply ask for Van Camp's. A few cans on the shelf mean ever-ready dinners, hot or cold. And dinners which none can match.

We gave to millions

a new conception of Baked Beans

The Van Camp kitchens have in late years revolutionized Baked Pork and Beans. And to millions this creation has brought a new idea of this important dish.

Culinary experts—men with college training—have applied scientific cooking to this dish. Able chefs have co-operated. Domestic Science experts have worked with them.

Together, in this finest kitchen in the world, they have perfected their ideal in Pork and Beans.

The beans are grown on certain rare soils rich in nitrogen. Each lot is analyzed before we start to cook.

The water used is freed from minerals, because minerals make skins tough.

The beans are baked by live steam under pressure. Thus high heat is applied for hours without bursting or crisping the beans.

Scientific Cooks

Direct every process. These are culinary experts, college trained. They spent four years and $100,000 to perfect Van Camp's Baked Beans.

The beans are made easy to digest—baked as homes can't bake them. Yet they come out mealy, mellow, whole.

They are baked in sealed containers, so no flavor can escape. And the steam does not touch the beans.

A sauce has been perfected, after countless tests, which is matchless in tang and zest. It is baked with the beans, so it savors every atom.

These new-style Beans—Van Camp's—are at your grocery. For your convenience they come in cans of three sizes.

A dozen cans on your shelf mean a dozen meals, ever-ready, hot or cold. They are meals which match meat in nutrition, yet cost far less. They are ever-welcome meals.

Try Van Camp's today. Compare them with the beans you know. Learn what modern science has added to this dish.

Domestic Science experts watch every dish we bake

Women experts, highly paid, watch every process in Van Camp's. They know what women like—the home-like flavor and the perfect zest.

Never a dish of Van Camp's goes out without a woman expert's approval.

VAN CAMP'S PORK and BEANS

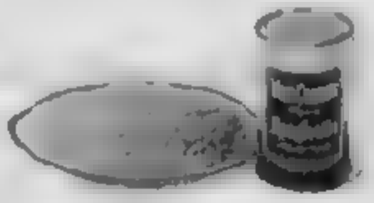
Baked with the Van Camp Sauce—Also without it—Three sizes, to serve 3, 5 or 10

Prepared in the Van Camp kitchens at Indianapolis

Also 18 Soups—Van Camp's Spaghetti—Evaporated Milk—Peanut Butter—Chili Con Carne—Catsup—Chili Sauce, Etc.

Van Camp's Tomato Soup

One of our 18 famous soups—the finest soups that cost and skill can make.



Van Camp's Spaghetti

Particularly famous for its delicious cheese. Made in Italian style.

Van Camp's Evaporated Milk

Twice as rich as milkman's milk in butter fat and solids.

Utility

To go anywhere, anytime, in any weather under any conditions—that is utility. A census of Auburn Beauty-SIX owners shows that 80 per cent rely upon their cars for business purposes—20 per cent for recreation. To travel so comfortably and be entirely confident of your car is the high spot in owner satisfaction. In the Auburn Beauty-SIX you buy the product of twenty years' successful experience.

Auburn Beauty-SIX in Five Models: Touring, Sedan, Tourster, Coupé and Roadster.

Catalog giving complete specifications and prices sent on request

AUBURN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, AUBURN, INDIANA

Automobile Engineers for Twenty Years

AUBURN Beauty-SIX

(Concluded from Page 42)

The Heights of Affluence

GUS THOMPSON used to be superintendent of the street-railway system in Paducah. On a certain day a lanky yokel from a near-by county appeared before him to announce that he had taken the necessary examination and had stood the requisite tests and now desired to secure a place as a motorman-conductor.

"Very well," said Thompson, "but before I can give you a regular job you must be provided with certain things."

"For instance, whut?" inquired the applicant.

"Well," said Thompson, "to begin with you must have a uniform cap. Then you must have a reliable watch, and finally you must have two dollars in change."

"Hell, mister," said the candidate, "if I had all them things I wouldn't want no job."

Outbanking the Bankers

A SMALL merchant approached the cashier of a big bank in New York and asked for a loan of ten dollars.

"Why, certainly," said the cashier. "You can have ten dollars. Any good security?" he asked, smiling.

"Oh, sure!" replied the merchant. "One hundred thousand dollars in Liberty Bonds."

"That ought to be good enough."

The note was made out, the man got his ten dollars, and to the surprise of the cashier, forked over one hundred thousand dollars in bonds.

"Now, it's none of my business," observed the puzzled banking man, "but why do you put all that security for just ten dollars—what's the idea?"

"Well," spoke the merchant with a cunning look, "you charge ten dollars for a safety-deposit box, don't you? This way I get the bonds deposited for just sixty cents, the interest."

Our Striking Heroines

NO BLAMING on the H. C. L.
The rise that makes us rage;
We heroines are striking for
A union living age.

If editors resist we'll quit
Their stories in the middle,
And set their readers howling for
An answer to the riddle.

Why, we've rung in at sweet sixteen
Since Eve put up her hair,
Our aim—like Juliet—to have
An early love affair,

We let you make us twenty-one
To lend sophistication,
And twenty-five in France because
Of wartime legislation.

But things have reached the limit when
An author's apt to be
Called cradle robber if his "girls"
Are under thirty-three.

Give back our youth or you'll forget—
We quote our ultimatum—
That perfect thirty-six is used
To measure dames, not date 'em.

—*Margaret Matlack.*

FREE SPEECH

AN ORATOR stood on a box at the intersection of city streets and hurled explosive phrases at idle and curious folk who stood to listen. The orator was happy. His fine eyes snapped. He gestured grandly with unwashed hands.

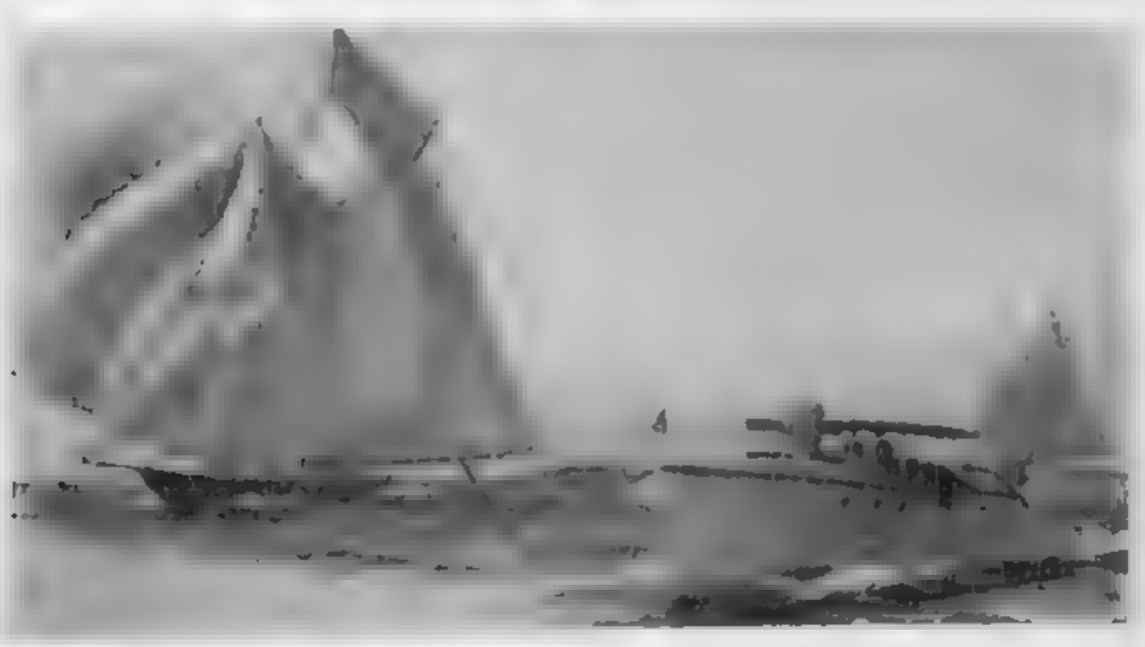
"My little brothers," he said, "we who are bearers of burdens are the foundation of the world's civilization. Every great and good thing achieved by the race of man has been wrought by our hands. It is our touch that sets the wheels at their spinning, our sweat that grows food for the world and refines and distributes it, our cunning that fashions the comforts and the luxuries and the refinements richer men enjoy. Without us the world would crash to inevitable and everlasting ruin. We are the world and we are the government. These money kings who have by means of treacherous laws snatched the reins of government from our hands have no rightful place in the management of affairs.

"Is one an anarchist who rises at night to drive off a thief who would purloin his silver? If one who will not give up the whole of his liberty without struggle is an anarchist, then we are anarchists and we glory in that distinction. It is better to be an anarchist than a cowed slave. We have been exploited by the money barons in the name of law and order; judges who are the tools of money barons frown upon us and sentence us unjustly in the name of patriotism; lawmakers who boast of their love for the people and are yet the pawns of money barons fashion new statutes to sink the iron deeper into our tortured flesh and refuse us any measure of comfort, because, they say, the things we demand are unconstitutional. What, then, is the Constitution? It is but a paper written by men. Is this sacred document an infallible alibi for those who would trample upon us? Is it a sufficient reason why our just demands should be greeted with jeers and bayonets? Then I say to you in the hearing of all men that the Constitution is an evil thing—a monster, a scourge, a serpent, a vile tool of viler men. I abhor it. I trample it under my feet. May this poisonous thing and all who betray and exploit us in its name sink to the depths of hell and there writhe throughout eternity while we, and those like us who may follow after, govern, direct and enjoy a world free of the soulless and greedy monsters who now fatten at our expense!"

A policeman sauntered near, swinging his club in debonair fashion, and the crowd melted away. The orator, all his fires cooled, stepped from his box and sought to escape. A heavy hand fell upon his shoulder and held him fast.

"I've a mind to pinch you," said the policeman, but his voice was cheerful and promised hope. "You were obstructin' traffic after a fashion, and the looks of you confess some form and fashion of devilment. Your hands are soft with loafin' and dirty with the filth of idleness. What was the burden of your message to these poor creatures who had no better sense than to listen?"

"Mister Officer," replied the orator, patently reassured by this official loquacity, "I was speaking to these people concerning a brighter day that is coming. I spoke freely, but I did no evil. I but exercised a right that is guaranteed in the sacred Constitution that is the foundation of our liberties."



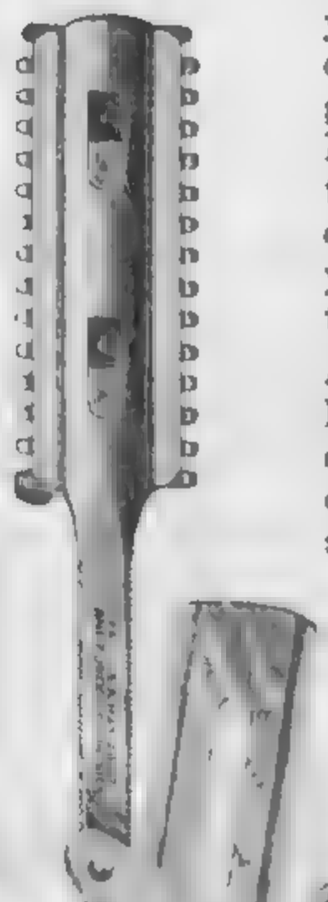
DURHAM-DUPLEX

A Real Razor-made Safe

When Seconds Count

When you tumble out of the hay half an hour late—*and simply must get to work on time*—you appreciate the *shaving speed* of an oil-tempered, hollow-ground, two-edged Durham-Duplex blade. How it sings through the old stubble, lopping off the minutes while it lops off your beard! A pinch hitter at a time when every second counts.

And Durham-Duplex blades—the longest, strongest, keenest blades on earth—give you a smooth, comfortable shave as well as a swift one.

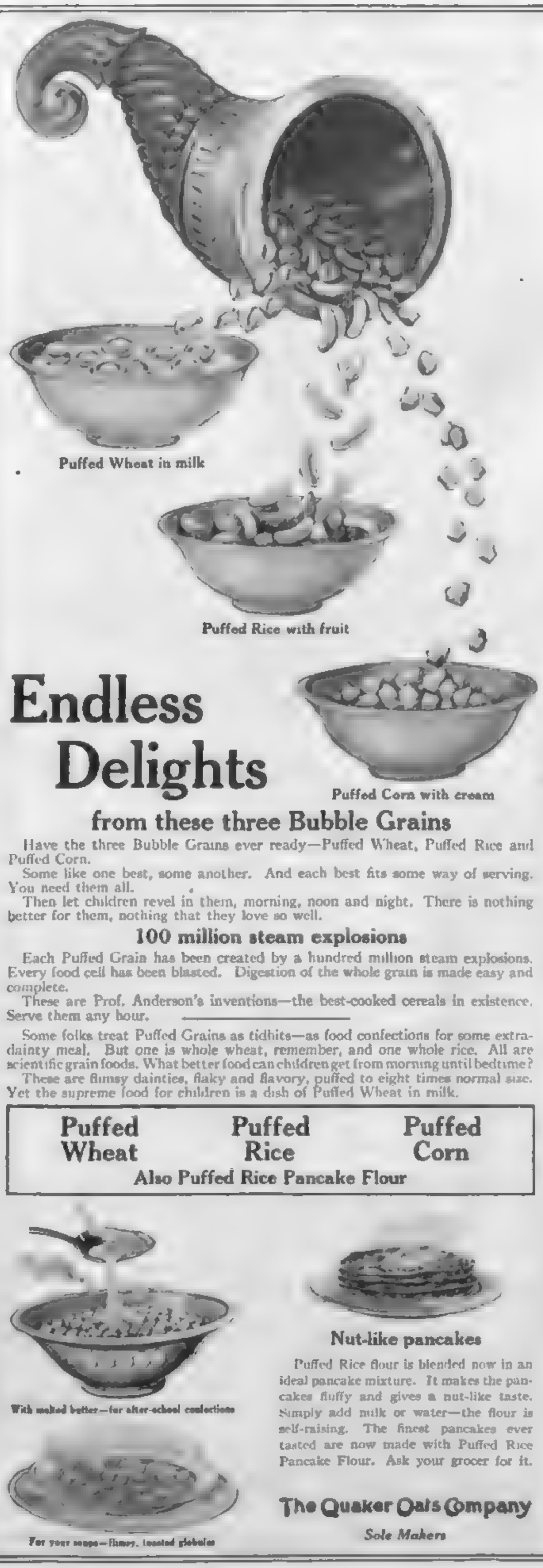


Standard Set One Dollar Complete

Razor with attractive American ivory handle, safety guard and package of three Durham-Duplex blades (6 shaving edges) all in handsome American ivory case. Other Sets up to $12.

Additional Blades
50 cents for a package of 5

DURHAM DUPLEX RAZOR CO.
Jersey City, New Jersey
FACTORIES
JERSEY CITY, U. S. A. SHEFFIELD, ENG.
PARIS, FRANCE TORONTO, CANADA
Sales Representatives in all Countries



Puffed Wheat in milk

Puffed Rice with fruit

Puffed Corn with cream

Endless Delights

from these three Bubble Grains

Have the three Bubble Grains ever ready—Puffed Wheat, Puffed Rice and Puffed Corn.

Some like one best, some another. And each best fits some way of serving. You need them all.

Then let children revel in them, morning, noon and night. There is nothing better for them, nothing that they love so well.

100 million steam explosions

Each Puffed Grain has been created by a hundred million steam explosions. Every food cell has been blasted. Digestion of the whole grain is made easy and complete.

These are Prof. Anderson's inventions—the best-cooked cereals in existence. Serve them any hour.

Some folks treat Puffed Grains as tidbits—as food confections for some extra-dainty meal. But one is whole wheat, remember, and one whole rice. All are scientific grain foods. What better food can children get from morning until bedtime?

These are flimsy dainties, flaky and flavory, puffed to eight times normal size. Yet the supreme food for children is a dish of Puffed Wheat in milk.

Puffed Wheat **Puffed Rice** **Puffed Corn**

Also Puffed Rice Pancake Flour

With melted butter—for after-school confections

For your soups—flimsy, toasted globules

Nut-like pancakes

Puffed Rice flour is blended now in an ideal pancake mixture. It makes the pancakes fluffy and gives a nut-like taste. Simply add milk or water—the flour is self-raising. The finest pancakes ever tasted are now made with Puffed Rice Pancake Flour. Ask your grocer for it.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

THE CAGE MAN

(Concluded from Page 19)

S. Walmsley Cowan unconcernedly began one of his celebrated pep-and-punch talks calculated to send morale up as a candle sends up the mercury in a thermometer.

"Friends," he said, thumping the table before him, "when Opportunity comes to knock be on the front porch! Don't hold back! He who hesitates is lost. It may be that the humble will inherit the earth, but that will be when all the bold have died. Don't hide your light under a basket; don't keep your ideas locked up in your skulls. Bring 'em out! Let's have a look at them. You wouldn't wear a diamond ring inside your shirt, would you? Be sure you're right, then holler your head off. Get what is coming to you! Nobody will bring it on a platter; you've got to step up and grab it. When you have an impulse, think it over. If it looks like the real goods, obey it. Get me? Obey it! Nobody will bite you. Think all you like, but for heaven's sake, act!"

It was for such talks that Mr. Cowan was famous. Even Horace Nimms forgot his impending fall as the efficiency expert extraordinary declaimed the gospel of action and boldness.

But when the meeting was over, silent misery came into the heart of the little cashier and like an automaton he stumbled into the Subway. He ate his bread pudding without tasting it and tried to talk to Polly about the proposed living room in the Long Island cottage. He hadn't the courage to tell her what had happened; indeed he hardly realized what had happened himself.

In the morning he tried to pretend to himself that it was all a joke; surely Mr. Cowan couldn't have meant it. But when he reached his cage he saw another figure already in that temple of addition and subtraction. He rattled the wire door timidly. The figure turned.

"Wadda yah want?" it asked bellicosely.

Horace Nimms recognized the bluish jaw of Gus, one of the elevator men.

Sick at heart, Horace turned away. In the blur of his thoughts was the one that he must keep his job, some job, any job. One can't save much on forty a week in Flatbush. And that he should work for anyone but the Amalgamated Soap Corporation was unthinkable. So without knowing exactly how it happened, he found himself in a blue-and-gray uniform clumsily trying to vindicate his mechanical hands and attempting to stop his car within six inches of the floors. All morning he patiently escorted his car up and down the elevator shaft—twenty stories up, twenty stories down, twenty stories up, twenty stories down. He thought of the Song of the Shirt.

At noon he stopped his car at the eighteenth floor and two passengers got on. Horace recognized them. One was Jim Wright, assistant to President Hammer; the other was Mr. Perrine, Western sales manager. They were in animated conversation.

"That fellow has the crust of a mud turtle and the tact of a rattlesnake," Mr. Perrine was saying.

"Remember," Jim Wright reminded him, "he is an efficiency expert extraordinary. The big boss seems to have confidence in him."

"He won't have quite so much," said Mr. Perrine, "when he hears that he put an elevator man in as cashier. I hear he walked off with six hundred dollars before he'd been on the job an hour."

Horace pricked up his ears. He made the car go as slowly as possible.

"He did?" Jim Wright was excited. "And this is one of the boss' bad days too! Just before I left him he was saying, 'The Amalgamated has about as much system as a piece of cheese. Why, these high-salaried executives can't tell me how much it costs them to make and sell a cake of soap!'"

Then Horace reluctantly let them out of the elevator at the street floor.

All that afternoon he struggled with an impulse. The words of Mr. Cowan's oration of the night before began to come back to him. If only he had obeyed his impulses——

As he was a new man, they gave him the late shift. At one minute to six the indicator in his car gave two short, sharp, peremptory buzzes. Horace, who was mastering the elements of elevator operating, shot up to the eighteenth floor. A single passenger got on. With a little gasp Horace recognized the cutaway coat and top hat of the president of the Amalgamated.

Horace set his teeth. His small frame grew tense. He turned the lever and the car started to glide downward. Seventeen, sixteen, fifteen, fourteen, thirteen, twelve! Then with a quick twist of his wrist Horace stalled the car between the twelfth and eleventh floors and slipped the controlling key into his pocket. Then he turned and faced the big president.

"You don't know a hell of a lot about running an elevator," remarked Oren Hammer.

"No, I don't," said Horace Nimms in a strange, loud voice that he didn't recognize. "But I do know how much it costs a cake to make Rose Petal Toilet."

"What's that? Who the devil are you?" The great man was more surprised than angry.

"Nimms," said Horace briefly. "Office cashier on seventeenth floor twenty-one years. Elevator operator one day. Mr. Cowan's orders."

Mr. Hammer's brow contracted.

"So you think you can tell me how much Rose Petal costs a cake to make, eh?" he said.

He had the reputation of never overlooking an opportunity.

The imaginary conversations that Horace had been having crowded back into his mind.

"Now, looky here, Mr. Hammer," he began. "The Western works made 9,576,491 cakes of Rose Petal Toilet last year. Now the cost a cake was"—and so on. Horace was on familiar ground now. Figures and statistics tripped from his tongue; the details he had had bottled up inside him so long came pouring forth. He knew the business of the Amalgamated down to the last stamp and rubber band. Oren Hammer, listening with keen interest, now and then put in a short, direct question. Horace Nimms snapped back short, direct answers. Once launched, he forgot all about the cutaway coat and the dazzling top hat and even about the big-jawed man who washed the faces of forty million people every morning. Horace was talking to get back into his cage and words came with a new-found eloquence.

"By George," exclaimed President Hammer, "you know more about the business than I do myself! And Cowan told you you didn't have a figuring mind, did he? I want you to report at my office the first thing to-morrow morning."

Horace Nimms, in the black suit he saved for funerals and weddings, and a new tie, was ushered into the big office of President Hammer the next morning. Outwardly, it was his hope, he was calm; inwardly, he knew, he was quaking.

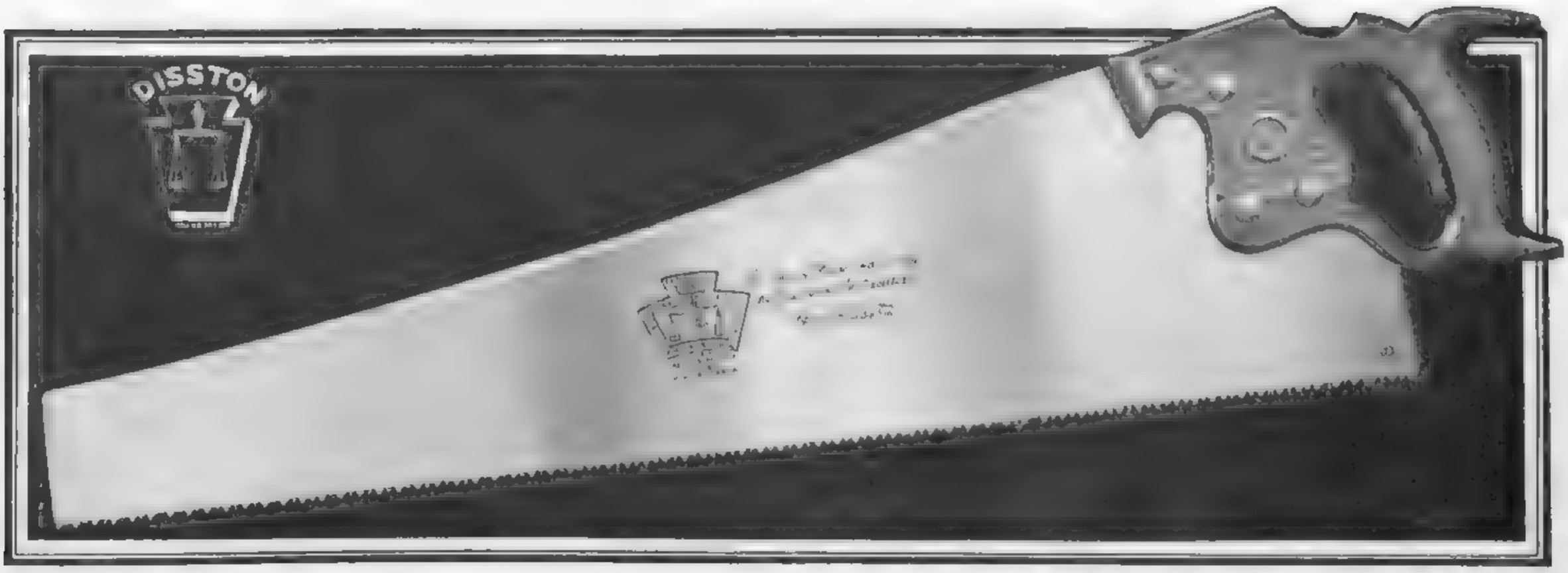
"Have a cigar, Nimms," said Oren Hammer, passing Horace one of the presidential perfectos of his dreams. Then he summoned a secretary.

"Ask Mr. Cowan to come in, will you?" he said.

The efficiency expert extraordinary entered, beaming affably.

"Good morning to you, Mr. Hammer," he called out in a cheery voice. Then he stopped short as he recognized Horace.

"Oh, come here, Cowan," said President Hammer genially. "Before you go I want you to meet Mr. Nimms. He is going to install a new cost-accounting system for us. Just step down to the cashier's cage with him, will you, and get your salary to date."



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ALVARO OBREGÓN: THE MAN AND HIS POLICY

(Continued from Page 4)

I think I may say without undue presumption that I have a fairly practiced eye for the raw stuff of what are known as big men. I have enjoyed the personal acquaintanceship of practically every European statesman of note from Bismarck to M. Briand and of such non-European personages as President Roosevelt, Li Hung Chang and the Marquis Ito. I may claim to have been the first who divined the real strength of Sergius Witte, the greatest Russian statesman since Peter, whose intimate friend and adviser I was for many years. It was I, too, who, when Greece was in the throes of anarchy, as was Mexico under Huerta and Carranza, publicly declared that if Greece could be saved by her own efforts, the only man endowed with the requisite qualifications to save her was my Cretan friend, Venizelos. It was in consequence of that pronouncement of mine that Colonel Tsorbas, the chief of the military party, after consultation with me, sent for Venizelos, with whom he was then unacquainted, and brought him into the arena of Greek politics, where he has since acquired undying fame.

My intercourse with General Obregón has been exceptionally close and intimate. I enjoyed the privilege of accompanying him on his historic journeys extending over thousands of miles through the republic, first when he returned in triumph from the successful revolution and later when he visited the southern and eastern states on what was erroneously termed an electioneering campaign but was really a tour of exploration.

"I must see the country and the people for myself," he said. "I hate to have to contemplate them through the semiopaque leaves of official reports."

Getting at the Mexican People

On those journeys by train, steamer, automobile and carriage he and I were continually together, spending hours every day in unimpeded and frank talk on most of the topics that exercise the ingenuity of mankind to-day. We lived in wretched inns and tolerable hotels, traveled in carriages filled with workingmen, were poisoned with the ptomaine of fish, fasted occasionally when there was nothing to eat, were literally crushed by dense, enthusiastic crowds five and six times a day, were drenched with torrential rains and scorched with tropical heat. We heard the desires, the grievances and the aspirations of the various groups and individuals of the states through which we passed. Wherever Obregón was invited to a banquet—a very different sort of entertainment from what is known by this name in the East—I went with him; when he had to address the people from a balcony or a tribune in the public square I was generally by his side; and when he received the governors, municipal authorities and party chiefs to discuss the needs of the population I was permitted to be present. Thus I heard him discuss proposals and schemes for the betterment of the country and the people, refuse and accept suggestions and criticize concrete plans of amelioration, after having examined the land.

I found him a charming companion. At table he is entertaining and his conversation is replete with anecdote. An enemy to every kind of excess, he generally drinks water. During our journeys he invariably refused every kind of alcoholic liquor, though he is by no means a prohibitionist. In this connection I should like to narrate an amusing little episode that occurred in a town on the Pacific Coast. I was out walking with the official representative of a foreign country, and on our return to the hotel we found General Obregón sitting at a table in consultation with half a dozen of the municipal and state authorities. Seeing me, he called out to me to join them. I looked up at my foreign companion interrogatively, desiring to learn whether he would like to be introduced. But he said emphatically that he must leave me.

On the following day I mentioned to him that I should have liked him to make the acquaintanceship of the future president of the republic, but he replied: "Well, you see I could not prevail on myself to go over to that circle and sit down and imbibe alcohol with them."

As a matter of fact, none of them was imbibing any liquid, not even water, and my interlocutor was amazed to learn that General Obregón had never tasted any drink stronger than water—sometimes the reverse of limpid—during all our travels.

Obregón's serious conversation is current Mexican history in graphic sketches and dramatic or comic pictures, the accuracy of which is due to his marvelous memory, whose stores are inexhaustible, the whole seasoned with a touch of humor which is Hibernian rather than Mexican. It is only in private at odd intervals that he reveals his inner self and the vast range of speculation in which his mind has indulged. He sees the universal in the local and interweaves threads of humanity in his schemes for national well-being. By dint of experience and induction he has discovered for himself many of the truths long since expounded by foreign thinkers of whose existence he is unaware. In a discussion he has the gift of seizing the gist of the matter, and he possesses the knack of setting it in correct perspective. He is free from party spirit, from shuffling and sophistry.

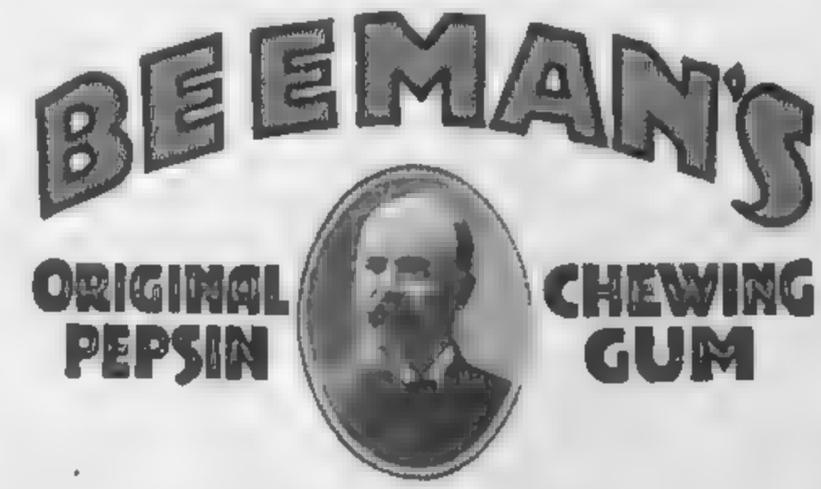
Fine Personal Traits

Some of the gaps, however, left by his early education have not yet been filled in. He knows little of ancient history, and his ideas about concrete foreign policy are fluid, apart from a few sound basic conceptions, for he hardly ever reads, and his intercourse with foreigners of parts is neither frequent nor sustained. His travels have never taken him beyond the United States and Cuba. He speaks no foreign tongues, and he has had no experience in international politics, though he has had occasional glimpses of its seamy side. Of necessity, therefore, his notions of the policy, strivings and psychology of foreign governments are as hazy as are the views which foreign statesmen hold of Mexican affairs. They both operate with imaginary men and bodies, and the results are untoward. But obviously this drawback is fraught with much greater danger to Mexico than to the great powers. I have heard, for example, the views of many Mexican politicians about their misunderstandings with the United States, and I make bold to say that they all started with utterly groundless assumptions and failed to take into account facts and factors which are obvious and decisive. Their world of international politics is unreal, and this, to my thinking, is the main source of danger to the coming government.

But Obregón, conscious of these deficiencies, is eager to remedy them. He knows that he does not know and is ready to learn from those who do. He has the courage to face the ghosts of his former errors, and he possesses the secret of making them serviceable. During his toilsome journey on the road of self-development many of his youthful prejudices fell away. Circumstance, the unerring assayer of the ore of talent, removed much of its drossy alloy. The only subject on which I seemed to detect traces of bias was that of the oil magnates, for he is generally as deliberate in his judgments as he is faithful in his attachments.

I visited Obregón's native place in Sonora, became acquainted with the Obregón clan, which is very numerous in the north, talked with the teachers who imparted to him all the education he ever received, questioned his playmates and became conversant with his family history. And during this close intercourse, and since, I can truly say that I have enjoyed his confidence to a degree which warrants the statement that I possess ample data for a fairly adequate judgment on his character, attainments and politico-social conceptions.

My impressions are distinctly favorable. I do not hesitate to affirm that the pen portraits of him hitherto limned and given to the world by foreign publicists are the merest caricatures. To put the matter succinctly, Obregón stands on a higher moral and intellectual level than his race. He is endowed in a greater degree with those special aptitudes which distinguish the people of the United States, and in addition he displays some of the most valuable traits of the Mexican race. Essentially a member of the class of doers, gifted with initiative



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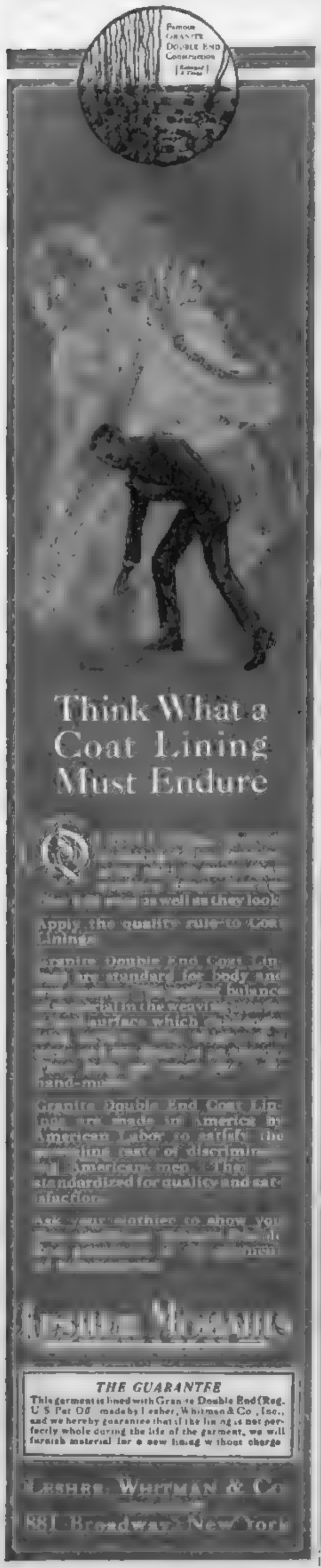

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and quick resolve, he never under stress of action falters, hesitates or reconsiders. He is of the same mind as Marshal Foch, who wrote in my album: "To wage war is to act with decision and without fear of responsibility after having deliberated." He states a question in which he himself is an interested party with fairness to his antagonist. He is chary of promising and punctual in executing.

Pageant, rhetoric and every kind of bombast are abominations to him, and he agrees with Spinoza, whose works he never read, when he said that when one applies one's mind to politics it is as much as one can do to keep from laughing or groaning at the deeds which they inspire. He considers politics, as understood and practiced in most countries, as a scourge of peoples and would fain substitute morality and plain dealing. Like Dean Swift, he holds that to make two ears of corn and two blades of grass grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before is to render a more valuable service to mankind than the best efforts made by the race of professional politicians from year's end to year's end.

His respect for the rights and the personality of others, which is no mere form, has its source in his own sense of human dignity. Like M. Briand, he is a past master of the difficult art of saying no without offending the disappointed suitor, and he seldom fails to use his expressive eyes in conjunction with his insinuating voice to soften the asperity of a refusal. Lastly, he seems to be quite capable of enlisting the services of men more richly endowed than himself. I say he seems, because he has not yet met any such. There are one or two distinguished and able compatriots of his who deny him friendship and coöperation, because though they gladly forgive his mistakes they cannot pardon him his superiority. Even friendship can seldom rise to this degree of generosity.

Applying the standards then by which I judged Witte, Venizelos and other eminent men before they became generally known to Alvaro Obregón, who is still merely a Mexican general in the eyes of the majority of newspaper readers in the United States, and not even so much as that to the bulk of newspaper readers on the Continent of Europe, I have no hesitation in affirming that for political vision, high moral purpose, skill and tact in dealing with men and controlling or modifying great emergencies and also—a most important point—in appearing opportunely at the height of a national crisis, he is Mexico's strongest son, her man of destiny.

I am acquainted with his schemes of reconstruction, some parts of which I propose to dwell upon later on. For the moment I will content myself with characterizing them as comprehensive, statesmanlike and, so far as a foreigner can judge, calculated to lift the Mexican state chariot from the Serbonian bog into which his predecessors plunged it and place it on the road of progress. He has never yet set his hand to an enterprise without working it out to a satisfactory issue. None the less, it is not impossible that he should fail in this. If so, no other Mexican stands the slightest chance of succeeding, for Obregón, and only he, wields a sufficiently powerful lever for the work. All that he now needs is a fulcrum.

The General's Boyhood

Alvaro Obregón was born on a ranch in the district of Alamos, in the north of Mexico, on February 17, 1880. His stock is supposed to be Hiberno-Mexican, the name Obregón being a Hispanicized form of O'Brien, a belief to which he himself inclines. His features, especially the eyes, which are expressive, caressing and undoubtedly Irish, as well as a number of other less prominent traits, impart color to the supposition. He was the youngest of eighteen children, of whom ten are still living; but as they all support themselves by honest labor, live very modestly, eschew politics as a profession, have never accepted any posts or emoluments from the government and are therefore not mentioned in the newspapers, publicists generally assume that Obregon is an only son. For otherwise would not his brothers have followed him to the political scene in accordance with the time-honored custom of the country?

When Alvaro was a few months old his father died, bequeathing to the widow a burden greater than she could bear. Señora Obregón came of a family highly distinguished for artistic talents, moral energy and physical strength, and Schopenhauer's theory that the intellectual equipment of a man is an inheritance from his mother would seem to be borne out in the case of her youngest son.

In his native country I made the acquaintanceship of some thirty-odd of his blood relations, including those from whom he received such education as was within his reach, and while there I learned a good deal of the family history. Among the stories told me of his mother's family—the Salidos—one of which her sister was the heroine made a dent in my memory and is perhaps worth reproducing. One night the house of a neighbor was attacked and gutted by five bandits, who rode away with their booty. On learning what happened Obregón's aunt rose hastily, took a rifle, mounted her horse and chased the ruffians at high speed. Having come up with them after a long run, she shot one of them dead, wounded two others, took the remaining two prisoners and compelled them to carry the corpse of their comrade to the authorities, to whom she duly delivered them up. This deed still lives in the memory of the inhabitants.

School Days at Huatabampo

As Alvaro's mother—a woman of indefatigable energy, exceptional resourcefulness and altruism—was unable to provide for and educate her youngest offspring, he was confided to the care of his three eldest sisters, who occupied the responsible but badly paid posts of schoolmistresses. One of them, with whom I am personally acquainted, took especial charge of his moral upbringing. She laid uncommon stress upon veracity as the groundwork of all morality and punished severely every deviation from truth, every act or word denoting a lack of sincerity or candor.

It is hardly too much to say that the moral side of Alvaro's education was puritanical in its austerity, if compared with that which most of his countrymen received, and in this respect, no less than in virtue of his inborn qualities, he differs to a noteworthy extent from the bulk of his compatriots. Between the people of Sonora generally and those of the central and southern states there is a marked difference of temperament and character. To the blend of the Yaqui Indian and the Spaniard on the one hand and to the influence steadily growing in intensity of the people of the United States on the other this difference is mainly due. Quickness of apprehension, resourcefulness, independence, energy, and a frank address which dispenses with form and often merges in bluntness are among the traits that mark the Sonorans in general and the people of Alamos, Huatabampo, Culiacán and Navojoa in especial. In Obregón's case one may perhaps add the Hibernian strain and the early struggle with poverty to the many factors that have made him what he is.

Dogmatic religion appears to have had little or no place in his early training. It certainly made no impress on his memory and never formed the basis of his morality. Like his contemporaries, he received his first communion and afterward confirmation with the solemnity customary in Catholic countries, but he was never a devout practicing Catholic; and he continued in after life to tread the path traced for him by his sisters, one of whom is a fine practical psychologist and shrewd observer of men and things. Many years later this lady was pitted for a few hours in a conversational duel against the most ingenious special pleader in the republic. This man, who has little sympathy for her favorite brother, was defending his own line of action and explaining to her that antipathy to himself could only be the result of ignorance.

"I should like you," he explained, "to read what I wrote on such and such occasions, for I know that you would then see how I have been misjudged."

"There are some men," the lady answered, "who must be judged not by what they have said, but by what they have left unsaid. And if you will allow me to say so, I have always included you in the number."

From the care and attention of his sisters Alvaro passed into the public school of Huatabampo, the head—and indeed only—master of which was his own brother, Don José, with whom also I am personally acquainted. Huatabampo in those days was a hamlet consisting of the frailest of human habitations dwelt in by the poorest of hard-working people, who had to exert themselves very strenuously to keep body and soul together. There were about two score children, including a few Indians, in the school; and most of them toiled hard when not actually at their lessons. The master, Don José, was beloved by them all.

I have met several of Alvaro Obregón's schoolfellows, and they speak in the highest terms of his brother and of himself. Indeed all his old acquaintances and neighbors, some of them poor, struggling folk, hold him in the highest esteem. It is not often that a man is a prophet in his own country, and this exception to the rule undoubtedly reflects great credit on Obregón and the family to which he belongs.

This simple little rustic school at Huatabampo was quite a remarkable institution in its way. I feel tempted to liken it to a rural Baliol College with Jowett as the chief pedagogue—one of the colleges of Oxford University which was rendered famous by Jowett and the group of distinguished men, Arthur J. Balfour among the number, whom he taught. It certainly left a deep impress on the minds of all who were subjected to its discipline, especially on Alvaro Obregón. The children were taught to observe, compare and criticize. Upon veracity, independent judgment and distrust of authority in matters of opinion the greatest stress was laid. The lives of the scholars and of their parents and master were permeated by an overpowering sense of realities which left no scope for the dreaming of dreams. So popular was the teacher and so interesting were the lessons that the children often entered the schoolroom at half past seven in the morning instead of the official hour of eight. There were no truants.

Among the precocious little toilers who came thus regularly to be initiated into the mysteries of life there was no trace of anything like faith in the perfection of the present scheme of things. One and all, they had already begun the struggle for existence and found it strenuous. Rather a spirit of sharp criticism was evoked by experience and fostered by the master, a spirit which appears to have shaped Obregón's thoughts and inspired his action ever since. The scholars were taught to inquire into the origin and aim of institutions, to gauge their value by their actual achievements and present usefulness, and they were told that all progress has its source in love of social justice and individual freedom.

A Remarkable Pedagogue

From Don José, who was a rank agnostic, the scholars had little chance of imbibing the milk of Christian doctrine. There was no church in the hamlet, and the curate of Culiacán contented himself with paying an occasional visit to the place in order to perform the ceremony of marriage and to christen the children. The best Catholics in the hamlet were the Indians, some of whose religious customs were a subject of amusement to the village schoolmaster and his pupils. For example, in June, on the feast of St. John, it was customary for the Indians to carry the wooden image of their patron saint in solemn procession to the river, doff his straw hat and gorgeous clothes and give him an annual bath.

In the opinion of his pupils, Don José was a zealous, well-informed and successful pedagogue who possessed the rare arts of communicating what he knew and of rousing as well as satisfying curiosity about the practical problems of life. He also contrived to keep his wards well posted on the current events of the world, and they informed me that they used to know by heart the names and exploits of most of the public men of the world, including the generals in the war then being waged between China and Japan. In a word, they already felt themselves units of the community of mankind of which they were taught to regard themselves as active and responsible members.

"This doctrine," General Obregón said to me, "I have never ceased to take to heart. The ever-present consciousness of the unity of the race is the only sound basis of a national policy worthy of a cultural people or of one which aspires to culture. The neglect of this truth is the source of most of the sinister errors into which contemporary statesmen have fallen; and before their blunders can be corrected the narrow idea underlying them must be abandoned. True, a nation, like an individual, has its own special interests and is warranted in furthering them to the best of its ability and opportunities, but only within legitimate limits.

(Continued on Page 53)

No need to wish for daylight

"What a pleasure! I can see by this light as well as by daylight."

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The fact is that people have become so used to seeing with difficulty after dark, that poor lighting has been accepted as inevitable. It has been taken for granted that furnishings and decorations can look their best only eight hours in every twenty-four.

Duplex Lighting has changed this situation. It was invented to make your home as attractive at night as by early morning sunlight. Under it you will discover new beauties in your walls, curtains, rugs and furniture. There is no need to wish for daylight.

Duplexalite makes possible the use of the efficient MAZDA C lamp in the home. It has a metal deflector which diffuses most of the light rays throughout the room in a mellow radiance, and a glass diffusing disc through which other rays go downward, giving an added intensity of light beneath.

In the kitchen you can use the standard Duplexalite, without a shade. In the living-room, dining-room, bed-room, etc., you may use beautiful shades of silk, cretonne or parchment, and combine ideal lighting with ideal decoration at reasonable expense.

Duplexalites with beautiful shades cost no more than the usual "Lighting fixtures."

Your electrical dealer can install Duplexalite in a few minutes. Send the coupon for an interesting illustrated booklet, "The Light to Live With."

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"The light to live with"

DUPLEX LIGHTING WORKS
of General Electric Co.
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Please send me information. I am interested in lighting for the

Home ☐ Office ☐ School ☐
Store ☐ Hotel ☐

Please send me name of nearest dealer who can demonstrate ☐

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

The PLUMB AXE preferred by Master Woodsmen

WHEREVER you hear the merry ring of the axe in the woods . . . from the stilly, wintry Northland to the warm, shadowy forests of the South . . . the Plumb is the preferred axe. Hundreds of thousands of Plumb axes are used by master choppers the wide world over.

Plumb superiority is a matter of scientific and manufacturing superiority.

Materials and methods exclusively Plumb's are the reason for Plumb axes being regarded as the standard everywhere.

Plumb uses such immense quantities of steel that Plumb steel is made to exact chemical specifications.

With an exact scientific knowledge of the chemical composition of the materials, its progress through the various processes develops its maximum of strength —toughness—spring and hardness.

Hence Plumb axes, double and single bit, are keen, fast-cutting, well-balanced tools—the kind that makes woodsmen mighty proud.

And Plumb Tools—Hammers, Hatchets, Axes and Sledges—are regarded as the *standard*. Workingmen everywhere say of Plumb Tools—

"They're worth more."

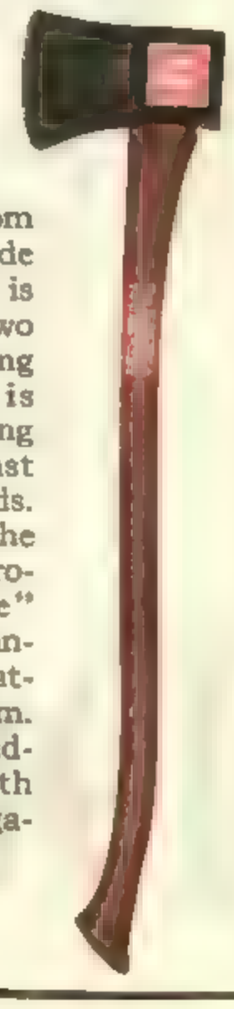
PLUMB Double-Bit Axe

Two axes in one: one thin-bladed for felling timber, the other blade for "swamping"—cutting off limbs and removing brush. The lumberjack takes this Plumb double-bit axe into the woods to save weight—have an axe for every purpose and one that will help him accomplish most with the least effort.

Hand-forged finish to prevent rust. Handle beautifully mahoganized.

Price $4.00

PLUMB Single-Bit Axe



Made entirely from one piece of high-grade alloy steel—the Bit is tempered for nearly two inches above the cutting edge. The Head is toughened for driving wedges—will outlast three ordinary heads. The Eye, treated by the armor-plate heat process, will not "buckle" nor bend—keeps handle firm. Plumb patterns always uniform. Each Plumb axe hand-forged, finished with handsomely mahoganized handle.

Price $3.25

FAYETTE R. PLUMB, Inc., Philadelphia, U. S. A.

Factories, Philadelphia and St. Louis *Established 1856*

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(Continued from Page 50)

"That form of national egotism which takes no account of the just demands of other peoples is a crime against that larger community which it is the aim and object of all progress to organize as compactly as may be. It is in this direction that the stream of human tendency, deliberate and unconscious, is continually flowing. We are too apt to dwell upon the individual and the nation and to promote the interests of these as the highest objects worthy of our pursuit, whereas real progress lies in the development of the final aims of the species, one of which I take to be the organization of a world community knitted together by lofty yet feasible purpose and founded upon morality, of which justice is an integral function."

The axiom on which this theory is founded may be challenged by many, but the benefits it is capable of conferring as a canon of public action should not be overlooked. At all events, I mention the subject merely as an indication of the kind of teaching Obregón received at Huatabampo, of the train of thought which it started and of the fruits which it may reasonably be expected to produce.

Thoroughly moral in essentials—which, however, must not be taken to include that stringency of view respecting relations between the sexes which prevails among most peoples of non-English speech and is universally recognized as one of their ethical canons—Obregón never belonged to any church, nor has he ever accepted any dogma, excepting this, that there are none worthy of credence. Against churchmen who employ their spiritual authority for political purposes, if their politics run counter to his own cause, his hostility is open and bitter, and during the civil war he displayed it in the capital and other places, as he himself admits. Toward clerics who hold aloof from public affairs he is tolerant and unsympathetic. I have never heard him say a harsh word of any minister of religion and, little though he sympathizes with the class, he is a sincere advocate of absolute liberty of worship to be accorded to all denominations impartially. I doubt, however, whether he has as yet made an exhaustive study of the extent to which that liberty has been systematically curtailed, mainly to the detriment of the principal church in the republic.

Obregón's ethics are as simple as his view of the religious side of life. He holds that a developed sense of moral obligation is the only durable cement of civilized society, and he further maintains that by the degree of its comprehensiveness one can measure the progress of a nation and of the human race.

"Excess is to my thinking the only vice," he often repeats, "even though it be the exaggeration of virtue."

High Social Aims

Hence he naturally leaves a somewhat large margin for things morally indifferent—larger than is usual in English-speaking countries—and his tolerance of certain weaknesses of his fellows endears him to many. But to dishonesty and deception he gives no quarter. Veracity, plain dealing, respect for one's word and integrity in the fullest sense of the term are among the virtues the lack of which denotes an inferior category of men. He professes to regard them as the alpha and omega of a cultured community, without which no constitution, however cleverly drawn up, can create an organic entity worthy to figure among the progressive peoples of the earth. In all stages of his own varied career as mechanic, agricultural laborer, factory hand, military leader and head of a revolutionary movement, zeal for social aims, thirst for social and political justice, at first vague and sporadic, afterward definite and continuous, were the mainsprings of such of his activities as were not devoted to the struggle for existence.

Though Alvaro Obregón's leanings are decidedly toward what is currently known as agnosticism, he has not escaped the tendency, so marked in self-made men, to transform the attitude of suspended judgment into a dogma of positive denial and to pin his faith to that. In his rationalism there is no room for any of those substitutes for a religious system which some men find in philosophy and others in the search for a nexus between the visible and the unseen. In a word, he is not religious by temperament any more than by early training. It is fair, however, to add, on the other hand, that, wholly free from a spirit of proselytism, he is content to let his neighbors work out their salvation in their own way, and among his warmest political partisans are pious practicing Catholics who admire in him the statesman who is prepared to do away with lawlessness and bloodshed and to substitute justice and morality for the insincerity and corruption of latter-day politics.

Obregón once had a curious experience which to minds more akin to the metaphysical temperament might have served as a point of departure for speculation of a mystical order, but in his case led merely to a note of interrogation mentally addressed to scientists. It turned upon the death of his mother, who was worshiped by her numerous children not only for the generosity with which she was wont to sacrifice herself for their good but also for the sweetness and firmness with which she faced her trials and hid them from those whom they would have grieved and might have dispirited. Toward Alvaro in particular she displayed a warmth of affection which he still loves to recall. It was to him, when he was nineteen years old and penniless, that she confided the care of his sisters, for she had a presentiment, or rather the firm conviction, that he would one day rise to a high position in the social scale.

A Curious Experience

Well, he and his brother were employed far from the town where Señora Obregón dwelt, on a *hacienda*, working twelve hours daily, earning a mere pittance and improving their minds in their leisure hours at night by reading aloud to each other. Unfortunately, the only books available—those of the landed proprietor—were almost exclusively novels, and mostly poor ones. One night after Alvaro had gone to sleep his brother woke him up and said: "I have terrible news for you. Mother is dead."

"Whatever do you mean?" rejoined Alvaro. "Have you been dreaming?"

"No, nor sleeping either. Wide awake, I have just seen her as I now see you. She lay on the bed a corpse, rigid and bloodless, her face drawn and her skin like parchment. I actually saw her."

Alvaro argued against the possibility of such an apparition, set it down to a hallucination, and after a time induced his brother to go back to bed.

Soon afterward, however, a knock was heard at the door, and the brother returned with an account of a second apparition and protesting that he could not sleep.

"Well," rejoined Alvaro, "I have to be up betimes in the morning and at my work, so I cannot afford to do without sleep in order to keep you company. You are ill."

He then woke up the housekeeper and asked for some medicine to calm his brother's nerves and, having obtained it, he went to bed, slept soundly and rose next morning as usual. Two days passed after that, during which he forgot the incident completely. But during the night of the second day he heard the clatter of a horse's hoofs afar off, and suddenly the episode revived in his memory. Gradually the sound grew louder, and then stopped. He felt certain that it bore a direct relation to himself and his mother. The horseman entered the house. He was a messenger with the tidings of the death of Señora Obregón, who had expired at the exact moment of the first apparition.

All the school children of Huatabampo performed menial and other work at home for their parents, but none of them toiled as hard or began as young as Alvaro Obregón. At the early age of five he was already making himself useful about the shanty, and by the time he was seven he was intrusted with much of the household work, including the purchase of provisions, and so on. When less than thirteen he obtained the use of a patch of land for himself, on which he planted tobacco, cultivating it with the utmost care whenever he could steal a few minutes from his other avocations. The little crop he harvested, dried, prepared, cut and made into cigarettes, to which he gave the name America. But as the quality was not of the highest, the demand was very slack and the venture threatened to be a failure, whereupon one of his mates, who is now a personal friend of mine, went to the few shops in the place, as if sent by his father, to purchase the brand America. None of the salesmen had the cigarettes in stock, but, roused by these inquiries, they promptly invested in a certain number, and young Obregón got some slight return for his time and labor. He actually registered his tobacco factory under the law, got his brother to work for him and paid him in smokes.

It is worthy of note that the iron of poverty, to the pressure of which Alvaro was thus subjected for the first twenty years of his life, left no abiding mark either on his character or on his life philosophy. To him it was a stimulus to exertion, not a debasement. One could live on very little in Huatabampo thirty-five years ago, especially if one were a native of the place. His brother, the schoolmaster, received a salary of twenty pesos a month—about ten dollars—and was contented with his lot until opportunity offered to better it. But once in a while Alvaro was in sore straits and required an extraordinary exertion to keep himself at the level of his schoolmates, nearly all of whom were better off than he. Thus at the annual examinations, which were conducted with a certain degree of ceremony, it was deemed the correct thing to appear in a hat. But young Obregón had been living without headgear and could not raise the money to purchase any. On the eve of the great day he was sorely perplexed, but after sundown he had a plan ready. He borrowed a machine, dispensed with sleep, obtained a quantity of rice straw, plaited it, took it down to the river and soaked it, returned, and made a hat which took everybody by surprise next morning.

At the age of ten he was working as a mechanic, without, however, abandoning school; and those who were his schoolmates then assert that he acquired considerable proficiency in his work. This was natural enough, for not only was he gifted with unusual acumen and healthy curiosity but he possessed—and still possesses—the most prodigious memory of any human being I have ever met. I once gave him the names of every card in the pack in a certain order, and not only did he repeat them in that order but when I called out the number he named the card, and this not only at once but ten days later. I tested him in other ways, and I can truly affirm that I have never met a person gifted with such a receptive, retentive and responsive memory. He will encounter by chance a friend whom he has not seen for ten or fifteen years, and he can at once continue the conversation which they broke off at that remote date. He still speaks with a certain degree of fluency the Yaqui language, which he acquired as a boy. I have heard him talk it on several occasions; but unhappily it is the only foreign tongue he has ever tried to master.

Seeking His Fortune

At the age of thirteen his school years came to an end with an incident which impressed him somewhat at the time and was regarded by his political friends in later life as an indication that Providence or Destiny had some special work, some momentous mission, in store for him. Though only a boy of thirteen, he had long desired to seek his fortune in the world and had made various inquiries about an opening, but without result.

One day, however, he received, to his joy, a letter from a friend in Durango who was making his own way there successfully, offering him employment of a congenial kind and scope for his enterprise. Accordingly he scraped together a few pesos and took a ticket from the little port of Medano Blanco, in Sonora, to Mazatlan on board a steamer called Porfirio. On his way to Medano Blanco, however, he received a telegram informing him that the boat would not touch that port, whereupon he returned home disappointed. Hardly was he back when another message reached him to the effect that the Porfirio was on its way to the little port, but that he must make haste if he intended to travel by her. He again took leave of his friends, including a little sweetheart to whom he was engaged, set out with great expedition and moved as rapidly as the state of the roads permitted. But to his regret the vessel had already gone. He was disappointed, but nowise cast down.

Obregón has never allowed himself to be unduly dispirited by the pranks played him by circumstances. His temperament is decidedly sanguine and marked by unusual resiliency. Only once did he entirely lose hope, under circumstances which will be recorded later on; and then, too, strange to

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Suspenders
for comfort
You will never know real suspender comfort until you have a pair of Presidents automatically adjusting themselves to your every movement.
Every pair guaranteed
Be sure the name President is on the buckle
Made at Shirley Massachusetts

say, he was saved from death by a curious coincidence of unlooked-for occurrences. But to conclude this story: A few days after his return home from Medano Blanco he learned that the Porfirio, which he had twice missed, was caught in a heavy storm and lost together with every soul on board.

After that he decided to take employment wherever he could find it, and very soon he received an offer in his own state of Sonora to work as a mechanic in a *hacienda*. It was there that the episode occurred by which he received the mysterious announcement of his mother's death. The proprietor under whom he served, and indeed most of those who were his employers during this period of storm and stress, were kind-hearted men who took an interest of a sort in the well-being of their workmen. But it was purely superficial and temporary and therefore led to nothing. Only the very strong could hope to rise in time to a position of economic independence, and even they had to put forth superhuman efforts. Obregón's novitiate was long and wearisome. At the age of nineteen he exchanged the *hacienda* for a sugar factory, where he also discharged the duties of night watchman and was intrusted with important functions that necessitated extreme punctuality and a developed sense of responsibility. Here, too, he won golden opinions from his employers, but discerned no prospect of such promotion as he deemed commensurate with his capacities. Years afterward, when commanding the troops in Sinaloa, he and his staff visited the workshop in Navotato and examined the lathe at which he was wont to work.

At last Obregón resolved to set up for himself. Renting a plot of land, he tilled it, lived as best he could on his scanty savings until harvest time, toiling in the meanwhile with might and main. In his home I saw a photograph taken of him in those days, when he was digging a canal for irrigation. Little by little he prospered on the land, contracted for work and executed it satisfactorily, until at last he rose to be the owner of a little manor house bearing the significant name of Ruined Cottage. I have met and talked to several of the workmen who were his mates during that period of his life struggle, and they still regard him as a comrade.

At the age of twenty-three he wedded his first wife, by whom he had two children, who are still living. In connection with this marriage an incident occurred which brings into sharp relief his settled attitude toward the church of which he is a nominal member and also his detestation of anything that resembles hypocrisy. He called on the clergyman who was to perform the ceremony.

"You will have to go to confession," explained the priest, "before receiving the sacrament of matrimony."

"But I don't believe in confession," Obregón rejoined, "and surely you would not have me play at make-believe!"

"Well, but you have the alternative—you can pay the fee which exempts those who do not comply with the religious requirements."

"I wish I could, but I am poor and cannot afford so much money."

"Very well, then, you must confess."

Obregón, intent on marriage, had no choice. He went to confession, but when asked what sins he had committed he replied:

"None. I have done nothing in malice. I have no reason to repent of any of my deliberate acts and I regret the necessity of having to tell you so."

That brief conversation exhausted the matter. The priest insisted no further and the wedding took place in due course.

A fairly safe test of a man's integrity and general moral worth is the degree of consideration he enjoys among those in whose midst he has grown up and made his way in the world. And, judged by this standard, I may say that few Mexicans would be able to live up to the high reputation which Obregón fairly established among his own shrewd, observant neighbors. His word there is a bond; between promise and execution there is only the interval defined in advance by himself; and he can fairly accept as a debt the high praise which the entire community bestows on him unstintingly. One of the many manifestations of public confidence—which was also his first initiation into public life—was his election to the post of president of the municipality of Huatabampo under the government of Francisco Madero. It also coincided with the beginning of the period of civil wars which well-nigh ruined the republic, turned Obregón's name into a clarion and finally raised him to the presidency.

2 minutes left . . !

We were on our opponents' one-yard line. It was fourth down—and the first three downs we'd failed to gain. The ball was snapped back—then I found an unexpected weakening through right tackle and went right through for a touch-down.

Did they yell ! ! I'll say they did ! ! !

And as it was the last game of the season, coach let me have some Owls. Say, that's a regular touch-down, too—that Owl Cigar. The General Cigar Co., Inc., sure must have a champ bunch of talent, the way they put Owl together for 8c. I hear they keep an endowment fund of $3,000,000 for tobacco alone, just so that every leaf will be trained one and a half years to make it extra mellow. *Try Owl*—the Owl Brand with the Brown Band—that's *my* advice.

8c straight
Box of 50: $3.75

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NATIONAL BRANDS
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The OWL Brand
With the Brown Band

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The Original Double Service Socket

Half The Users of Electricity Use This Handy Plug

Millions of users of electricity are making single electric light sockets do the work of two by means of the famous Benjamin Two-Way Plug. This handy device screws into any electric light socket or screw base wall receptacle and gives you a place for a light bulb and any electrical appliance. Thus you have light and power from a single socket at the same time. The

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has made good everywhere. Its success has brought imitations. Protect yourself by asking for and getting a *Benjamin* Two-Way Plug. Look for the word *Benjamin* stamped in the brass shell. It is your best service insurance.

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The ***Benjamin No. 2452 Shade Holder*** *enables you to use your present shades with Benjamin Two-Way Plugs. You can keep the kinks out of your electrical appliance cords with* ***Benjamin No. 903 Swivel Attachment Plugs****. Your electrical dealer knows, endorses and sells these handy devices*

Remember the Name
BENJAMIN
"Every Wired Home Needs Three or More"

Stop the compression-leaks with Clover Now

YOU can't forget compression-leaks. Sooner or later trouble bobs up. The engine labors and strains at tasks too great for its weakened power.

Then the trouble-finder gets on the job. He must locate all compression-leaks. First of all he grinds the valves, then he gets after the piston-leaks.

CLOVER grinds valves

Clover gives the valves a tight seat. Hundreds of thousands of motorists have used Clover for the past 12 years. Valves need Clover every 2,000 miles.

CLOVER laps piston-rings

But even though the valves are tight, compression often sneaks past the pistons. Clover makes new and old piston-rings leak-proof. They *must* be fitted or else the engine will "pump" oil, and leak compression.

CLOVER removes score marks

Don't think that scored cylinders mean reboring. Nine times out of ten a good lapping with Clover will save you the cost of reboring and a new set of pistons.

Clover is a patented mixture of evenly graded abrasives and solid oil which cannot run. Clover cuts fast and true. It will not score or scratch. It remains uniform on the work.

We tell you how to do it

We tell you how to stop compression-leaks in Bulletins No. 75 on Valve Grinding and No. 80 on Cylinder Lapping, Fitting Piston-Rings, etc. The full story told interestingly.

Industries use it too

Clover merit is proved in every large industry where grinding and lapping are necessary. They use thousands of pounds of Clover every month.

Machine Shops Use Clover

Clover Lapping Compounds are used as standard abrasives in such shops as

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Pilot & Reading Coal & Iron Co
Lycoming Foundry & Machine Co
Yale Motor Truck Co
Buffalo Gasoline Motor Co

116 different industries use Clover for lapping, grinding, polishing and surfacing work. Seven grades packed in 1 lb cans. One grade to the can. Tell us the job to be done and we'll tell you which grade will do it best.

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Grinding and Lapping Compound

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Please send me the Clover Instruction Bulletins and samples of Clover Compound for—

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Print Name _____

Address _____

THE GOAL OF CENTRAL EUROPEANS

(Continued from Page 13)

At the present time there is a great difference between the number of people in Poland who would like to emigrate to America and the number of people who are actually in a position to do so. Poland has been fighting a great war against the Bolsheviki during the past year, and she has needed her sons to fight her battles. Consequently it has not been easy for Poles to get permission to go to America. Obstacles have been thrown in their way. Not so many obstacles, however, have been thrown in the way of the Hebrews of Poland who have relatives and friends in America.

The chief of the emigration section of the Polish Labor Ministry told me early in 1920 that 250,000 residents of Poland were ready to go to America as soon as they could obtain sailing accommodations. Relatives in America had written letters asking that they be allowed to come and stating that they would be cared for on their arrival. They had been supplied from America with money for the trip. Of this number, said the Polish emigration officials, ninety per cent, or 225,000, were Hebrews.

The report of the United States Bureau of Immigration shows that the number of Hebrews entering the United States in the few years before the war was very large. In 1904, the first year in which more than 100,000 came, 106,236 entered the country. The high-water mark was reached in 1906, when 153,748 Hebrews disembarked on our shores. Another good year was 1914. During the twelve months ending June thirtieth of that year 138,051 came.

A large part of this Hebrew immigration came from Austrian Poland, Russian Poland and German Poland; for nearly one-third of all the Hebrews in the world are concentrated there. This is due to the fact that in the Middle Ages the different nations of Europe expelled the Jews, and Poland was designated as the place where they might settle. When Poland was partitioned Russian Poland was made the Jewish Pale of Settlement for the Russian Empire—the place where the Jews could live without persecution. The Hebrews in these districts are anxious to come to America, not because they are oppressed to a greater extent than they used to be, not because they are in greater economic distress, but because America has been very heavily advertised during the past few years as the source of all good things in the world. The economic distress of these wretched people, for one reason or another, has always been so close to the extreme limit that they were dulled to distress' finer points. If they lived on beans and beets in 1912 their distress didn't increase if the beans were moldy and the beets decayed in 1920. Any lot was preferable to their own.

American Relief Work

The Hebrews of Poland have long believed that any energetic person could become wealthy in America by the delightfully simple method of running round the streets and prying the gold coins from between the paving stones with a nutpick. The big steamship lines had thousands of agents scattered over Galicia. Each emigrant that an agent handed over to a steamship line meant a commission for the agent. Consequently if they could persuade anybody to go to America by assuring him that American hens were in the habit of laying diamond-studded earrings on Mondays and platinum watches on Fridays, they would gladly do so. And in many cases they did. The steamship agents who stimulate emigration have vanished; but the fairy tales which they told about America are still related to goggle-eyed infants by long-whiskered Galician grandfathers who still hope to choke a few diamond lavallières out of American hens before they leave this vale of tears.

Since the war, moreover, the activities of various American relief organizations and the advertisements of the American Relief Warehouses have led the residents of Poland and all the other Central European countries as well to believe that the old days of having to hunt for money in America have been superseded by an era during which Americans force money on foreigners. The American Relief Warehouse scheme, which is easily the most effective relief idea ever evolved, was originated by Herbert Hoover. Warehouses have been secured all over Europe and stocked with bundles of American food. Destitute persons in the countries of Central Europe send postals to relatives or friends in America asking for help, whereat the relatives or friends buy food drafts at American banks in the name of their European friends. The names are sent to Europe, and packages of food are at once delivered to the persons named.

In order to facilitate the working of this American Relief Warehouse scheme the American Relief Administrations in different European countries have got out posters which, at a distance, look like American flags. "Do you have relatives or friends in America?" ask these posters. If so, they continue, one only needs to send cards to them in order to get food.

Millions From America

In the old days the steamship lines got out posters for European circulation depicting the glories of the life in America, including a solid gold Statue of Liberty and skyscrapers edged with two-carat diamonds. These posters were regarded in America as immigration stimulators, and were frowned on with a large amount of thoroughness. But no steamship line ever got out a poster that was more of an immigration stimulator than the American Relief Warehouse posters. They convey the distinct idea that everyone in America has so much money that he is willing to give away a large wad of it to almost anyone—so much money that he hasn't the slightest idea what to do with it.

Another excellent advertisement for the advantages that accrue to a residence in America as against a residence in Poland is the large amount of money sent back to Poland by American immigrants. There are a great many large Hebrew communities in Poland which have little visible means of subsistence except the money that is sent back by relatives who have gone to America.

The American consulate in Warsaw is located above the Discount Bank of Warsaw. As I mounted the stairs on my first visit to the American consulate I heard the peculiar combination of wail and moan and shriek which is usually made by a frightened mob attempting to escape bodily harm. I pushed open a pair of swinging doors opening from the stairway and walked down a corridor toward the sound. The corridor ended in a small balcony over the main banking room of the Discount Bank. It was an ordinary bank, like the average large American bank. The floor was about eighteen paces square, surrounded on three sides by the conventional tellers' and cashiers' cages; and every available inch of space on the floor was occupied by a howling, pushing, squirming mass of humanity attempting to collect money that had been sent from America. There wasn't, so far as I could judge, room for another person in the room. The component parts of this mob were fighting to get to one of the two windows where they exchanged slips of paper for money. Venerable old men with long beards and faces distorted clawed remorselessly at women who were kicking in their attempts to forge ahead. This is one of Warsaw's leading banks. Every cent is paid out on the orders from America—eventually. Yet such scenes as I have described were daily occurrences early in 1920.

The Joint Distribution Committee is an American organization which does an enormous amount of efficient and praiseworthy relief work among the Hebrews of Poland. Money sent from America through this committee was being delivered to people in all parts of Poland without cost. Dr. Isidore Hirshfield, head of the committee, showed me the records of money received from America in the Warsaw office and delivered in all parts of Poland. An average of $1,000,000 a month was passing through the hands of the Joint Distribution Committee alone, destined for Hebrews in Poland. Doctor Hirshfield stated that most of this million a month came in very small sums, and that they were obviously test remittances, sent for the purpose of finding out whether or not they would go through. On finding that they were going through, the senders would probably greatly increase the amounts of the remittances. Doctor Hirshfield called my attention to the manner in which many Hebrews, on reaching America, had Anglicized their names or changed the character of their names by altering one or two letters or dropping a syllable. The books of the Joint Distribution Committee showed countless cases of this sort.

There are many other agencies through which American immigrants send money to relatives in Poland, and some of them, unfortunately, are thoroughly unreliable and crooked. Experts on the finances of emigrants from Poland to America estimated for me that as soon as the emigrants feel that they are safe in sending money back to Poland $100,000,000 is a conservative estimate of the amount of American money that will be sent back to Poland every year by mail, relief organizations, banks and private banks. Doctor Hirshfield declared that it was literally true that in normal times there are great numbers of Polish towns in which a leading industry consists of going to the post office once a month to get money from America. The post office in one Polish village reported early in 1920 that thirty-seven former residents send home an average of $665 each a year. As can readily be imagined, even by persons with half-baked and runty imaginations, every American dollar sent back by an emigrant is a strong argument in favor of the recipient's starting for America right away.

Some of the private banks that undertake to send money from America to Poland handle the money in such a way that the person to whom the money is sent may consider himself fortunate if he gets the short end.

The authorities were on the trail of the representative of a private banker while I was in Warsaw. He was a Hebrew who had emigrated to America in his early youth and had now come back to exploit his own people. Let us call him Jones.

Jones and His Confidence Game

The chief reason for Jones' unpopularity with the authorities lay in his tirelessness in assuring the poor Hebrews in the provinces that he could fix it up for them to get to America. In return for his invaluable service he demanded only a small amount of money—say, 500 marks, or about four dollars—from each person. He had photographs showing himself surrounded by emigrants whom he claimed to have taken to America. All the people in the photographs looked as pleased and smug and self-satisfied as though they had just come in from cleaning gold pieces off the pavement with a dustpan. Needless to say, it was a fake photograph, and Jones was no more capable of helping anyone get to America than he was of making the sun stand still by threatening it with the League of Nations.

It is a common saying in Poland that in order to be popular a man needs only to tell the poor people that he can help them go to America. He will at once be hailed as a savior; and he will be fortunate if he isn't strangled by the people who wish to show their gratitude by kissing him. The people fairly fought for the privilege of forcing their money on Jones. Trusting implicitly in the promises of the handsome American, people sold their homes and their household belongings, jammed themselves into vermin-ridden trains and proceeded to Warsaw. On arriving in Warsaw they began to ask questions. They soon found that Jones had deceived them. Their scanty stores of money quickly vanished before the ruinous prices. The city, jammed with refugees, offered no place where they could lodge. In hundreds of cases the Joint Distribution Committee was obliged to pay the fares of the unfortunates back to their home towns, where—having sold their belongings—they were forced to live on charity and make a new start in life. That was what Jones the American was doing, in addition to getting a list of people who had emigrated to America so that his bank might do business with them. Others of Jones' type were in the offing. Americans in Warsaw anticipated a tremendous emigration exploitation on the part of unscrupulous persons, because of the universal desire to go to America.

The people in Poland who have sufficient credentials and money to permit them to

(Continued on Page 59)

ALL the cuddly soft baby things,—that tiny nightie, the little dress you have embroidered so carefully—can be popped into the gleaming copper tub of the 1900. Out they come, snowy white and fresh, to adorn baby's chubby, pink person!

Everything can be washed in the 1900, even heavy sheets or blankets. The cleansing, soapy water rushes back and forth through the clothes in that magic figure 8 movement, swishing through them with *every motion of the tub* and four times as often as in the ordinary washer! This figure 8 movement is the magic exclusive feature that makes the 1900 the perfect washing machine. There are no parts in the tub to cause wear and tear, or to wrench off buttons either. No heavy parts to lift out!

The swinging reversible wringer works electrically, and the entire cost of running the 1900 is a few cents an hour. When you think of the 1900 remember that magic figure 8! You can buy a 1900 Washer on deferred payments. We will be glad to send you the name of the nearest dealer.

Write for the interesting book, "George Brinton's Wife". You'll enjoy it immensely, and you'll learn some surprising facts.

1900 CATARACT WASHER

1900 WASHER COMPANY 203 Clinton St., Binghamton, N. Y.
Canadian Factory and Office, CANADIAN 1900 WASHER CO., 357 Yonge St., Toronto

Bon Ami

—gives nickel the glow of polished silver

No dingy nickel on *my* stove!

Bon Ami—a damp cloth—a bit of a rub—a moment's wait while the magic-white cloud forms . . . . then—*whisk* . . . . and away go the tarnish and the dried Bon Ami together!

Now look! The nickel gleams as clear and lustrous as burnished silver. That's because Bon Ami is soft as chalk. Coarse, gritty cleansers, made of sharp, hard minerals for rougher work, are apt to mar a delicate surface like nickel or enamel; but after Bon Ami's gentle, searching touch, you won't find the tiniest scratch.

I'll Bon Ami the aluminum next!

Powder or cake—, whichever you prefer

(Continued from Page 56)

go to America will take any risk and endure any hardship in order to make the trip. Early in 1920 the emigrant from Poland to America was obliged to swing down through the Central European states, across Switzerland, up through France and across Belgium to Holland. For a tourist with unlimited amounts of money that trip was a nightmare because of passport troubles, delayed trains, customs officials with solid ivory heads, bad railway coaches and mobs of travelers. For the emigrants it was one of the closest things to a living hell that can be imagined. I ran into emigrants from Poland to America sleeping in the corners of Paris courtyards, crammed into broken-down, vermin-infested railway coaches along the railroad, and sprawled exhausted beside their bundles on the platforms of little stations set down in the rolling fields of Czechoslovakia and lower Austria.

Constant agitation on the part of American officials and relief workers has now made it possible for emigrants from Poland to go north to the port of Dantzic and either sail direct for America or transfer to England for direct boats; but during the early months of 1920 there was only one way in which they could go. They worked slowly down to Vienna from Warsaw; over to Buchs on the Swiss frontier; from Buchs to Basel in Switzerland; from Basel to Delle on the French frontier; up to Paris; and from Paris to Rotterdam in Holland. I might have made such a trip in five days by traveling on military trains, getting my visas in advance, and missing no connections. The emigrant, however, travels on no limited or military trains. He is kicked out of his train at almost every station, held sometimes for days at the frontiers, and forced to endure terrible hardships. An emigrant is frequently forced to spend from one to two months in making the overland trip from Warsaw to Rotterdam under present conditions. In spite of the agony which a trip to America entailed, the emigrants from Poland fairly fought each other for the chance to go.

People of the Ghetto

A report in the American consulate in Warsaw on the condition in which Hebrew emigrants from Poland arrived in New York stated that "They traveled by rail from three to four months and during that period were subjected to so many unfortunate experiences that they cursed the day on which they started on the risky trip. Many of them were wealthy when leaving home and had hundreds of thousands of marks, and yet they arrived here practically naked and barefooted without a pfennig of their own." The fact that emigrants from Poland face such conditions without a tremor is indicative of the intensity of their desire to go to the United States.

Between ninety and ninety-five per cent of our immigrants from Poland at present are Hebrews, as I have said before; and the conditions under which the Hebrews of Poland live are, to put it conservatively, very bad indeed. They herd together in cities, and the overcrowding and the squalor of the ghettos of Poland are terrible. This overcrowding and the existence of ghettos are usually blamed on the oppressors of the Hebrews by sentimentalists who favor unrestricted immigration. The sentimentalists declare that the ghetto is kept in existence by oppressors so that the Hebrews can be segregated and controlled. New York's ghetto, however, is almost on a par with the ghettos of Lodz or Warsaw as far as overcrowding goes. So is London's ghetto and Vienna's ghetto; but in none of these cities is any effort made to segregate and control the Hebrews. They segregate themselves.

The Hebrews of Poland never go in for agriculture; they stick to the cities and engage entirely in trade. In the Middle Ages the Hebrews of Europe were prohibited by law from engaging in agriculture, but they were allowed to be usurers—an occupation that was forbidden to Christians. This is probably the reason why the present-day Hebrew is always a trader in Poland and the near-by countries. He is either a usurer, a peddler, a liquor dealer or a small shopkeeper. Even the most liberal-minded authorities on immigration state that they are highly undesirable as immigrants.

In the old-clothes markets of Warsaw the Hebrews from the ghetto daily carry on their trading operations. Hundreds of booths are filled with tattered garments, scraps of cloth, bits of rag, and innumerable useless and worthless objects such as broken bottles, bent tin cans, pieces of old combs, pages from dilapidated books, umbrella handles, parts of frying pans and what not. Similar piles of rubbish lie on the bare ground. Among the booths and the piles wander the traders, poking at various objects with their canes, dickering with each other as to prices, screaming wildly at each other in the heat of bargaining, and carrying off little armfuls of junk which can be of no possible use except as the basis of future trading operations.

The ghettos themselves are depressing spectacles. The streets are lined with little shops whose signboards depict—because of the illiteracy of the ghetto dwellers—the articles on sale within.

The artists are not world beaters, and some of the pictures are rather befuddling, for they make Bologna sausages look like carving knives and give a woman's shoe the severe outlines of a coal hod.

The Rising Flood

At intervals between the shops there are little archways leading into dirty courtyards; and round the courtyards rise the tenement houses in which the prospective emigrants live. There was one tenement house in Warsaw in which 3000 persons were living. It didn't look large; but every inch of space was utilized. There were families sleeping under staircases and living along the walls of hallways. Three families, of eight, ten and even fifteen people apiece, were living together in one medium-sized room with no partitions of any sort to separate them. The cellar, as stuffy and dark as a mine tunnel, was crowded with people. These people, and the people in scores of other buildings that I visited in the quarter, lived exclusively on black bread, beans, bad beets and half-rotten potatoes. They lived on such fare as this long before the war. Under the Russians, the Hebrews of Russian Poland were oppressed in various ways; and on this oppression is blamed the poverty of the bulk of them. These are the conditions that exist in all Jewish ghettos in Poland; and the standards of life that are found in them are the standards their residents bring to America.

It is estimated in Poland that if a reasonable amount of shipping is provided for emigrants, 500,000 Hebrews will emigrate from Poland to America during the period ending June 30, 1922. This is almost as great a number as ever came to America from all the old Austria-Hungary during the same length of time.

In addition to the Hebrews who will enter the United States from Poland, there are the Poles themselves to be considered; and it should be distinctly understood at the outset that no ordinary picayune considerer is capable of doing justice to the Polish immigrant. In numbers the Poles crowd close up behind the South Italians and the Hebrews. Back in 1900, just a shade under 47,000 Poles came to America to seek their fortune. Five years later more than 102,000 came. The big immigration year, 1907, saw 138,000 Poles entering the country; while during the year 1913 over 174,000 poured in.

It is difficult to obtain an estimate of the number of Poles who intend to emigrate to the United States because of the reluctance of the Polish Government to do anything that might be regarded as encouraging emigration. For one thing, Poland needs young men for the army so long as there is a Bolshevik menace; for another thing, an agreement has been made with France whereby thousands of Polish laborers are being shipped to the devastated regions of France under contract to help in the work of reconstruction. Those who are going to America are the wives and families of emigrants who left Poland some time ago and who are now sending enough money back to Poland to enable their families to join them. The wives and families of Polish emigrants who are being sent for, however, are far fewer in number than the wives and families of Hebrews. This is because young Poles are returning to Poland in great numbers, lured in most instances by touching accounts of the flourishing young republic of Poland which appeared in many of the Middle Western and Western newspapers early in the year; and also greatly attracted by the great number of Polish marks that can be obtained in exchange for each American dollar. Those who return or who plan to return in the near future don't send for their families. The Hebrews, on the other hand, never come back to Poland. They get out, stay out and send for their families. Their one desire is to get so far away from Poland that the cost of sending a post card back to their old home will be in the neighborhood of four dollars.

The Poles, many of them, come to America with the idea of earning enough money to go back and buy a farm. Most of them are peasants—fine, upstanding, willing, hard-working men and women who, when they settle permanently in the United States with the idea of learning English and absorbing American ideals, become citizens of whom the American nation can justly be proud. The same thing is true of the Italians who come to America with the intention of becoming truly American; of the Czechs and the Slovaks and the Magyars and the Serbs and all the rest of the people in Central and Southeastern Europe who come for that purpose. But when they come to America, as most of them do, solely to get the money that will enable them to go back to their own country and lord it over their former companions, they sacrifice everything to money getting.

In the Polish town of Sklamierz I ran across an enlisted man in the Polish Army. For over a year the Polish Government had been feeding and clothing him, so that his viewpoint was very different from that of the majority of returned emigrants nowadays. The majority of them, like the majority of those recently returned to Italy and every other part of Europe, want to go back to America by the next boat.

At any rate, this Polish soldier told me that before returning to fight for Poland he had been nine years in America. He was a brick mason, and he rebricked furnaces in Pullman, Illinois, earning six dollars a day. In the nine years he had saved only $600. At the time of our conversation one could get 120 Polish marks for one American dollar. "My $600 is worth more than 70,000 marks," he told me. "I hear that I can get nine dollars a day in America now instead of the six that I used to get. I want to go back to America and stay two more years. That will let me save $1000 more, so that with my $600 I will have nearly 200,000 marks. Then I will come back to Poland and buy a farm, and everybody will have to Prosher panna me. As it is, I have to Prosher panna everybody." Prosher panna is the Polish phrase whose equivalent in English is "Please, sir." Any remark made by one Pole to another who is higher in the social scale or more heavily endowed with worldly goods is always prefaced by Prosher panna.

An Assimilated Pole

This particular man had learned English in America, and had learned to wear American clothes, but he had not picked up the American idea. He was willing to sacrifice almost anything in order to get enough money to return to Poland and be kowtowed to by less fortunate Poles. He had not, in spite of surface indications, been assimilated. America is full of people who think that an immigrant is assimilated as soon as he has learned to speak English. These people are sadly mistaken. The mere existence in America of large numbers of foreign-American societies is a certain indication that there are an equal number of bodies of people who have definite affiliations and loyalties that out-and-out Americans do not have. Too many of these people claim to be Americans, but put the claims of their native country first.

In Warsaw I found a man of a different type. He was a good Pole, for he had been fighting for Poland, but he was a good American as well. He had been assimilated; and if there had ever arisen any untoward circumstance that would have compelled him to choose between Poland and America he would have cast his lot for America.

This man was forty-eight years old. He had been a cowboy in Montana. More recently he made corks in a cork factory for thirty-five dollars a week, and sold the corks from five o'clock until nine o'clock in the evening at an extra twenty-five dollars a week. After America entered the war he attempted to get into the Army and the Navy. "A recruiting sergeant," he said, "told me, 'My boy, you're too young.' I still think that man was trying to fool me." He heard that he could get into the Polish Legion; and on the same day he went back

(Continued on Page 61)

Bleak Old Winter

—holds no terror if you bathe the *Knickerbocker way*. Three minutes with Knickerbocker every morning—from scalp to toes. You're aglow with healthy warmth after the Knickerbocker has given you shower, massage, shampoo and rub-down, *all-in-one*.

KNICKERBOCKER

Fits Any Faucet

No wait for tub to fill. No unclean water. Tingling shower, any temperature desired, through hundreds of [illegible] rubber "fingers" cleanses and [illegible]. Ah! You're alive after a Knickerbocker bath!

Puts vim in men, beautifies women's skin, makes bathing a joy to children.

Seven Sizes:
$2.50, $3, $4, $5, $6, $7
De Luxe, $8

Do you know your skin gets "tired"? The [illegible] and weaken so they can't regulate your temperature. Then you catch cold. The Knickerbocker awakens your skin, strengthens the pores.

Everywhere, drug, hardware and department stores have the Knickerbocker, or order direct. Guaranteed a year. Get one today—it's real health insurance!

FREE Book on How and When to Bathe. SEND for it.

KNICKERBOCKER MFG. CO.
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Please send your FREE Book on The Knickerbocker Bath.
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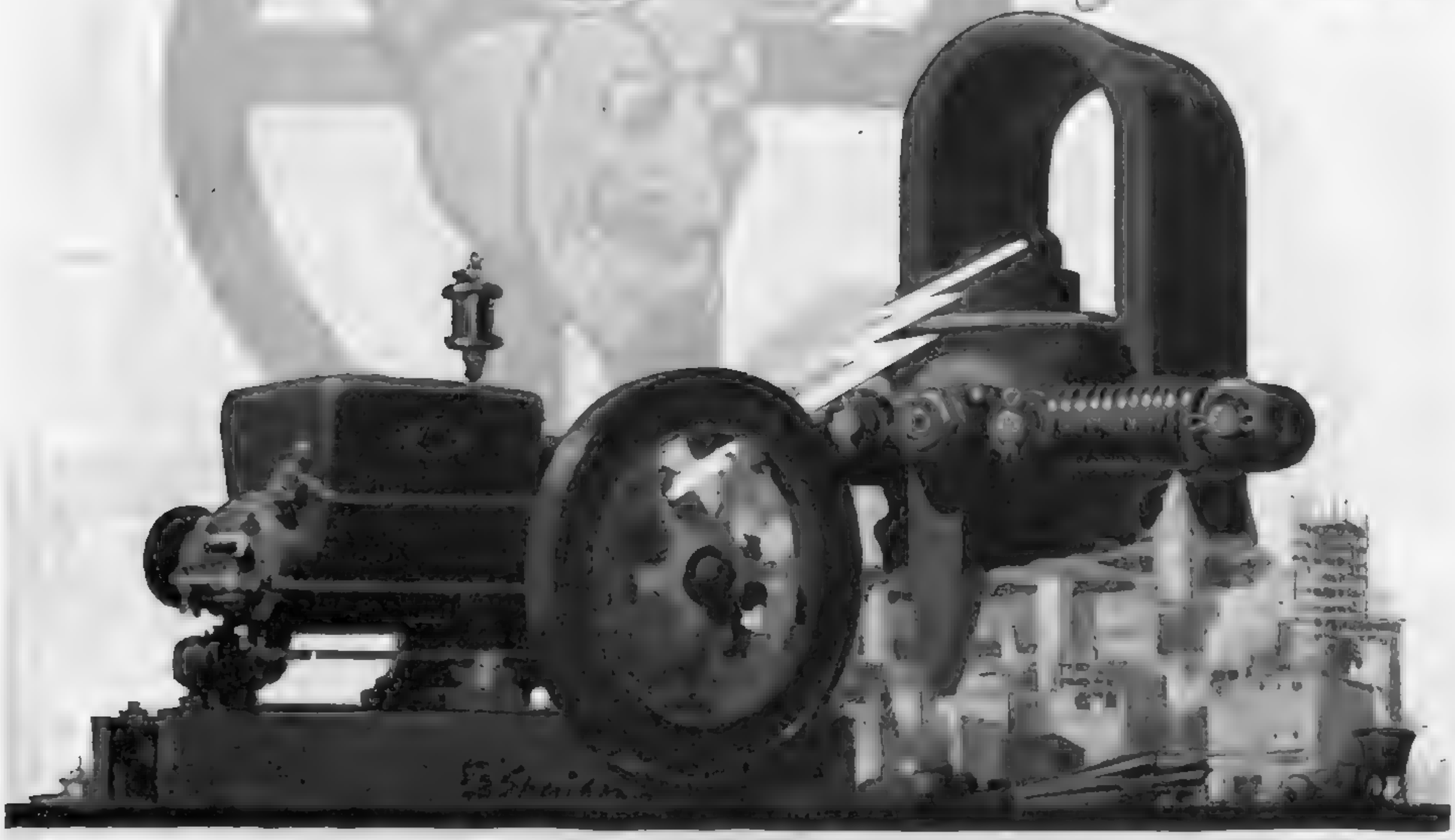
The Symbol of Merit



The gas engine, the most versatile servant of man, maintains its reputation for dependability wherever its ignition sparks are supplied by a Bosch High Tension Magneto. In the farm fields of the nation, on the great irrigation projects of the west and the thousand and one power jobs of America's million contractors, Bosch High Tension Magnetos are serving with utmost efficiency and with a reliability that is absolute. A Bosch High Tension Magneto on a stationary gas engine or any automotive product is an unfailing assurance of power dependability. The nearest Bosch Service Station can install America's Supreme Ignition System on your present gasoline engine in a few hours' time.

AMERICAN BOSCH MAGNETO CORPORATION
SPRINGFIELD MASSACHUSETTS

BOSCH

(Continued from Page 59)

to the cork factory and told the manager that he was going to fight for Poland.

He talked about America with tears in his eyes. "The Government has sent younger legionaries back to America," he said, "but they haven't sent me. I'm getting old, and I've got to die in America. I've got to get back."

I found another Pole who had become an American citizen and saved several thousand dollars. He had come back to Poland to invest his money, if possible, in a coal mine. He could have done it; but he was horrified and disgusted at the way he would have to live. Living in the United States had spoiled him for Poland, so he was going back to "Polish Pennsylvania."

Ninety-nine out of every hundred of the thousands of Poles who are coming back to Poland from America this year are, like the Germans and the Irish and the South Italians and the North Italians, keenly desirous of turning round and rushing back to dear old America. Food is very scarce and very expensive; and the constantly rising prices and the constantly fluctuating rates of exchange play havoc with the American dollars on which they depend for so much luxury.

It is difficult, as I have said, to get the figures on the number of Poles who will go to America in the next few years, but as soon as the fighting has stopped, the number, as in Italy, will be limited only by the space the steamship companies allot to emigrants. An emigration expert in Warsaw declared that if the United States imposes no more severe restrictions on immigration than exist at present, and if all of Galicia remains in Poland's hands, the average yearly emigration to the United States from Poland alone will be greater during the next five years than the average yearly emigration to the United States from all of Austria-Hungary during the five years before the war.

The American consulate in Warsaw is the only American consulate in all Poland, and through this consulate must pass every person desirous of going to America. They come by the hundreds and thousands from every corner of the country; and the difficulties of transportation are such that they must endure great hardships. Frequently they fail to bring with them the documents that every emigrant must present—the letters from America stating that relatives wish them to come—and in such cases they are obliged to travel all the way back to their homes to get them. If the emigrant is a native of Galicia such a trip entails several days of travel under frightful conditions. The consulate, flooded from morning to night with emigrants, is forced to devote practically its entire time to passport matters.

Business Needs Neglected

Before the war the consulate never had to bother with emigrants. To-day it gets them morning, noon and night. The staircase leading to the consulate is jammed with them all day long. The main room is jammed with them. For the most part they are dirty people, and the stench that rises from them is strong enough to be used as a substitute for gasoline. The workers in the consulate frequently become ill from the odor.

Though our consulates exist to do the work of the Department of State and to further the business interests of the United States and of United States citizens, the sun would have to stand still for about thirty hours a day in order to provide a sufficient amount of time for the personnel of the consulate to get through with the emigrants and do a little State Department work. Our immigration bureau is a part of the Department of Labor. The Department of Labor is supposed to handle everything that has to do with carrying out of our immigration laws. So far as I could discover, however, not a single representative of the Department of Labor was stationed in any of the overworked American consulates of Europe to assist them in handling the struggling mobs of emigrants that infest them every day and all day. American business men cannot get the information they are entitled to get from American consulates because the consulates have no time to do anything except attend to emigrants. The American nation at this particular time is greatly in need of all the authoritative information it can get concerning business conditions and trade relations in European countries; and this particular time is the time when it isn't getting it. The fault lies with the United States Immigration Bureau.

At least two medical officers from the United States Immigration Bureau should be on duty in every consular office in Europe to pass on emigrants; and other officials should be provided in large emigration districts so that American consuls may be free to do the work they are supposed to do. In addition to the Warsaw consulate there should be a consulate in the city of Lemberg, the capital of Galicia. Even during the early days of 1920 it was no uncommon thing for 700 prospective emigrants to clog the workings of the Warsaw consulate in a single day, and a large percentage of the 700 had traveled the long road from Galicia. Unless the United States proposes to check the stream of undesirables that is flowing from Galicia to America it is absolutely essential that a consulate be installed to alleviate the hardships that Galicia's unfortunate emigrants now must suffer, and to relieve the congestion in Warsaw.

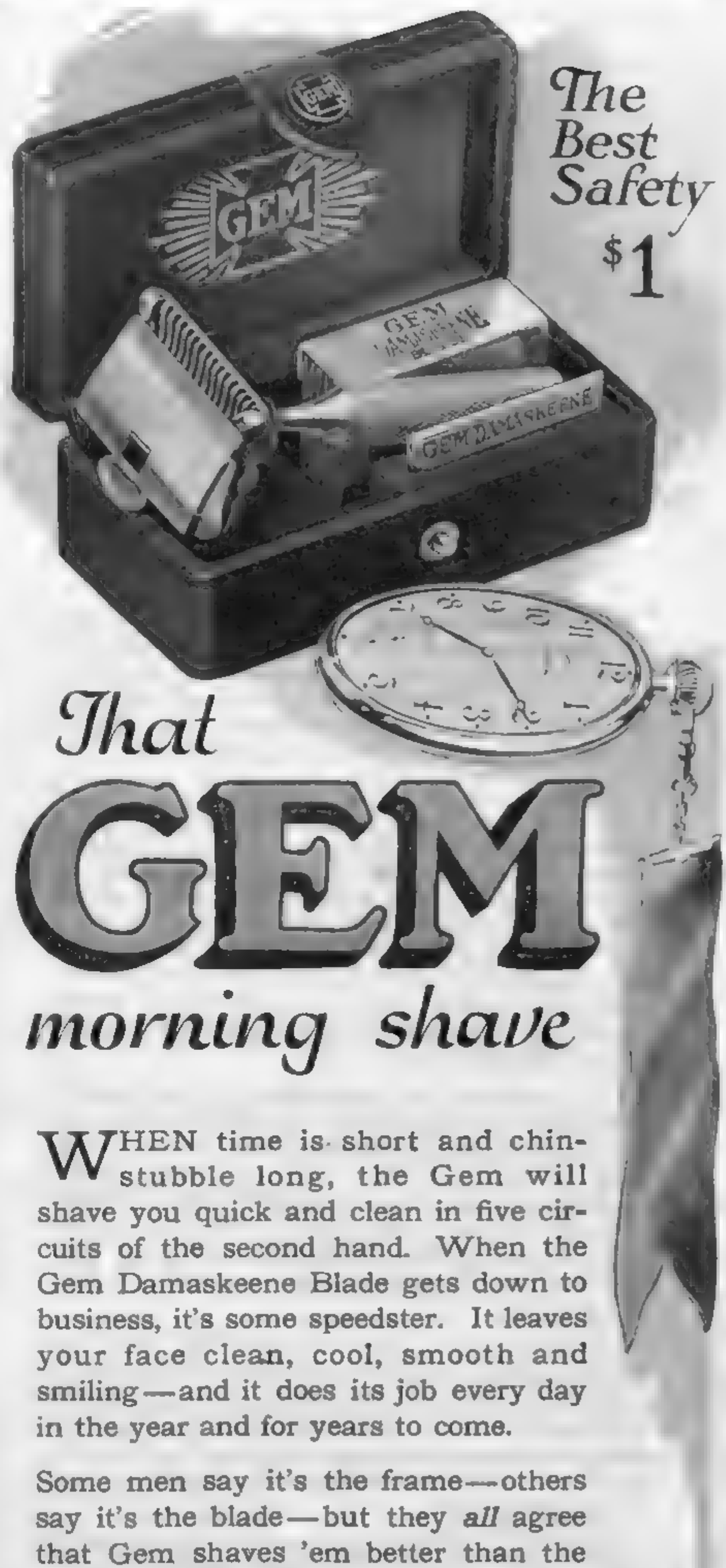
A Disquieting Outlook

Galicia, as I have said before, is a growth, or wen, on the toe of the Czechoslovak sneaker; and Czechoslovakia is only the top layer of the old Austro-Hungarian Empire. Its area is less than one-quarter that of the territory that used to be Austria-Hungary; but during the next few years Czechoslovakia alone bids fair to send to America as many emigrants each year as all Austria-Hungary used to send—unless there are an insufficient number of steamships to carry the mob or unless the United States restricts immigration to a greater extent than it is now restricted. In the eleven years before the war Austria-Hungary sent us two and a half million people—two and a half million aliens who couldn't speak our language and who knew no more about our form of government than they did about the Coleoptera of the British Islands.

Practically all of them, viewed individually, were hard-working, well-meaning, likable persons. Even the most backward, illiterate, dirty, thick-headed peasants of Southeastern Europe have their excellent points. One who lives among them sympathizes with them and longs to better their lot. Taken in the mass, however, and viewed from an American standpoint, it is no more possible to make Americans out of a great many of them than it is possible to make a race horse out of a pug dog. If a brace of full-grown emigrants from backward districts of the old Austria-Hungary were to be brought to America and placed in an American home with two intelligent Americans who could devote their entire lifetime to Americanizing these backward aliens they might succeed in making Americans out of them and getting a genuinely American point of view into their heads. They might, I say. But they'd have to devote their entire lives to it. These people are inconceivably backward. They wear clothing that seems to have ripened on them for years, and they sleep in wretched hovels with sheep and cows and pigs and poultry scattered among them. They have been so for a great many centuries. It is almost impossible for them to slough the results of heredity and environment. Placed in slums, the mental outlook of the immigrants would be just what it was in their old homes. Since most of the immigration from the old Austria-Hungary came from the most backward districts, and since it will continue to come from those same districts with even greater vigor in the future unless it is restricted, that fact should be borne in mind by all persons who wish to see a united America.

Czechoslovakia is a good example of a European country in which various peoples lie round in undigested lumps. The assimilation has been bad and is bad and always will be bad.

Assimilation hadn't been any too good in the United States for the twenty years prior to the war. If more and more immigrants continue to pour in, and assimilation continues bad, one of two things will inevitably happen: Either the United States will develop large numbers of separate racial groups, as distinct as those which exist in Czechoslovakia, or America will be populated by a new composite race entirely different from the present American people. The latter outlook is one that should fill every American with shooting pains.



The Best Safety $1

That GEM morning shave

WHEN time is short and chin-stubble long, the Gem will shave you quick and clean in five circuits of the second hand. When the Gem Damaskeene Blade gets down to business, it's some speedster. It leaves your face clean, cool, smooth and smiling—and it does its job every day in the year and for years to come.

Some men say it's the frame—others say it's the blade—but they *all* agree that Gem shaves 'em better than the best they ever experienced before. If the present-day dollar won't buy anything else, it *will* buy shaving joys, and the Gem outfit proves it. Sold and used the World Over.

Gem Damaskeene Blades
7 for 50¢

GEM SAFETY RAZOR CORPORATION
62-76 Lawrence St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

WHY THE BIG PASSENGER TRAIN WAS LATE

THE operating executive of a great eastern railroad began to make things hum when his prize fast passenger train was reported late four days in succession. Fuel records showed more coal burned on each trip despite the delay. Because Consolidation Coal was being burned, he looked to us to locate the trouble.

As the first move, one of our testing engineers—a husky six-footer—put on overalls and acted as fireman on the passenger train. He found that our coal had only recently been substituted for that from another company. By long experience with the other coal, the crew had learned its peculiarities. They knew just when to pile it on in time to get big power for the bad grade climbs. They knew when to shovel fast and when to let intervals elapse between times. The same procedure had brought steam failures with the new coal and the engine did not respond to sudden demands.

The next report was: "*On time and less coal burned.*" The answer had been found. Consolidation Coal not only was vindicated, but its superiority established. By firing the engine himself, our engineer had found that Consolidation Coal required different treatment in keeping the grates free, supplemented by the use of the fireman's bar and a change in fueling intervals. If given this treatment, results were more economical than from the other fuel.

This is cited as a demonstration of the actual and practical service of our Testing Department, which is back of every ton of Consolidation Coal. Every consumer of industrial fuel has some fuel problem peculiarly his own. His balance sheet and the efficiency of his plant may be affected by some hidden difficulty in the selection or application of coal.

Our customers are supplied from the production of eighty-one mines. By helping solve their problems of selection and use, we have made Consolidation Coal mean something more than mere fuel.

THE CONSOLIDATION COAL COMPANY
INCORPORATED
Bankers Trust Building · New York City

In the heel end of the Czechoslovak sneaker are approximately 6,000,000 Czechs, otherwise known as Bohemians and Moravians, surrounded by a ring of about 8,000,000 Germans—or, more properly, German-Austrians. The Czechs, like the Russians, Poles, Slovaks, Serbs, Croats, Slovenes, Montenegrins and Bulgars, are Slavs; but they are the most advanced of the Slavs because they have been exposed for so many years to the iron rule of Austria and to Austrian neatness and Austrian business methods. This statement will deeply offend the Czechs in America, and many Americans of Czech descent. They will bitterly resent the statement that they owe anything at all to Austria. America has several hundred thousand loyal citizens of Czech origin who would unquestionably stand by America in case of need, just as millions of loyal citizens of German origin stood by her during the war. None the less, there are thousands of Czech-Americans who fly into spasms of rage whenever they hear any statement about Czechoslovakia that is not complimentary or that does not agree with their ideas of the fitness of things. Because I wrote an article for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST describing conditions as I found them in Czechoslovakia last winter, I was handed the countercheck quarrelsome, the lie circumstantial and the lie direct by a great many Czech-Americans, even though I happened to be right on every point for which I was taken to task, as well as in a position to prove it. Like so many German-Americans prior to our entry into the war, they deny established facts about their mother country if the facts seem to them unpleasant. They are not interested in seeing the people of this country get all the facts about their mother country. They want them to have only the favorable facts.

That is a common failing of many persons who have emigrated from Europe and become naturalized citizens of the United States. Their first love is their mother country. They forget that in becoming American citizens they—to use the words of the oath which they take—"absolutely and forever renounce all allegiance and fidelity to any foreign country." Given a cause on which to unite, they have no hesitation in pursuing an emphatically un-American course. Many of them would be overjoyed to embroil America in a war with a foreign country if by so doing they could further the interests of the country of their origin. Let them get to thinking that they are oppressed and they at once get together and raise the roof. Central European oppression is usually either a matter of language or a matter of dress. Consequently, when the Germans in Nebraska aren't allowed to study German in American schools, they revert to their European ideas and claim that they are being oppressed by the United States. The chances are excellent that if upward of 20,000,000 aliens pour into America from Central and Southeastern Europe in the next ten years or so and find themselves required by law to study English—as they are under the new immigration laws—the old cry of "Oppression!" will be raised and common cause will be made against the oppressors.

A Warning Worth Heeding

Such a state of affairs can become highly embarrassing if the United States should happen to be in close contact with European politics and squabbles. Already politicians hedge here and trim there in order to get the Italian vote or the German vote or the Polish vote in certain sections. Such distinctions would not be necessary if these people had been assimilated. They have not been assimilated, however. They still think first, in many cases, of their former countries. The great human reservoirs of Central and Southeastern Europe have only begun to be tapped. Russia, with her millions of peasants, isn't even scratched. The large immigration which has come to us from Russia in the past has, oddly enough, contained only about five per cent Russians. Slovakia, Rumania, Serbia, the Balkan Peninsula—all these places and many more are crammed with people who are anxious to come to America.

No American can shrug his shoulders and remark carelessly that eventually immigration will work itself out. It will never work itself out until economic conditions in America have skidded down to a point where they offer no inducements to the most ignorant and the poorest peasants of the most backward country in Europe. When that time comes, immigration will stop. Meanwhile it will keep right on; and records of the world's past immigrations show that those who come will always be lower and lower in the economic as well as in the social scale.

The Czechs belong to the so-called old immigration, along with the Germans, the Swedes, the Danes, the French, the English, the Scotch and the Irish. They fall under the head of "immigrants whose standards are similar to ours." As such, according to the Republican platform, they should be favored. They are surrounded by a ring of 3,000,000 German-Austrians, and for centuries the German-Austrians have been struggling to assimilate the Czechs. They were nearly successful at one time, but the Czechs woke up at the last moment and kicked over the traces. Though the Czechs and the Germans detest each other with all the stops of their detesters pulled out to the extreme limit, their manner of living is very similar. The German villages and the Czech villages look exactly alike. They are equally neat and orderly, and they all support the same brand of geese. In passing through many parts of Bohemia one must frequently question the inhabitants in order to find out whether he is in a Czech village or a German village. The questioning is usually done in German; and if it is a Czech village the person whom one interrogates usually pretends not to understand German, though he almost invariably does. The Czechs are inclined to be impatient of religious and political restraint. They are strongly social-democratic; and social democracy gives off a distinctly sour Bolshevistic odor. None the less, the Czechs are among the best of the immigrants who come to America. For the most part they have been far in advance of the other Slavic immigrants, both industrially and intellectually. Of late years a great percentage of them have been skilled workmen, and over ninety-five per cent of them are able to read and write.

Revolting as a Business

Now all the Slav races have certain peculiarities that are apt to make them particularly dangerous members of large industrial communities. They are very easily influenced; they will not acknowledge each other's equality; and they seize every opportunity to crush ruthlessly the people over whom they have a temporary advantage. The Russian, though he is a Slav, oppressed his brother Pole. The Poles turned round and did the same thing to the Ruthenians, who are also Slavs. The Poles and the Czechs, Slavs all, consider themselves infinitely superior to each other. The Czechs rate themselves far above the Slovaks, while the Slovaks scorn the Rusins with unbridled vigor, though the Rusins are Slavs too.

These traits make them easy plucking for the labor agitator. When somebody tells them that they have been frightfully oppressed by being forced to accept wages of forty-two dollars a week, that the owners of the steel mills are vile creatures, and that the mills really belong to the workmen instead of the owners, they believe it, emit a hoarse Slavic cheer of approval, and hunt round for bricks to bounce against the heads of the oppressive mill owners. If they are assured in a loud voice that somebody is trying to rob them of their deserts, whether the deserts be a piece of land, a piece of pie or peace of mind, they believe it implicitly and riot and shed blood over it. Life for the Slav races for centuries has been just one riot after another. They have been brought up to break the laws of the people who govern them, and to fight them by open and by underhanded means. The Russian has always been rioting against the autocracy of the Czar and the cruelty of the police. Just now the average Russian is looking for a good chance to riot against the stupid and insane autocracy of the Bolsheviki, while the Bolsheviki are rioting against the irksome tenets of civilization. The Poles have usually been in a state of revolt against Russian taskmasters; the Ruthenians have been racking their brains for methods of circumventing their Polish oppressors; the Czechs used every means in their power to undermine the Austrian Empire; the Slovaks kicked at the shins of their Magyar rulers for centuries; the Serbs and the Bulgars and the other Balkan Slavs picked away at the governing Turk for hundreds of years. It is the lot of ninety per cent of the Slav

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Quaker discovers wholly new possibilities in macaroni and spaghetti

New food delights! New food values!

WHOLLY new *foods* are the macaroni and spaghetti that come now from the mills of The Quaker Oats Company—not simply new recipes.

For we have found a way to give this macaroni and spaghetti in the *making*, a new richness, a new flavor, and a new food value.

We make them of wheat enriched with sweet and wholesome *milk*—not of wheat and *water*, the common method.

And there's a world of difference!

Just as potatoes creamed in milk are better than potatoes boiled in water, so are Milk Macaroni and Milk Spaghetti better than the wheat-and-water kinds.

Infinitely richer. Finer flavored. Much more tempting.

And just as our childhood's suppers were made more wholesome by the bowls of milk in which we crumbled home-made bread, so is this macaroni and spaghetti better supplied with the elements of nutrition by the milk which we put in.

What milk adds to wheat

Wheat, scientists now know, is deficient in one substance absolutely essential to health and growth—a substance called "vitamines." But *milk* is rich in vitamine content.

To combine the two—milk and wheat—as we have done in Milk Macaroni and Milk Spaghetti, experts in nutrition say is a real achievement, a worthy contribution to the problem of distributing the fat o' the land to all the people.

So satisfying, so highly nutritious are these new foods that they can be used often in place of the heavier, more costly dishes.

There are few foods that offer such abundant nourishment at so low a cost.

And there are few foods that are at the same time so gratifying to the palate, so delicious.

Such macaroni, such spaghetti you've never had

No special cooking skill is required with Milk Macaroni and Milk Spaghetti. Use recipes that you have. You'll find a new delight in serving them.

Almost unlimited variations are possible, and always you'll find your family or your friends happy at their appearance.

For *Milk* Macaroni and *Milk* Spaghetti are as tender, when cooked, as asparagus tips; as rich and tasty as new creamed potatoes; as wholesome as home-made bread and country butter.

Such macaroni, such spaghetti you've *never* had!

Try one of them—tonight. To find out how good these foods *can* be.

Big value packages

We pack more macaroni and spaghetti than usual in each box. By thus saving in packing, and other costs, we are able to give you this better, more costly product at about the same price per ounce as ordinary kinds.

The smaller box contains enough for two full family meals. The larger box is an even better value.

Ask your grocer for it today. If he should happen not to have it, write us, giving his name, and we will see that you are supplied.

The Quaker Oats Company, 1605 N. Railway Exchange Building, Chicago, U. S. A.

Speed—

—means one thing to the people who ride, and quite another to the people who walk—not to mention the chickens in the road.

In an automobile, speed, of course, comes from a properly designed motor and its working parts. Piston Rings are one of the most essential—and they must be *leakless*.

American Hammered Piston Rings stand up under the test of speed and heat in the motor—they are leakless *permanently* —because they are *hammered* when cold and the heat of the motor *cannot* remove this tension—the spring or *life* of the ring.

Fifty-three builders of nationally known passenger cars, trucks, tractors, airplanes, and engines use these rings, because they are leakless—permanently.

You can get them for your car—from your Dealer.

One Piece, Leakless, Concentric

AMERICAN HAMMERED PISTON RING COMPANY, Baltimore, Maryland

Export Department, 47 Broadway, New York, U. S. A.

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races to be oppressed or to think that they are oppressed; and their natural state, as a result, is one of indifference or hostility to law.

This attitude is slightly exaggerated in the Slavic emigrants to America by the almost universal feeling among them that they are breaking our laws to get in. They know about the contract-labor law; and since most of them have the promise of jobs from relatives or friends in America before they start they have a vague feeling that they might class as contract labor, and that if America knew the full truth about them they wouldn't be allowed to land. The feeling is widespread among them that they can break laws in America and get away with it. Over against these defects—which are usually accentuated by the rough treatment, the contempt and the exploitation with which the Slavs are frequently received on their arrival in America—are the tirelessness with which they labor, the readiness with which they respond to kindness, and the stubbornness with which they support a cause that they believe to be just. America can develop the good points of the Slavs if she is willing to spend time and money on it. If she is not willing to do so, and does not rigidly restrict Slavic immigration to a far greater degree than it is now restricted, our great mines and industries will always be at the mercy of any energetic agitator who is getting paid to fill the ignorant laborers with such bunk as "The workers shall rule. Now is the time to throttle your masters. Stick together and we shall tear down the system. The courts can't touch you, for we will own the courts."

The Czechs rank as old immigrants and many of them are skilled laborers. Like all the old immigrants, their numbers decrease as the numbers of the new immigrants increase. During the ten years before the war an average of not more than 9000 Czechs came to America each year.

Interior Decorators

Almost the entire toe of the Czechoslovak sneaker is inhabited by Slovaks. In the tip of the toe dwell the backward Slav people known as the Rusins. Along the bottom edge of the Slovaks and Rusins live a thin fringe of Magyars or true Hungarians. Thus in Czechoslovakia there are five distinct nationalities. Three of them are Slav peoples which are kept apart by religious differences and the natural antagonism that seems to spring into being when one Slavic people attempts to rule another. Two of them are the former dominant races, German and Magyar, which made violent efforts to assimilate the three other races in years gone by and made a fizzle of it.

In 1907, 42,000 Slovaks entered the United States. In 1910, 24,000 came in; 25,000 in 1911; 20,000 in 1912; 21,000 in 1913, and 19,000 in 1914. An American in Czechoslovakia who is keeping very careful watch on the drift of emigration from that country declared early in 1920 that the demand among the inhabitants of Czechoslovakia to go to America was triple, quadruple and even quintuple what it was before the war. The demand would grow greater, he declared, as the weather grew warmer; for the tides of immigration always rise in the spring. The demand was so great, he said, that if the United States were to allow the immigrants to come who wanted to come and who had enough money to come, 250,000 would go from Czechoslovakia alone.

Of the people who were coming to the American consulate in Prague from all parts of Czechoslovakia early in 1920 in order to get permission to go to America, seventy per cent were Slovaks. Of the Czechs who were getting permission to go to America nine out of every ten intended to remain in the United States and become citizens. Of the Slovaks who were getting permission four out of every five intended to return to their homes when they had saved up the amount of money they considered necessary in order to enable them to live comfortably.

The Slovak peasant, like the individual peasant from every country in Europe, is a husky, brawny, stolid, slow, lovable person. He seems to be half asleep most of the time. Stop and speak to him, and you will nine times out of ten receive an oddly cowlike stare in reply. But repeat the remark three or four times, and a film seems to roll off his eyes. He slowly comes to life and makes reply. The Slovak women are gluttonous workers. Frequently they drag the plows through the fields, pinch-hitting in a most satisfactory manner for cart horses, while the men steer the plows.

Slovak women turn from violent farm labor to delicate embroideries and wall decorations in a disconcerting manner. I walked into a little white, straw-thatched peasant's home in the Slovak village of Vajnory and found a woman in high boots and a short peasant's skirt, her fingers cracked and grimed from working in the fields, embroidering tiny flowers on a peasant waist with gold thread. She had chests full of gorgeously embroidered waists and skirts and aprons and christening sheets—waists of the same sort that Austrian archduchesses bought and wore eagerly, waists of the same sort that almost every Slovak woman embroiders for her own use. The white plaster walls of this woman's kitchen were covered with glowing conventional designs—birds and flowers in blue and red and green and yellow. She had painted them herself. Practically every Slovak woman knows how to do it. She didn't take weeks and months to it, either, but slapped it on free-hand in a few hours. She held a brush in each hand and painted with both brushes at the same time. The result was colorful and harmonious and very beautiful. Nearly all the houses in the village were decorated in the same way.

Slovak Migrations

In the same village I found a couple who had just returned from America. I will call them Mr. and Mrs. Mike Antalic, because that is their name. I called on the Antalics and they produced several quarts of home-made wine that had met with much success in America. The Antalics had, like many other Slovaks, made the trip to America three times, and they were now ready to settle down in Slovakia for the rest of their lives. Their home showed a strong American influence. There were no paintings on the wall and there were no embroidered covers spread over the beds. In one corner was an American phonograph, and on the beds were machine-made American spreads that must have cost all of $5.37. I asked her why she had no Slovak embroideries.

"Ho! That stuff!" She snorted derisively. "What would anybody that had been to America want with that stuff?"

All Slovaks who have been to America, it developed, regarded the Slovak peasant embroideries and paintings with unqualified contempt. In this there is the germ of a thought or something. An American interior decorator or any person of cultivated taste would pay large amounts of money for a good piece of Slovak embroidery, but he would be actively nauseated if he were forced to endure a machine-made bedspread among his belongings. One is beautiful; the other is common and tawdry. Yet the Slovak peasants despise the beautiful and are fascinated by the tawdry after a sojourn in America. It sets one to wondering whether the net gain of immigration is all that the sentimentalists would have us believe.

The sentimentalists have little to say concerning the sacrifices, disappointments and hardships that balance the economic advantages gained by the Slavic peasants. Those who go, for example, give up their homes in quiet villages for the squalor of crowded boarding houses in foreign settlements of America. The boarding house is one of the evils of the newer Slavic immigrants. When a Slav doesn't bring his wife he usually clubs in with eight, ten or twelve other Slavs, and all of them reduce expenses to the smallest possible amount by living in one room. Such people have less privacy than is enjoyed by a sardine. Emigration separates families, ages and cripples the emigrants with heartbreaking toil, saddles them with new vices and sends them back to their old homes to fill the breasts of their neighbors with unrest.

Mrs. Mike Antalic, with her breezy American ways and her nobby American bedspread and her tales of adventures in the great world, was causing considerable unrest in Vajnory. She had been back only three days; but in that short time she had opened a barroom in the front part of her house. She had worked as a cook as well as in a big Detroit automobile factory, and she wanted all the Slovak women within earshot to know that she was accustomed to stirring things up in the great world outside. She told about the return trip from America. The train was full of Slovaks, and it was delayed at Basel for a week. All the men got drunk, and the delay was costing Mrs. Mike two dollars a day—one for herself and one for Mike. It was more than she could bear. Finally, according to her own admission, she bawled out the entire Swiss Army and offered to throw a Swiss lieutenant through a window just to show that she was in earnest. She even delivered an ultimatum to the effect that if the train were not allowed to proceed at once she would break every window in it. The train proceeded. Such is the Slovak woman with American training, when aroused.

The village of Vajnory is in the southern part of Slovakia, which is the most prosperous part. The villages in the hills of Northern, Central and Eastern Slovakia are much poorer; and it is from these villages that the immigrants come. The villages are dirtier than those in the south, and far less orderly. The peasant women decorate their houses, but in more somber colors. In many of these villages every house built in the past twenty years was built with money which immigrants sent from America; and in the eastern districts there are whole Slovak villages which, before the war, were rebuilt by Slovaks who had gone to America. From many of the villages in Central and Eastern Slovakia literally every able-bodied man is either in America or has been in America.

Take, for example, the town of Velka Bytca in Central Slovakia. Velka Bytca has a clock on the church tower, and therefore is a town. If it had no clock it would be a village; for that is the understanding in Slovakia. It has a population of about 5000. It is on the Waag River, from both sides of which the mountains rise up abruptly. Like all the towns and villages along the Waag, it is poor. It has too many artisans—so many that they cannot earn a living. Consequently they fall in debt to the landlords and shopkeepers and usurers. Then they go to America. Men from Velka Bytca are scattered through New York and New Jersey. There are many in Natrona, near Pittsburgh, in Chicago and in Pullman, Illinois. Those in Pullman and New York are skilled workers for the most part, while those in Natrona are day laborers in steel and glass works. When the men from Velka Bytca have saved up a sufficient amount of money they come back to Slovakia and pay their debts, but they see no opportunity to earn more money, so back they go to America and get more money; and when they return with it they buy some land and build a house. That exhausts their capital, and they return to America for the third time to earn enough money on which to live. This was the program followed by thousands of Slovaks before the war. It will not be followed by so many in the future, for since the war the Slovaks who return are complaining more bitterly than they ever complained before of the high prices and the dirt and the lack of amusements—and the lack of freedom.

The Return of the Native

Freedom is a matter which is not rightly understood by Central Europeans. They have it confounded with license to a great extent, and those who emigrate to America are greatly in need of instruction as to the true meaning of freedom as understood by Americans. We misinterpret oppression in the same way. Never having known oppression, Americans think that to be oppressed a man must be bashed on the head and thrown in jail. We cannot understand it when we discover that a European's idea of oppression is the inability to get a high school and college education in some particular language. In the same way, many Europeans think that freedom means license to do anything at all—to shoot songbirds within city limits or take fruit from the nearest fruit tree or hit an enemy over the head with a stockingful of iron filings.

The people who went to America from Velka Bytca and other Slovak towns and villages have heard a great deal about the new and glorious freedom the Czechs and the Slovaks enjoy now that Czechoslovakia is no longer under Austrian control. They are eager to go back to sample this freedom and drink it down in great gulps and even pour it in their hair. They talk with other Slovaks about it, and they all get into a frenzy of excitement and throw up their jobs and stampede to New York to get sailing accommodations. They come back to Slovakia with their eyes almost popping out of their heads in their eagerness to see

The Kicker Came Through

HE wrote me a real disagreeable letter. I was a bluffer and he didn't believe over two million men used Mennen Shaving Cream, and I made him tired, and he used some other kind of soap and liked it and I needn't think I could fool him because he was from foreign parts and didn't have an American's love of being humbugged, and I could keep my demonstrator tube and he would keep his 15 cents and he wouldn't waste three minutes working up my blamed old lather and he didn't like me anyway and hoped he had made me real mad 'n' everything.

He was absolutely off me.

So, just to be a sport, I sent him a demonstrator for nothing.

That man has two natures—sort of a Jekyll-Hyde combination. In about three weeks he wrote me a speech of acceptance that brought tears to my eyes, it was so beautiful.

It started mildly—said he liked Mennen's very much—and even stood for the three-minute lather, it made subsequent operations so much quicker. Then he warmed up and said it worked like a charm and results were blissful and it was great and if two million men didn't use Mennen's there were more fools in the world than he had credited to it.

Then for good measure he said Mennen Talcum for Men was the finest stuff for after shaving he ever tried.

He was so absolutely hardboiled at the start that I am convinced that almost any man would become a Mennen addict if he would only try it.

So here's an offer—I will present a demonstrator tube free to anyone who will write me a thoroughly mean letter expressing in unequivocal language a total lack of faith in me and in all my works, including Mennen Shaving Cream.

Good fellows must still come across with the usual 15 cents.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.

Your Conklin is as Convenient as Running Water

YOU WOULDN'T THINK of carrying water from a well to your home every day—then why dip a pen into an ink well every time you want to write a sentence?

Buy a Conklin and see what a difference it makes. Just notice how *friendly* you'll feel towards writing. Your dealer carries a large assortment of Conklin Pens. He will show you the one that exactly suits your hand and style of writing—that *feels friendly* to you.

Your Conklin will always write the instant the point touches the paper. It will write freely and smoothly without blotting, leaking or scratching.

There's another Conklin feature you'll like—the Crescent Filler. There are no springs, pivots or levers to get out of order. One finger pressure on the Crescent and the pen is filled fully and perfectly.

Every Conklin Crescent Filler Fountain Pen is guaranteed during its entire life against any defect in materials or workmanship. Conklin prices are uniform all over the United States at leading stationery, jewelry, drug and department stores. Prices—$2.50 and up. Canadian prices, 50 cents additional.

The Conklin—the most thoughtful of Christmas gifts.

THE CONKLIN PEN MFG. CO., Toledo, Ohio

Boston, 59 Temple Place — San Francisco, 577 Market Street — Chicago, 1405 Lytton Building

Buy today, from leading dealers, a Conklin Pencil. $1.50 and up

the new freedom. They see the same old towns and the same old buildings and—worst jolt of all—the same old officials, in many cases, who ran things under Austro-Hungarian rule. There are the same landlords and merchants and usurers to take the money of the peasants; and prices, instead of staying where they should have stayed, are the only things in sight that have shown any freedom in their movements. They have ascended miles in the air.

A highly educated Slovak who had been the editor of a Slovak newspaper in America for eighteen years commented on the situation frankly.

"The Slovak who comes back," said he, "finds these same old wrongs in existence and longs to right them. He longs to rid his country of the landlords and the usurers; he longs to break them over his knee; but he hasn't the endurance to stick it out. Disappointed, he looks for the first hole in the wall, and when he finds it he crawls through and goes back to America."

The capital of Slovakia is the one-time capital of Hungary, which appears on the maps as Presburg, was known to the Hungarians as Pozsony, and is now called Bratislava by the Czechoslovaks. It narrowly escaped being named Wilsonova Mesta, which is Czechish for Wilsonville; and passports are said to have been issued by the Czechs late in 1918 that bore Wilsonova Mesta as the new name of Presburg. I set out from Presburg late in the winter of 1919-20 in company with an ethnologist. I was hunting returned immigrants and he was hunting ethnols or whatever it is that an ethnologist hunts for. We rode over the top of the Little Carpathian Mountains, which, in spite of their imposing name, are about as imposing at this point as a series of golf bunkers, and past a peculiar cone-shaped mound which is known locally as the burial place of Attila the Hun—though all reputable histories declare emphatically that the location of Attila's grave is not known. Just beyond the mound we came to the village of Neu-Theben, where the ethnologist made a discovery that promised to cause as much noise in ethnological circles as did the discovery of gunpowder in chemical circles. This discovery was nothing more nor less than the fact that Neu-Theben was a Croat village. The ethnologist got so worked up over it that he almost fell down in a fit. It meant nothing to the chauffeur or to the interpreter or to me; but he kept roaring and shouting and exclaiming about his discovery with much more delight and self-congratulation than Columbus displayed when he discovered America. It developed that the Croats live hundreds of miles south, on the opposite side of Austria and Hungary, and that to find a Croat village in Slovakia was as strange and unaccountable a thing to the ethnologist as finding a village of Martians in the center of Jersey City. He is going to tell people about it and brag about it for the rest of his life, and write books and pamphlets and monographs on the subject; and there are going to be many occasions when his wife, listening to the story for the nine or eleven thousandth time, will wish passionately that the Croats had never been croated, as one might say.

Doing Nothing Fluently

There were several men in Neu-Theben who had just come back from America. A small boy with an American penny attached to the front of his cap led me to a pair of them. They were engaged in doing nothing with great fluency, and they willingly told me the most intimate details of their lives. Both had worked in Cleveland automobile factories; both had gone alone to America because their wives had refused to make the trip; and both were very dissatisfied with conditions in Slovakia. One had brought back $800 intending to buy a farm; but he found that decent land cost from $100 to $120 an acre in American money, so that he couldn't afford to get what he wanted. Food prices were terribly high, he complained, and the cost of clothes was prohibitive. Wages were low in comparison, and if a workman wanted to get enough money to buy a hat, for instance, he would have to work two weeks to get it. Both men had taken out their first papers, but had never become citizens.

I asked them how they had come to take out their first papers, and they replied that their bosses in their respective factories, just after America entered the war, had thought it best that they do so to avoid getting into trouble. Not a word of love for America did they utter, and not a sign of having absorbed a single American ideal did they show. They weren't even sure whether or not they wanted to go back.

The average Slovak who has returned from America, however, wants to go back because he likes America better than Czechoslovakia, and because his visit to his old home makes him realize for the first time the many advantages that America had offered him. Many Slovaks admitted that to me. It wasn't until they got back to Slovakia that they knew that America had done anything for them. The only thing that took them to America originally, and the only thing that occupied their minds while they were there, was getting the money.

Beyond the Slovaks, in the extreme toe of the Czechoslovak sneaker, live the Rusins; and the Rusins are below the Slovaks in intelligence and living standards. They are Slavs and a part of the Czechoslovak nation, however—though both the Czechs and the Slovaks hope to give the Rusins a brisk kick one of these days and propel them blithely to somebody else's back. The Rusins are the same people as the Ruthenians or Russniaks who live in southeastern Poland and in southwestern Russia; but the lofty slopes of the Carpathians separate the Rusins and the Ruthenes so that they can't get together. In our immigration statistics, nevertheless, they are lumped with each other as Russniaks, and in 1914 nearly 37,000 Russniaks emigrated to America.

Rusin Living Conditions

Rusinia is a mountainous country, and the ignorance and backwardness of most of its inhabitants are the ignorance and backwardness of the mountaineer plus most of the unpleasant features of the Slav. They live in huts made of plaster or of stone and with thatched roofs. The people live in one half of the huts, and in the other half live the cows and livestock. As in many of the poorer Slav countries, the houses have no chimneys and no fireplaces. The heating and cooking are accomplished by means of a raised homemade stove. Under and round the stove, on a dirt floor, sleep the inhabitants. The smoke pours out of the stove freely, but has no means of getting out of the house. Consequently the people live in a haze of smoke. After a Rusin has succeeded in living over forty years in this atmosphere he is little else but an animated smoke-dried ham. Almost everybody has some sort of eye trouble on account of the smoke in which he lives. Three generations of people are frequently crammed into one room of the average peasant's hut.

Put twelve, sixteen and eighteen people of different ages and sexes into one small room and let them live their entire lives in it, and none of them are mentally, physically or spiritually elevated to any marked degree. Yet those are the conditions under which eighty per cent of the Rusins have been living ever since they began rusing, as one might say. Their home life is complicated by the presence of the cow stall under the same roof, and by the fact that the pigs, goats and chickens wander into the living room at nightfall and nestle down among the sleepers for their night's rest. The cow usually stands deep in mire, and the odor that emerges from a Rusin peasant's home is so strong that a grown man can almost chin himself on it.

In a preceding article I told the peculiar manner in which the state of Rusinia was formed and an alliance with Czechoslovakia effected, not through the efforts and desires of the Rusins in Rusinia, but through the representations which Rusins in America made to the peace conference. Having made their homeland free, a large percentage of the Rusins in America are anxious to go back to Rusinia to live. Since many of them live in the meanest and most frugal way in America, devoting themselves exclusively to saving money, it is not at all unusual for a Rusin to come back with 5000 American dollars in his pockets. When I was in Czechoslovakia $5000 meant 400,000 Czechoslovak crowns; and in prewar times that amount of money would have meant that its possessor could be a land baron. Most of the immigrants seem to figure in prewar prices, and it always proves to be a crushing mistake. To-day, however, 400,000 crowns doesn't go very far in Rusinia. A horse used to

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A day seldom passes without affording beneficial uses for Listerine

Listerine for Artificial Dentures

That unpleasant taste so familiar to those who have bridge work or artificial dentures is caused by an accumulation of mucus.

This mucus is a natural culture bed for bacteria.

A Listerine mouthwash removes the distasteful mucus and tends to prevent the development of bacteria.

As a further precaution artificial dentures should be placed at night in a glass containing Listerine and water.

Besides promoting oral hygiene Listerine is also a useful antiseptic dressing for cuts, scratches and skin abrasions. When used immediately it guards against infection.

It is wise to keep Listerine always in the home.

Manufactured only by
LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

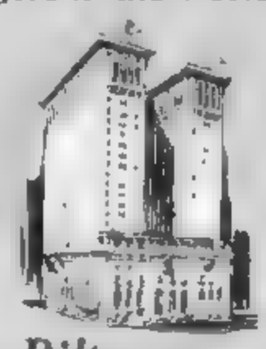
LISTERINE

the safe antiseptic

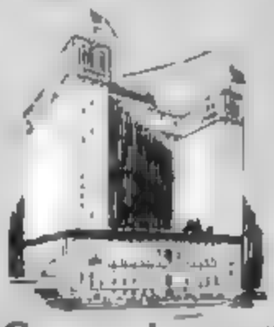
The World Famous Hotels of Pershing Square New York

JOHN McE. BOWMAN, *President*

All the amazing interests and luxuries of 20th Century hotel life centre in Pershing Square, New York. Each hotel an Aladdin's palace of comfort, convenience and pleasure—assured by the combined efforts of a group of the best hotel managers in the world.



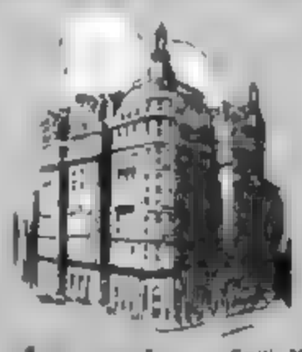
The Biltmore
Adjoins the Grand Central Terminal



Hotel Commodore GEO W. SWEENEY VICE-PRES
Grand Central Terminal
"Get off the Train and Turn to the Left"

The Belmont JAMES WOODS VICE-PRES
Opposite Grand Central Terminal

PLAN OF PROPOSED NEW BUILDING
Murray Hill Hotel JAMES WOODS VICE-PRES
A Short Block from the Station



The Ansonia EDW. M. TIERNEY VICE PRES
Broadway at 73rd St.
In the Riverside residential section

PERSHING SQUARE HOTELS
NEW YORK

(Concluded from Page 66)

cost 200 crowns. Now it costs 25,000 crowns. A good two-story farmhouse of the best class used to sell for round 3000 crowns, but now it costs 200,000 crowns. Shoes which used to cost five crowns now cost 250 crowns. So the man who comes back with 5000 American dollars finds that they don't go nearly so far as they used to go, in spite of the more advantageous exchange rates.

The officials in Rusinia, as in Slovakia, are the same old autocratic officials who were in power when the emigrants went away before the war. The officials can't be replaced because there aren't enough educated and trustworthy Rusins with whom to replace them. This is a distinct bore to the emigrants, who had expected to boss things on their return. They can't accustom themselves to the bad food conditions that have resulted from the Russian invasion, the invasion by the Hungarian Bolsheviks and the Czech occupation, coupled with the inability of the Czech Government to distribute food to the hungry sections. They can't adjust themselves to the dirt and the squalor. They want to turn right round and go back to America again.

Rusin officials have told me that it is their genuine opinion that every Rusin, whether or not he has ever been to America, wishes to go there.

There was a widespread belief through Central Europe last winter that the United States had forbidden all immigration for a number of years. This belief was particularly prevalent in Rusinia and parts of Slovakia. In spite of this, the American consulate in Prague early in 1920 was being deluged with applications for permissions to go. A little matter of 1200 to 1500 people each month were pestering the consul to find out when they could go and how they could go and where they could go. There is only one American consulate in all Czechoslovakia, and that is in Prague—a twenty-four-hour trip from the sections of Czechoslovakia from which our greatest immigration comes. During the winter and spring of 1920, therefore, the would-be emigrants, seventy per cent of whom were coming from Slovakia, were traveling all the way to Prague, bringing with them their household belongings and bagfuls of supplies. The three big railway stations in Prague—Masaryk station, Denny station and Wilson station—were crowded with prospective emigrants, who were camping out on the floor. The bulk of them will adhere in America to their old mode of life unless they are practically forced to live otherwise. As in Triest, Naples, Rome, Palermo, Warsaw, Belgrad and every other city from which the flood of emigrants is beginning to pour toward the United States, the American consulate in Prague is being swamped under the passport regulations. Czechoslovakia is a country of great potentialities and of great interest to American business men; but the Prague consulate is so busy attending to emigrants or prospective emigrants that it has almost no time at all to devote to American business interests—and that, as I have remarked before, is the chief reason for the existence of American consulates. In addition to the consulate at Prague there should be three other consulates in Czechoslovakia equipped to handle emigrants, to spot undesirables and to turn back those who are not physically or mentally qualified to pass our immigration requirements, before they have an opportunity to leave the country. There should be one at Gablonz, the industrial city in northwestern Bohemia, where the glass beads come from; one at Reichenberg, another large industrial center, in northeastern Bohemia; and one at Presburg, the capital of Slovakia.

Every forward step which this country has taken to protect itself from the evils of immigration has been bitterly fought by various classes of people who consider their personal interests or the interests of some foreign country before they consider the interests of America. There was an ear-splitting shriek of protest when paupers and criminals were excluded. There was a howl when contract labor was debarred. There was weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth when certain diseased classes were excluded. There has been a constant fight against the deportation of undesirables. All these reforms have unquestionably been of great benefit. There was a tremendous fight against the literacy test, which was proposed as a means of cutting down the great numbers of immigrants that had been pouring in between 1904 and 1914. The literacy test is now a law. The numbers of immigrants who are going to come in are going to be smaller than they would be if there were no literacy test, but far larger than they were between 1904 and 1914. In other words, there must be other restrictive measures.

There will be the same old fight against any further restrictions of immigration from the sentimentalists and the people who put America second. There will also be a determined stand against certain improvements that must be made before the immigrants get the even break and the square deal they are supposed to get. Inspectors of the United States immigration service must be stationed on every immigrant-carrying steamship. Foreign settlements and tenement houses must have rigid government supervision. Immigrants must be brought in contact with American ideals and ideas, and they must be properly distributed over the country instead of being allowed to throw themselves into the foul, congested, anarchy-breeding, anti-American slums—slums that reproduce too faithfully the European conditions they have just left, and into which they sink naturally.

The remedy for practically every one of these ills lies ready-made to our hands. If the Government of the United States were to employ the great training camps of the country—camps that now are of no use to the nation or to any individual—as training camps for newly arrived immigrants, it would start them on the road to Americanization more effectively than would ever have been possible before the war. Instructors in the camps during the war invented a new system of teaching English and demonstrated that detachments of illiterate foreigners could be taught to speak more English in six days than they had learned to speak by their own efforts in six years.

By shipping immigrants direct to the camps they could not be exploited. Undesirables could be detected and investigated. In the camps they could be taught cleanliness, and shown what America stands for. And from the camps they could be distributed more easily and effectively than was ever believed possible. America's immigration problem is the greatest problem that any nation ever faced. She can either solve it neatly and expeditiously or she can let it go on making her nervous and restless, and causing her to lose sleep and income and security.

You're an American. What do you think she ought to do?

Château of Josselin, Brittany

THE PORT OF MISSING MEN

The JORDAN Playboy

Somewhere far beyond the place where men and motors race through canyons of the town—there lies the Port of Missing Men. It may be in the valley of our dreams of youth, or on the heights of future happy days.

Go there in November when the logs are blazing in the grate. Go there in a Jordan Playboy if you love the spirit of youth. Escape the drab of dull winter's coming—leave the roar of city streets and spend an hour in Eldorado.

The Jordan Playboy—garbed in Arabian red or in the plumage of the Bluebird, with gleaming ivory wheels—will make you really happy as you go.

Balanced as a fine motor car must be—light and economical as your good judgment requires—distinctive as a car of personality can be—the Jordan Playboy is a fit companion for all Americans who dare never to grow old.

The lightest on the road for its wheelbase—with a national economy record of 24.1 miles per gallon—this style leader among the motor cars commands attention by its gratifying ease and commands respect by economy that is rare.

JORDAN

JORDAN MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Inc., *Cleveland, Ohio*

Auto-Lite

Starting, Lighting & Ignition

THE intrinsic worth of Auto-Lite is known by the way it so faithfully performs its triple task of starting, lighting and ignition, on the most representative makes of cars.

More than two million is the number of owners of Auto-Lite equipped cars. What more striking evidence could there be of the public's unqualified endorsement of the quality of Auto-Lite?

OFFICE AND WORKS
TOLEDO, OHIO

ELECTRIC AUTO-LITE CORPORATION
Willys Light Division of Electric Auto-Lite Corporation. Manufacturers of Electric Light and Power Plants for Farms, Etc.

DETROIT SALES OFFICE
1507 KRESGE BLDG.

WHAT BECOMES OF A WHISKY SALESMAN

(Continued from Page 21)

Toward noon I turned down Broadway and dropped in at a club, my favorite loafing place.

"Well, Jerry, what's the latest dope on prohibition?" someone shouted at me. "Any hope for a change?"

"I'm not interested in prohibition," I replied. My friend looked astonished. "I'm through with liquor. You people who think the business will ever come back are simply kidding yourselves. I am a truck salesman."

During luncheon they joshed me unmercifully by asking technical questions about trucks and blackguarding the make that I was going to sell. I took it all good-naturedly, of course, but I was embarrassed and self-conscious. I didn't know whether they knew anything about trucks or were just trying to get my goat. Maybe I had pulled a bloomer.

"As long as you know so much about trucks," I finally shot across the table, "suppose you tell me somebody who wants to buy one."

"What kind of truck are you selling?" inquired a quiet little man who had just been introduced to the party.

"I'm selling the best four and two ton truck in the world."

Learning the Game

"How do you know they are the best?"

"Why, because I am selling them," I declared. He smiled. "And another thing," I added, taking a long chance, "our two-ton truck is a wonder. By far the best to buy. I was standing in Columbus Circle this morning and saw one of them sneak through the whole line of jammed-up cars and get away. Now you know that driver delivered his goods quicker than the others—all because he had a nice light truck, easy to handle. Speed like that means a lot in business. What line are you in?"

"I'm in the coal business," he said. A wet blanket enveloped me. I had been a smart Aleck. "But," he added, after enjoying my discomfiture for a moment, "I know a man in the fish-and-oyster business who is thinking of buying a truck."

"Would you give me a letter of introduction?"

"Surely. But I don't think you need it. He is a member of this club."

I went right down to see that man. He really was an acquaintance, but unfortunately he had already made his purchase. The rest of my afternoon was fruitless. I could find nobody who wanted a truck. I was a little disheartened. Selling whisky, always considered hard sledding, had been easy compared to this.

I showed up at the main office early the next morning and related my experience.

"You couldn't sell a truck that way," the manager explained to me. "That fish-and-oyster dealer would not have been your meat anyway. He has been listed as a prospect for two months. Two of our salesmen had seen him several times. Even then a competitor, according to your report, grabbed him.

"Now," he went on, "I didn't intend you to start in to work yesterday. I merely wanted you to have a chance to think it over. Here is a list of prospects. You can start in by seeing them. But, first of all, you'd better hang round downstairs and learn something about the mechanics of trucks. The demonstrator down there will teach you a lot. Just sit round and listen to what he says to customers. Naturally you must know the advantage that our truck has over competitors'."

"Yours—ours—really is the best truck?" I asked.

"Certainly it is," he said, and he meant it. "There is really no comparison. Now, take the rear end, for instance. You see," and so on.

If the manager could get that enthusiastic I certainly could. I went right downstairs and listened to the demonstrator. I asked so many questions that at first he thought me a customer. I was sorry when he found out differently. His explanations to me as a salesman lacked the enthusiasm he threw in when talking to a prospect. After a while I walked down the street to get the ideas of a competing demonstrator. That fellow was the original Breeze Kid.

I noted that occasionally a prospective customer would tire of the glibness and walk away. The facial expression was not pleasant. That gave me an idea.

I remembered a friend in the garage business; I used to keep my car at his place. I knew that he often bought and sold trucks of all kinds. I called on him.

"Say, Henry," I asked, "what is the most objectionable thing you find in a truck salesman when one comes to see you?"

He looked at me curiously. Eventually I made it clear to him just what I wanted to know.

"Well," he said, "the fellow who gets my goat the quickest is the man who comes round here and begins to tell me over and over again just why his truck is better than any other truck in the world, and that no other machine is any good. I'm no dumbbell. I've been in this business for ten years. I buy and sell machines of all kinds and naturally know something. The spilling of all that bunk stuff simply makes me out a fool. I get rid of him as soon as I can. Nobody likes for you to make him think he's a numskull. That kind of salesman is the worst pest I know. He doesn't get the business, either. I like them to ask me a question occasionally. Believe me, I could put them wise to a few things, too."

I told my garage friend that I was going to sell trucks. He then gave me some genuine advice and a lot of information—pointed out some needed improvements in my machine as in all the others. On the whole, though, he was fair. And he had a lot of common sense.

"All trucks have got good points," he said. "Otherwise they could not keep on selling them. Much of it depends upon the driver. A good careful driver can make most any standard truck give good service. A bad one—banjo pickers, we call them—will ruin a ten-thousand-dollar truck just as quick as a four-thousand-dollar one. The smartest thing your concern ever did was to make the seat as comfortable as possible for the driver. Others have now caught the idea that his comfort counts a lot in the way he treats a truck.

"Then," he added, "there are a lot of people who like a certain kind of truck or automobile simply because it is the only one they ever saw work. They are the tough birds to change. I saw a fellow in here last week who said he wouldn't have a self-starter on his car. Can you beat that? He was that way simply because his old car, the only one he had ever run, didn't have a self-starter."

Jerry's First Sale

In a few days I felt well enough equipped to tackle my first prospect, a cagy old leather merchant, and my rapid-fire course in mechanics didn't help much, either.

"What truck have you got?" he snapped at me, right off the reel.

"A rattling good one," I snapped back, trying to ring in the old joke about the flivver.

I looked out of the corner of my eye to see if he got it. He did get it and smiled. That smile was worth a week's pay to me.

"Well, I'll say you have not started out boosting," he remarked, and offered me a cigar—a good one.

"I don't know how to boost it," I confessed to him. "You see, I'm a whisky salesman at heart. I can tell you the best whisky in the world."

"No, you can't. Because you'd have to prove it."

I made it plain that I appreciated that one, and we exchanged a couple of stories.

"But this truck of yours—what is it?" he asked.

I told him, and pulled out my little bundle of papers, showing with diagrams and a lot of little dotted lines exactly where our truck could make the competitors' look foolish. The only thing I could remember definitely was that it had a wonderful rear end. I followed directions and exhibited the printed slips, but I never had much faith in diagrams; in fact, I never could understand them.

"Say, honestly, this is a good truck," I finally declared, shoving aside the convincing documents. "I know it's a good truck because I'm selling it, just as you know that you've got the best leather business. Personally I don't know a darn thing about the inside works of a truck. But I know they'll give you service."

He had told me that he was a member of a lodge of which I was a member back in Baltimore.

"What I tell you wouldn't make much difference, anyway," I progressed. "But here are three men you know," I added, picking up the telephone directory. "They are in business and use a lot of trucks. They also use ours. I don't believe they would deceive you, and you don't believe it, either. Suppose you call them up on the phone and find out from them personally how much service they have got out of our trucks. If the truck is no good they'll tell you, and if that be the case I'd like to know it. I certainly don't want to be selling a bum truck. Let me know what you hear, will you?"

"What kind of terms do you make?"

There is where my whisky salesmanship came in. I had learned to judge men. I always gave credit on the way I sized a man up, and my firm stood for it. Very few times have I been stung. I did not know what my firm would think of this audacity, but I took a chance. If necessary I'd have to stand responsible.

"Make your own terms," I told him. "I can see you'll be in business as long as the X—— Motor Truck Company."

"Say, before you go," he said as I rose, "talking about old-time business, I must tell you one about a young fellow"—and so on.

I listened to three good ones. Now don't think I am boasting, but I give you my word when I left the old fellow called me Jerry.

Two days later I walked into the manager's office with the proud information that I had sold a truck for cash. I had earned round two hundred dollars.

The Hundred-to-One Shots

"That's fine," he said, "but don't get too sanguine. By the way, you'd better go down and get your weekly allowance. It's fifty dollars, you know."

"But I don't want any allowance," I protested.

"Can't do that," he said firmly. "Every salesman gets an allowance of fifty dollars a week. If his commissions exceed that we deduct the fifty dollars. The idea is for every salesman to have running expenses."

I had to laugh. I also had to take the money. Can you imagine me with a twenty-five-hundred-dollars-a-year apartment on my hands living on fifty dollars a week, in case I didn't make a sale?

A few days later I was sitting in the office when there came a telephone message from a merchant who said he wanted to buy a truck. I wanted to jump at it, but managed to keep quiet.

"That's what we'd call a hundred-to-one shot a long chance," the boss explained. "You've got about as much chance of selling that fellow as you have of being governor the next election."

Then I learned a rather odd thing. It seems that a prompt sale seldom is made to a man who telephones or writes that he is in the market for a truck. He usually writes scores of such letters and has his place cluttered up with salesmen for weeks. He finally gets so confused and undecided that often he winds up by deciding to wait another year.

"Of course," said the manager, "we present our case to them, but for a single salesman they are hardly worth going after. To make real sales you've got to dig up your own customers."

As the days went by I realized that the manager was right in warning me against getting too enthusiastic and cocksure over my first sale. Business was slow after that. I could talk them up to the dotted line, but, to save my life, it seemed, I could not make them sign. For a month I was lucky to earn the retaining fee of fifty dollars a week.

The commissions of truck salesmen are on a sliding scale. The more one sells the bigger the commission. Up to $4000, for instance, a five per cent commission is paid. If a salesman goes up to $10,000 he gets as high as ten per cent.

As I progressed in learning the tricks of the trade I discovered myself gradually falling away from my old associations of the whisky days. In my new business they did not talk the same language, and I was surprised to find more interest in the new

(Concluded on Page 73)

LONDON DUPLEX

PELTERS

Reversible Leather Coats

In the Shelter of a Pelter

You can drive your motor car

Through the rain storms helter-skelter,
Through the winter snows that welter,
Drive it hard and drive it far;
Yet, behind the steering wheel
You'll be snug and warm, you'll feel
Comfy in all sorts of weather;
Pelter Coats are made, you see,
Out of Gabardine and leather.
That's the secret, that's the key
To their versatilitee;
Leather for the cold and dust,
Gabardine for snow and wet,
It's a coat that you can trust.
And—that isn't all you get
In a Pelter.
It gives shelter,
But it offers snap and vim,
Makes your figure svelte and trim,
Adds distinction, and subtracts
From your years that's how it acts;
Multiplies your joys intense
And divides your clothes-expense.
If you'd learn exactly how,
Get a Pelter—do it Now!

[illegible] Look for [illegible]

International Duplex Coat Co.

Pioneer Makers of Leather Coats

114-116 Fifth Avenue New York City

Mr. and Mrs. Pedestrian!

Look out for cars without—

WEED Tire Chains

BE VERY CAREFUL whenever you cross a slippery street in front of oncoming motor cars.

Pedestrians take it for granted that all drivers have their motor cars under perfect control and can make quick stops whenever necessary and under all circumstances.

The speed of a vehicle moving toward you is very deceiving. If the driver happens to be one of those careless fellows who so often take chances without Weed Tire Chains, you are likely to be run down. Such a type of driver is powerless to stop in an emergency. He can apply the brakes—yes—but the car will continue its forward momentum or skid over into the curb—one never knows just where it's going to land.

When you consider that motor car accidents occur *even on dry streets*, you must appreciate how extreme is the danger of crossing before cars operating on wet and slippery streets without Weed Tire Chains.

Suppose you slipped on the greasy pavement or stumbled in front of one of those chainless cars. In such event the chances are a hundred to one that *the most skillful driver* would not be able to save you.

When ALL motor vehicle drivers "Put on Weed Tire Chains whenever it rains" and use discretion in the manipulation of clutch, brakes and steering wheel to assist in meeting the uncertain surface conditions, then accidents under such conditions will practically cease to happen.

American Chain Company, Incorporated

BRIDGEPORT CONNECTICUT

In Canada: Dominion Chain Company, Limited, Niagara Falls, Ontario

Largest Chain Manufacturers in the World

The Complete Chain Line—All Types, All Sizes, All Finishes—From Plumbers' Safety Chain to Ships' Anchor Chain

GENERAL SALES OFFICE: Grand Central Terminal, New York City

DISTRICT SALES OFFICES:

Boston Chicago Philadelphia Pittsburg Portland, Ore. San Francisco

(Concluded from Page 71)

association than in the old. Getting away from the whisky business—the lure of it, I mean—was not so hard as I had steeled myself to expect. Financially it was harder, of course. I spent more of my spare time studying the younger men. They had not seen the side of life that I had and their viewpoint was very interesting. I found among them the same failing that I had noticed in young whisky salesmen—they did not read a great deal. Many of them merely lived from one sale to the next.

After many talks with the manager and with the more experienced salesmen I was convinced that a salesman has to build up his own business by the use of his own imagination. There is no set rule that can be followed successfully. I saw my success would have to be based on individuality. I would have to lay a foundation for future business, not merely work to keep myself in money for current expenses.

Most of the suggestions I received as to schemes that I might work were useless. After three months of a discouraging struggle I saw very clearly that the whole thing was summed up in one word—acquaintance. It was just the same as in the whisky business. I made up my mind to discard inconsequential details and again center my efforts in that direction. Following up prospects, after all, was but a catchpenny way of making a living. I discovered it was futile to expect any help from my old associates now out of business. They also were looking for something new.

Creating New Business

I began to work out my new idea by studying the business sections of the newspapers. It had occurred to me often that the candy business was bound to be a fertile field. I kept my eye on that, and finally noticed the announcement of the organization of a candy concern that was to operate on a large scale. I made inquiries the next day of a Seltzer water and soft-drink manufacturer that I had known in the old days. He gave me the address of the candy company and a note of introduction.

To my surprise I found the managing head of this big candy concern a woman. And, believe me, I could not tell her anything about trucks. She does all the purchasing and knows her business from a grease cup on the rear axle to radiators that are made so as to keep the heat away from the driver. She was not ready to make her purchases for some time but promised to consider me. I had sense enough not to be insistent. That woman buys trucks by the dozen. I know from the prompt way in which she put down the memorandum that I will get my chance. She told me she would buy machines of several makes and would determine for herself which gave the best service.

I reported this lead and the manager appeared pleased. He made the observation that I appeared to be going after big business.

In the meantime I sold a truck to a merchant who made the purchase for the simple reason that a competing salesman had talked too much—had knocked our machine so much and without apparent cause that the merchant became sympathetic to us. He ordered the man out and bought our goods. Remembering what my old garage friend had told me, I took no credit for making the sale. The competing salesman by insulting the merchant's intelligence had made the sale for us.

Returning to my newspapers at night I came to the conclusion that, with everybody buying new homes, the furniture dealers might furnish a good field. I remembered a prominent furniture dealer who had been present at a party one night when we met some distinguished public men. I called at his office and he was surprised to learn that I had shifted from whisky to the truck business.

"I don't need any trucks, of course," he said. "But some of my friends may. You know I am a member of the association."

"Have you a list of the members?" I asked quickly.

"Sure, I have. I think I can give you a hand in your new work." He reached to a pigeonhole in his desk. "Here," he said, "is a full list of the association members and their addresses. You may call on them if you like, and mention my name by way of introduction. They are all good fellows."

Building on Broad Foundations

Here was a real chance to increase my acquaintance. I lost no time in going at it. It took a long time, but I have called on almost every one of the hundred dealers, just for the purpose of making myself known. I did not try very hard on this first trip to make any sales. I promised to call again—when I considered it proper to get down to cases and talk business.

Already I am getting nibbles from that series of visits. I am now getting ready to make the social acquaintance of another association of dealers—but I'd better not tip off all my plans, I guess. Several of the new business acquaintances have told me that it is a big advantage to them as well as myself to have a salesman with whom they can go over the matter in a quiet sensible way. So far I have three associations that I look upon as future friends.

In other words, the light is breaking ahead and I am beginning to get along. My sales are getting bigger every week.

When, making no attempt at secrecy, I told the manager about the big business men with whom I had established social acquaintance in an effort to push our truck to the front and showed him my list of future appointments he seemed surprised that I had not kept this to myself.

"Jerry," he said, "hereafter the fifty dollars a week will not be deducted from your commissions. You will be paid that whether you sell anything or not."

"But ——" I started to protest.

"Never mind about that," he interrupted. "I know what I am doing. I can see that you are a business man, whether the business be whisky or trucks. You are loyal. You are building up future business for the company—not necessarily for yourself. You see, even if you should get discouraged and quit we shall have got the benefit of your future plans. And," he added, "we propose to pay our share. But don't worry. You are well on the way to success."

Now I claim that ought to make a man feel good—a man whose friends feared that after years in the whisky business he would go down and out with the traffic.

The transition is now complete. In my new work I am happy to-day. I am much younger than when I first heard of the Volstead Enforcement Act.

GIRARD

Never gets on your nerves

And there's a size to fit every mood and place.

You want the "Merchant" size for a light, after-breakfast smoke or on your ride down town. The "Broker" is just the smoke for office hours—a mellow influence to smooth the rough edges of business routine and leave you keen for the knottiest problems. The "Educator" is the big, satisfying after-dinner size—a royal smoke to offer to a friend.

And in every size you have the mild, ripe Havana quality and flavor which make Girard America's foremost cigar.

Sold by progressive dealers everywhere.

Antonio Roig & Langsdorf, Philadelphia
Established 49 years

You can get the "Broker" or "Merchant" foil wrapped if you choose, which keeps them in perfect shape and condition to carry in the pocket, while the "Educator," packed fifty in its handsome enamel canister, cedar lined and moisture-proof, makes the ideal outfit for office desk or home.

THE PEACOCK THRONE

(Continued from Page 32)

expense enormously. For the rest the company employs something like ten thousand workers, for whom it supplies a hospital, nurses and free dispensary service, and, as the east goes, fair wages. This oil business is a stake that Great Britain cannot afford to lose. Hence the chief commercial reason for the Anglo-Persian agreement.

The terms of the agreement have been sufficiently aired. It abolishes the Russian and British spheres of influence marked out in 1907. It gives a loan of two million pounds sterling at seven per cent to run for twenty years and to be secured upon Persian customs revenues. It undertakes to provide, at Persia's expense, expert advisers to help build up the country. It agrees to reorganize the Persian military forces and to revise the tariff. It very explicitly states that the independence of Persia will be respected. It also agrees to support Persia in her claims for war indemnity and for certain rectifications of her frontier. The public that follows world affairs closely is familiar with the criticism that followed in American, British and Continental journals, and which asked some pretty pointed questions. Why were the negotiations leading up to this agreement made so quietly? Why had not the Persian parliament, or Medjliss, ratified the agreement? The Manchester Guardian spoke of the agreement as a veiled protectorate. On the other hand there was much approval of the arrangements in certain newspapers.

As to the Persians themselves, whose opinions would seem to be of the most importance in the matter, they differed, as they do on every question under the sun. The rich who followed the Shah were for it; the rich who had been under the protection

Is Belber too particular about the Belber name?

HOW long do you suppose the confidence the public has in Belber Luggage would last, if Belber skimped on quality—even *occasionally?*

It is getting so that mere cheapness, unsupported by any other appeal, is losing what attraction it ever might have had to the user of Luggage.

People want to know what stands back of low prices.

There never was a time when the Belber name and the consistent quality construction it represents were so much in demand by forward-looking merchants.

Merchants who want you to know that the Belber Bag, the Belber Suit-Case, the Belber Wardrobe Trunk they offer you are *right* in quality and reasonable in price—and go out of their way to see that you get your money's worth.

Thirty years of the highest principles ever known to the Luggage business stand back of every piece of Belber Traveling Goods—safeguarding yourself and your Belber merchant.

Is it any wonder that Belber guards its good name so vigilantly? Or that the better class stores in town not only feature Belber merchandise but also call your attention to the fact that it is marked Belber?

Ask to see the line of *Belber* Traveling Goods.

If you do not know the nearest Belber dealer, write us for his name

THE BELBER TRUNK & BAG COMPANY

The largest manufacturers of high grade Wardrobe Trunks, Trunks, Bags and Suit-Cases in the world

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of the Russians were against it. Some of the newly risen educated classes were for it, some unswervingly against it. And some were for it if the Medjliss were called to ratify it. As statistics are the hardest thing to come at in Persia—except rapid travel—it is impossible to give real percentages as to those for and against the agreement.

One thing is certain—the bulk of the people, whom such an agreement is bound to affect, were too weakened by famine and poverty and the sweeping of armies over their territory to care what happened if only they could be allowed to live without too much misery.

The agreement is already an accomplished fact; it has begun to work. My own impressions are that some of the Persians are beginning to accept it. Others are standing off and watching. They remember that the Anglo-Russian agreement of 1907 guaranteed the independence of Persia, and that was as dust and ashes in their mouths. Will the present promise of independence mean as little? They realize that Great Britain is now no longer hampered by Russia's intentions, but still they prefer to wait. To judge the Britishers who are at work now and the Anglo-Persian agreement by the twilight glimmer of the Anglo-Russian convention would be grossly unfair. Anyone living in Persia as I am at present could scarcely fail to believe that Great Britain is actually making a new beginning. What one should go by is the character of the men who are taking part in affairs here on the spot. It is their attitude and their achievements which are counting and which will increasingly count.

For Persia is a country above all others which is managed along personal lines. What the civil government and administration become here, what the army becomes, depend entirely upon the character of the Persian officials and officers and of their British advisers.

England's Attitude

Great Britain has sent for her most important posts here not at all ordinary civil-service people who take up work in an outpost of empire or in a friendly state as a matter of a career or as their duty to the empire. Such men have often no special qualifications for their work beyond the wish to do their duty and to get on. But feeling the difficulties of the situation in Persia, Great Britain has chosen men who, more or less, have their hearts in Persia, who know the country or wish ardently to know it, who know the language and the people.

Over and over the British have said to me of Near-East relations, substantially this: "If you take things on the lowest ground, we don't want any more territory in the empire. We have all we can do to administer successfully what we already hold. Our stake is well known: the safety of India and a safe and sure route there. To that end, like other nations interested for reasons of their own, we must be sure of the Suez Canal, and therefore we need some sort of stable hold on Egypt. Likewise, we want a strong and friendly Persia. But we intend to give Egypt and Mesopotamia, who are dependent upon us, and Persia, who is allied with us, what you Americans call a square deal. Put it upon the lowest grounds again; if any European country tries in this day and hour to gobble another country, eastern or not, it couldn't be done. The temper of the times has changed. There are those who say that the League of Nations has failed; possibly so; but there is a spirit abroad in the world that is against land grabbing The masses of people the world over are impregnated with the idea of freedom, and they won't allow tamely any real theft of independence.

"Put the matter on higher grounds. Great Britain governs well; she has the reputation of being the best colonizer; she has the reputation of rearing up governing classes that carry on traditions of justice and incorruptibility. If she did a good job when there were certain dangers assailing the empire, why can she not do an even better job now that the dangers have disappeared? We mean to play a straight game in the Near East."

Of the British intentions in Persia, the British I have talked to here say something like this:

"Lord Curzon is right when he says that a British protectorate over Persia would have been inimical to British interests; that we could not have assumed the financial responsibility, which might ultimately be overwhelming. As a result of the war we have enough to do in the eastern world. We don't want and we don't intend to Anglicize Persia in any sense of the word. We don't deny that we need her friendship, since she is a neighbor to India. But it is to our interest that she should keep her independence and become an increasingly progressive country, able to look after her own frontiers without military assistance—we know who would have to give it if it were needed—and able to keep enemy countries from biting sections out of her as they have done for over a hundred years.

"But there is another and a higher side. We can't have had dealings with Persia for over a hundred years without having acquired a feeling of loyalty to her. These things count in England; old ties, old trade relations, the same Englishmen from father to son dealing with the same Persians from father to son for more than three generations. In Ispahan there are graves of Englishmen bearing seventeenth-century dates. We don't care to use the word sentiment, but there it is. Nor is it the sentiment of the ogre that wishes to swallow the princess. We like the Persians and we want to see them make their constitution a living organism; we want to see them put through reforms that will advance them to the front rank of eastern nations. We shall give Persia the expert assistance and the financial help that will enable her to develop as an independent and vital country, and this for her sake as well as ours."

Praise for Sir Percy Cox

The person in Persia whom I most wanted to hear talk about Persian affairs was Sir Percy Cox, the British minister, who also holds the position of High Commissioner in Mesopotamia. Sir Percy Cox began his career as a soldier in a Scottish regiment. Then he went to India in civil work, then to Africa, and next to the Persian Gulf, where he acted as political officer and consul for almost twenty years. When the war broke out, because of his knowledge of things Arabian and Persian, he was invaluable to his country. She rewarded him, as Great Britain rewards her best men just now, by overworking him, so to speak, giving him the post of British Minister to Persia, as well as High Commissioner in Mesopotamia.

Sir Percy is what one thinks of as a statesman of the old school—scholarly, detached, conservative, with a delicate sense of honor and a habit of fair play and of chivalry. He is very unobtrusive, very reserved, and yet I am sure that if one came into a room full of people in which he was, one would presently feel his personality, would ask who he was, and would expect to hear that he had made unusual achievements. From Basra to Teheran I have heard nothing but praise from the many who have spoken of him. The first person who mentioned him to me was an Arab chief. I asked him what kind of government he wanted in Persia, and he replied, "Sir Percy Coccus." The last person who spoke of him was the American Minister to Teheran, Mr. John Caldwell, who characterized Sir Percy as sensitive, upright, conscientious, and a hard worker, the very man to hold this present position in Persia. In speaking of the Anglo-Persian agreement, the British minister said: "An agreement like this depends for its value upon the good will with which it is undertaken by both sides. We have sincere intentions, for our part, of working it in the best interests of Persia and of everybody's foreign trade. We have no monopoly of anything in the agreement. We want the Belgians to stay, and the Swedes, so long as they are prepared to serve on equal terms. We have no intention of plastering the country with Englishmen, though, as you know, there are many demobilized at home who need work. All we want, since we are paying a good deal in men and money and trouble, is to be consulted."

There were two questions I wanted to ask the British minister. The first was why the agreement had been made in secret.

Sir Percy replied promptly and frankly: "Because Persia is full of political wirepullers. Every man of them wants to get something for himself. When this project was first proposed we had to proceed quietly to bring it off at all, otherwise there would have been endless pointless

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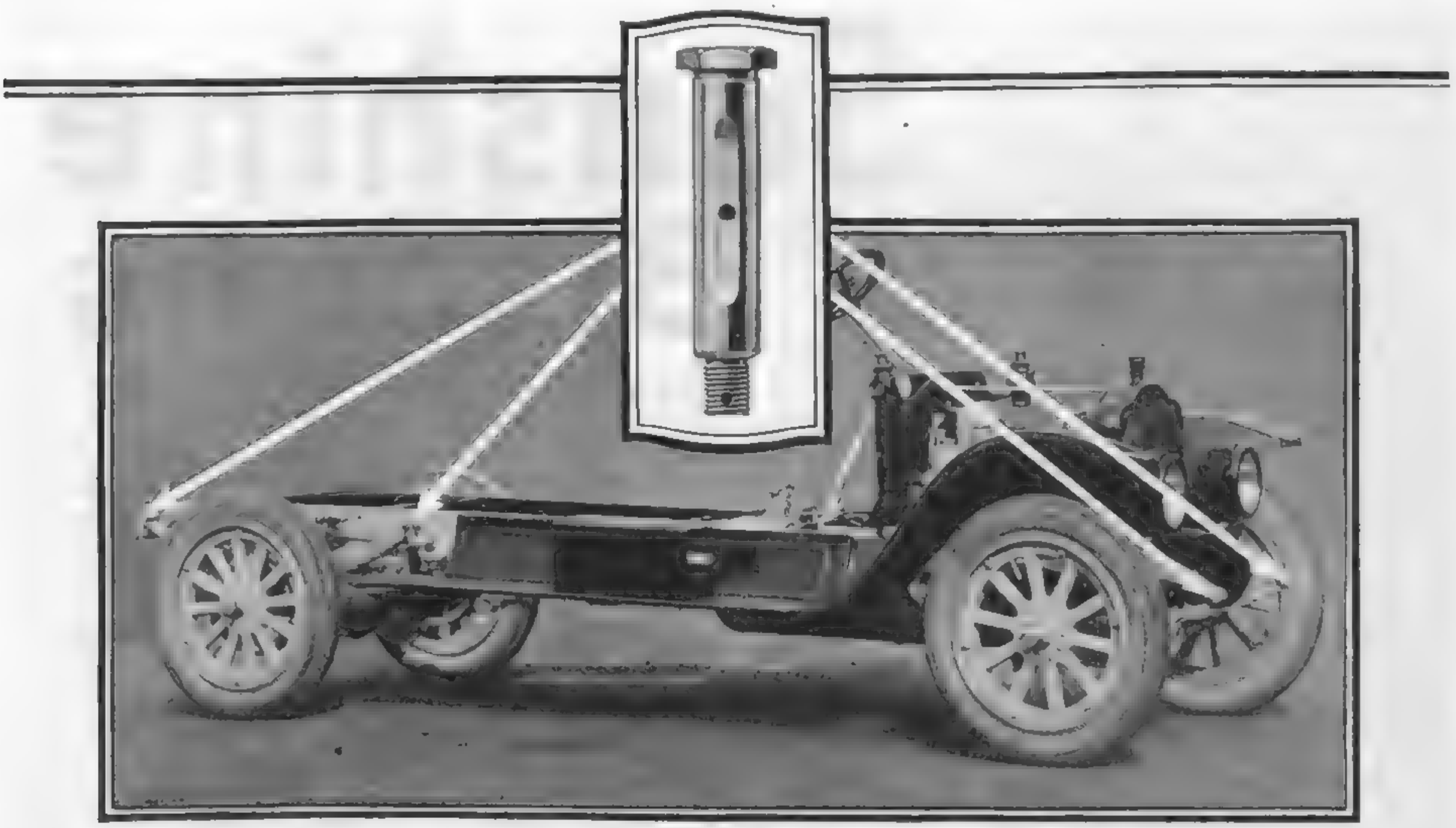


The White Roll Call tells you those whom Ferry serves

A RECENT announcement of the White Company shows that there are 3,691 fleet owners now operating a total of 40,919 White Trucks. And each of these great fleets bears daily testimony to the stability of Ferry Process Screw products.

Particularly important is the function of Ferry Spring Bolts. Every part of the modern motor truck must be designed to resist the constant thrusts under sudden wrenches and shocks, and the tensions imposed by heavy loads. Ferry Spring Bolts must withstand these strains day after day, and year after year. Writing of their satisfaction with Ferry products, the White Motor Company says:

"We have been using your material for a number of years past and have found it to be high grade and satisfactory. We have long been convinced of your ability to turn out a quality product."

Since 1907, when Thomas Ferry came forth with a wholly new principle in screw-making, Ferry Process Screws have won an enviable reputation in the manufacturing world. Many other leading manufacturers besides White have put the stamp of their approval upon Ferry methods and Ferry products.

This new principle in screw-making completely reverses the old method. Instead of taking a steel bar the *size of the head* and tediously milling it to the right size the Ferry process *begins* with a bar of steel the *size of the shank*, thus avoiding a great waste of both time and raw material.

The matrix-compression principle

But the real problem was to form the head. To batter on a shapeless knob, and then to cut it to size and shape, would disturb the molecular structure of the steel. Out of this problem came Thomas Ferry's ingenious invention—a matrix, or die, in which the head is formed by proper compression.

The Old Way *The Ferry Way*

The head is finished, the end pointed, the shank threaded to micrometer exactness, with Pratt & Whitney gauges as standard. The Ferry heat treatment insures uniformity in strength. These steps are performed by patented Ferry equipment—high speed automatic machines and special tools. The result is the Ferry Process Screw—as perfect as modern science can make it.

Ferry Process Screws are used in vast quantities, and for varying purposes, by many of the largest manufacturers in American industry. In many cases, their use was specified only after the most thorough tests and comparisons. Among these important users, besides White, may be listed the following well-known concerns:

American Seeding Machine Co.
Buffalo Forge Company
Buick Motor Company
Chain Belt Company
Chandler Motor Car Company
Dodge Steel Pulley Corp.
Eberhard Mfg. Co.
Federal Motor Co.
Hart Mfg. Co.
Gendron Wheel Co.
B. F. Goodrich Rubber Co.
Hinkley Motors Corporation
Hudson Motor Car Company
A. Y. McDonald Mfg. Co.
Maxwell Motor Co.
Oakland Motor Car Co.
Oliver Chilled Plow Works
Paige-Detroit Motor Car Co.
Scripps-Booth Corporation
Stewart Warner Speedometer Corp.
Studebaker Corporation
Timken Detroit Axle Co.

Ferry Process Screws will meet your requirements just as they are meeting the requirements of these prominent manufacturing firms. Whatever your needs, standard or special—in cap screws, set screws, milled studs, connecting rod bolts and screw machine products—an opportunity to consider your specifications will be appreciated.

THE FERRY CAP AND SET SCREW COMPANY, 2151 Scranton Road, Cleveland, Ohio

FERRY PROCESS SCREWS

Sunshine Biscuits

*Every*meal – *Every*day

To Crown the Holiday Feasts

When you serve Sunshine Hydrox Biscuit, Sunshine Clover Leaves Sugar Wafers, or any of the scores of Sunshine Biscuits at holiday feasts, family and guests will not be disappointed. For Sunshine Biscuits lend an air of festivity and a new attractiveness to your table.

Besides, they are an ideal addition to desserts for any occasion; and others of the Sunshine list are equally delightful in every course of the meal, from soup to after-dinner coffee.

Order them now from your grocer's for all the holiday events; and remember—

Sunshine Fruit Cakes

Chock-full of nuts, plump raisins, tender citron, candied fruits, delicate flavorings and fragrant spices. Sunshine Sylvet Fruit Cake (light or dark), packed in 1-lb., 2-lb. and 5-lb. tins.

Sunshine Oxford Fruit Cake (not as rich as Sylvet), packed in 1-lb. cartons, 2½-lb. and 5-lb. tins.

Loose-Wiles Biscuit Company

Bakers of Sunshine Biscuits

Branches in over 100 cities

(Continued from Page 74)

discussion, endless attempts at personal profit, and no real negotiations. Some of the politicians are angry because they have not been consulted. It is not that they object to the agreement, but their *amour propre* is hurt. When we ask them what alterations they would like made they have no reply. They say, 'You know best.'"

Just here I asked my second question:

"The Medjliss, I understand, has not met for over two years. It should meet to pass formally on the agreement. What is the plan there?"

"The Medjliss has not met," the minister replied, "because not all the elections have been held. They are going on rather slowly, and so far there is not a quorum of delegates in Teheran. But the Prime Minister has informed me that he intends to call a meeting of the parliament within two months. There are naturally a great many questions to come up for discussion and settlement. In fact the amount that must be done here is appalling. The task before all of us is enormously difficult. The country is full of faults, full of injurious systems, muddled in the extreme. The people of Persia are more intelligent than the Egyptians, for example, and therefore the evils are harder to eradicate. Everywhere, too, we are confronted with the fact that there is no money for anything."

It was logical here to ask a question about the new tariff.

"A revision has been completed," Sir Percy replied, "of the tariff we made with the Persian Government in 1903. There was no new convention or treaty, just a revision. Before the Russian revolution we and the Russians together had decided it was necessary to make some joint scheme for financing the Persian Government, and under these negotiations the revision of the tariff was a main condition. The old tariff was distinctly in favor of Russian trade. The Russian Government had agreed to revision. The present tariff is designed to get more revenue for Persia without discriminating against any Power. We have taxed sugar heavily because it is the most valuable product that comes into the country. But we have also put the tariff up on woolen goods and piece goods to the limit that Manchester and Bradford can stand. We said to the Chamber of Commerce: 'How much can such and such a thing stand?' And they told us. The trades people in England have been ready to coöperate, to stand anything that won't block the trade. When the tariff commission was meeting here I asked the members to meet the other ministers and talk over what was being done, and give any information that was asked in regard to the trade in which they were especially interested. The French legation was given very full details as to the tax on all articles. The French, like the Americans, have the most-favored-nation clause. But you know, of course, that other nations may make what treaties they like with Persia. We have our normal trade, which is as much as we can take. We don't want to hurt anyone's trade. All we want is that the country shall do better in the future as to revenue."

Effects of Tariff Revision

"Before any reforms can be made, money must be found. To that end Mr. Armitage-Smith, representative of the Treasury at the peace conference, has just come to take the position as financial adviser. We have attempted to clear the ground for him by getting information of sorts. The financial adviser will have to devise some scheme for carrying on. I suppose he will float a loan. At present all the country has to live on is the customs and our loan. We can't put in the civil advisers we have promised until we can see where the revenue is coming from, and the revenue cannot be collected until brigandage and theft are put down, till the interior and borders are settled, and till the people turn into peaceable citizens and develop resources. Before that can be fully accomplished the army and police must be reorganized. That is why we sent the military commission, who have only to-day handed in their report to the Persian cabinet. This scheme does not contemplate the permanent inclusion of foreign officers in the army organization. The idea is to reorganize the Persian forces so that Persia can look after her frontiers. For a long time to come she would be unable to resist any foreign Power. The most she can hope is to put down brigandage, keep the trade routes clear and protect her frontiers. But I'm quite ready to show you all the details of this scheme as recommended by the commission. Given a well-organized army and police, Persia will be able to collect her revenues, to revise her civil administration, to institute reforms and, in general, to set her house in order. For the rest, we don't want to shut other foreigners out. Only recently several French professors have come here. There are some twenty Frenchmen in service, forty Belgians, and several Swedes, besides Russian officers. There is no embargo whatever against any foreigner whom the Persians may wish to choose for an administrative post."

I asked our commercial officer, Mr. Ralph Bader, if our trade relations with Persia were likely to be affected by the revised tariff. He thinks not unless trade should become very highly competitive. Our trade figures are smaller than they were, because of late years Persian exports have almost ceased. The famine very seriously affected the rug industry. The best weavers died, and so many sheep were eaten that wool became very expensive. The greatest difficulties are transport facilities. There is one company—also a merchandising company—that seems more or less to have a monopoly of transport. Persian buyers complain that it discriminates in favor of its own goods. But already plans are being made by other firms to start transport companies. As it is now, no one can ever guarantee the delivery of goods at any approximate date, nor can one quote prices, for it is never certain what it will cost to deliver. Mr. Bader thinks that for the promotion of American trade the necessary factor is the establishment of a direct steamship line to the Persian Gulf. The American minister is interesting himself in the establishment of a parcel-post delivery, which would solve a good many petty trade problems for Persians who like American shoes and other goods which it is possible to ship by mail.

The Central Brigade

The revision of the tariff and the presentation of the report of the military commission are the two tangible results the British have so far completed in Persia. The recent history of Persia shows how necessary is a revision of her military affairs. The Persian forces are perhaps the most uncorrelated in the world. Of late years foreigners of six different nationalities have made fourteen unsuccessful attempts to reorganize them. There are the military forces proper, administered either by the war office or directly by foreign Powers; the gendarmery, a military force administered by the Ministry of the Interior. The military forces are also subdivided. There are the South Persian Rifles, raised by Great Britain during the war to help keep order in Persia, consisting of forty-seven British officers, a hundred and ninety Persian, British and Indian noncommissioned officers, and about fifty-four hundred Persian privates. They are well fed and well equipped and their training during the war has made them into rather efficient troops. Then there are the Cossack troops, which have grown from a single regiment of five hundred men raised by Russian officers about forty years ago, to eight thousand troops officered by fifty-six Russians and two hundred and two Persians, the Russians being paid five times as much as the Persians. Then there is the Central Brigade, really a part of the ordinary army, but stationed in the capital and organized and administered in a special manner under one Swedish officer and a hundred and twenty-six Persian officers. The privates number something over two thousand. There are also the provincial troops, with no regular organization, and with arms and equipment of various sorts. Each village must send its quota of them and pay for their maintenance, while their officers are appointed by the local governors. Lastly, there are what are called the Levy Troops of Eastern Persia.

The gendarmery is not so unified as the army forces. It is a resuscitation of the old Swedish Gendarmery, which had its beginnings under Mr. Morgan Shuster as a Treasury Gendarmery, was afterward officered by Swedes, and was broken up during the war by the desertion of many of its members to the Germans and Turks. It is about the size of the Cossack force, but has only three Swedish officers to about two hundred and forty-two Persians. There are also the road police, administered by the

A Simple Eye-sight Test

Pin this page on the wall, level with eyes. Stand away fifteen feet. Making the test with each eye separately, you should be able to read, with ease, the trade-marked word *Shur-on* in

Shelltex

SHUR-ON

Spectacles

Also at fifteen feet, testing each eye separately, all the lines immediately below should appear equally black.

Now, hold the page at a distance of fourteen inches, and read, with each eye, the following:

This simple test merely indicates eyestrain If you cannot read *Shur-on* in

Shelltex Shur-on Spectacles

Quality to Send with Sight for more than fifty years

EFFICIENT, COMFORTABLE, ECONOMICAL

The sensible rims keep lenses from chipping and breaking

Shur-on Optical Co., Inc.

ESTABLISHED 1864

Rochester, N. Y.

governors, and included with the gendarmery. Then there are the regular police. In Teheran, Kasbin, Resht and Meshhed they have the functions of ordinary town police, but even so they do not perform all police duties, such as guarding houses; the troops supplement them. They have six Swedish officers and fifty Persians. Further, there are the police in the provinces, which are administered by the local governors and which have a pretty good reputation.

The military commission, as stated, makes a special point of the fact that the scheme does not contemplate the permanent inclusion of foreign officers in the army organization. Persia needs at least seventy thousand troops to do her work, but there will not in the beginning be enough money for more than thirty or forty thousand. The plan is to combine the forces into one uniformed army under the Ministry of War, and to divide Persia into seven military areas; to put headquarters at Teheran under a British organizer in chief, with the two branches of military and finance; to establish military schools for the education of Persian officers; to form medical and veterinary units with schools of instruction, and to form an air service. The first steps to be undertaken will be to reorganize the war office on a reduced basis, to establish a cadet school, to organize five areas with fewer troops than those proposed for the final scheme, and a beginning of the air force. Existing units to which no British officers are to be attached will be inspected by British officers. Newly raised units will have three British officers and four noncommissioned officers attached. Further, one battalion, one cavalry regiment and one battery per area will form model units to act as schools for further training of officers and N. C. O.'s. The infantry regiments are to have seven British officers and fourteen N. C. O.'s, and other arms will be in proportion. Persian and British officers will serve together on the staff. A British officer will be adviser in chief, and each area will be commanded by a British officer. The cost of the reduced scheme will be approximately fifteen million tomans; of the complete scheme, twenty-five millions, while the present cost of existing formations in Persia, outside of the police, is between eleven and twelve million tomans annually.

As to railroads, plans have been perfected to construct a line which, connecting with the line that runs out from Bagdad to Quiritu, will reach to the Persian Gulf. It will run through Kirmanshahan, Hamadan and Kasbin. From there it will branch out to Teheran and to Resht. This in part follows what critics of the Anglo-Russian agreement used to call the strategical line. But since Russia and England are parted, this criticism falls to the ground. The railroad follows the logical line, since it must unite with a line already built and doing business as far as Basra. It will also run through important wheat-growing territories. In time other branch lines will be run out, especially as the resources of Persia are developed. It will be of the greatest help to Persia.

The Persian Premier

The financing will be done by an English company and the road will be constructed either by Persians or British. Doubtless in the future the railroad that runs from India through Baluchistan will join the Persian road. For the rest, sweeping reforms must wait until revenues have been collected.

The country is run at present by the cabinet, which Great Britain was probably instrumental in choosing and which is assisted by British advisers. It would be folly to judge the present cabinet by western standards. It is composed of professional statesmen, conservatives, who have done the rounds of offices—the professional governing class. Nevertheless, there are some members who, in spite of all criticism which may be made, would stand very high if judged from the point of view of capacity and of the desire for reform. The Minister of Education, for example, is a man with a sincere interest in his work. He is not a specialist in education, but he has specialists under him, and he sees that they carry out his reforms. When he came into power no one knew how many schools there were in Persia. Even now there is no complete list. It will take another year before returns to questionnaires come in from remote parts of the kingdom.

The chief inspector of the schools in Teheran, with whom I talked, told me that perhaps ten per cent of all the children in Persia are now being educated. In small cities the percentage may go as high as forty or fifty, and in Teheran and Shiraz perhaps to seventy. Since he came to power, Nasr-ed-Doulah has established two normal schools, so far poorly attended, and forty elementary schools in Teheran, all of them free. In the provinces, too, new schools have been established. This advance in education is something that the poorer people can understand. It seems more tangible to them than the constitution, but it will go hand in hand with a growing appreciation of the constitution.

The outstanding figure of the cabinet is the Prime Minister, Vesuq-ud-Daulah, or Vossugh-ed-Dawla, there being a choice of spelling. He is a man who really knows what he wants to do. A good many of the most powerful politicians are afraid of him, for he is not easily to be swayed. During all the time I was in Teheran he was ill, not even able to attend cabinet meetings or to see his associates, and so what I say of him I get at second hand. Even his enemies admit his force. When he came to power he exiled to other towns or sent off as foreign ministers the men who opposed him. He kept in his own hands the portfolio of the Minister of the Interior. Then he proceeded to guide Persia with a strong hand.

The Cake-Eating Shah

When his cabinet was formed the country was in anarchy. There were murders and insurrections on every hand. There was no serious foreign diplomacy, no real orientation, but a sort of policy of adventure. There were all sorts of parties. When one uses the word "party" in Persia it does not mean the same thing as it does in the United States. Government in Persia is always personal. There are groups formed by attachment, each to some influential person, wanting to get the benefit of his power or else aiming for power themselves. Even when the constitution was given and the parliament formed, these personal parties persisted. There was never any certainty as to how long a party would last or what it would do. Each party, while it lasted, was a full-fledged bureaucracy. Each minister had his own dependents, chosen for personal reasons. The situation seems to be, or at least to have been, much as it was in the time of Cæsar.

Even the democrats were divided into several parties. There were those who wanted the party to be precisely as it was—the organization party. There were those who wanted to be reorganized and better unified. There were the extreme democrats, or terrorists, a few of them sincere, but many of them bought by the Germans, strongly pro-Turkish and pro-German, and opposed both to the Russians and the English. There were the liberals, mostly pro-Ally, strongly against the terrorists. It is out of this group that the present cabinet has risen. Most of the members of the first three parties were landlords. One of these landlords, high in place in the party, kept and fed during the famine seventy horses and three hundred hounds when people in his villages died of hunger. Some of the young intellectuals speak bitterly of this and of the fact that when he lived in Paris he always had a table set with thirty or forty plates for the sake of casual guests who might drop in to dine. Indeed, many of these democrats who had fought hardest for the constitution were without system or plan or any real understanding of the interests of Persia. They seem to have called themselves democrats for the purpose of showing they belonged to some political party.

The Prime Minister, strong man that he is, necessarily has enemies. This causes his supporters to say that if the cabinet remains in power the Prime Minister is the man to undertake reforms. There has never been the assumption that the party was sure to remain in power for a reasonable length of time. People in politics live by the hour in Persia.

The bulk of the Persian people have had but little interest in politics. No matter who was in power they knew that for themselves it would be a scramble for bread while those in office lined their pockets. Since the constitution was given Persia, and since the increase in education, there has been a growing interest in politics. Teheran, as the capital, has always been the seat of intrigue. The place buzzes with conspiracies. One day in the Imperial Club I asked a Persian a question about France and Syria. At once he dropped his head, lowered his eyebrows, hunched his shoulders and glanced about mysteriously. Anybody in that crowded drawing-room who had looked at us might have thought we were discussing a proposed assassination. Intrigue is in the air the people breathe in the capital. Certain great chiefs carry on personal politics. In the provinces people are trying so hard to get on with living that they have little energy left even to realize that they have a constitution. Nowhere is there any real organization. I am told that in Tabriz, the seat of the extreme democrats, there is something like a political organization.

What the Shah will mean to his country is as yet uncertain. His constitutional power is great. If he should turn out to be a monarch of energy and determination he could accomplish enormous results. If he were to make himself popular with his people he could run his country as no European monarch can.. Those who are indifferent to him say that he will always be a figurehead, but that if he will keep within bounds no one will object to him. His friends expect more than a little from him. I saw him a few months ago, when he had first left home. I was taking tea at the Ritz Hotel in Paris. It surely is not reasonable to be prejudiced against a youth because he is almost as broad as he is long, and because he eats eight French pastries on end, leaving three to be divided among four guests. The English officers who accompanied the young Shah on his travels say that he has learned something at the courts of England, Italy and Belgium. When he left Persia he had always been bottled up in palaces. He had shown a good deal of information about history, but he had no knowledge of world politics. He had never seen a ship or a real train. His friends hope that he will develop with the country, will overcome a certain lethargy of temperament and love of pleasure, and rise to the needs of Persia. I suppose hoping never hurt anybody; and indeed people more unpromising than the young Shah have overcome disabilities of character and upbringing and have given the world signal service.

Differing Shades of Opinion

In talking with Persians I hear all shades of opinion in regard to the Anglo-Persian treaty. There were those like the Emir, His Excellency, Amir Hasim, governor of Kirmanshahan, who extolled the treaty and the British in the highest terms. But there are many who object to the agreement. There is a class that would object to any proposal unless it meant obvious gain for their own pockets. There is another class against the agreement because they don't want foreigners of any sort in Persia. These may be called the extreme democrats. They build on sentimentality, ignoring the whole political situation. There are democrats who refuse to accept the agreement because parliament has not yet met to ratify it. But the parliament or Medjliss itself is in an imperfect state, and that is due to the democrats. According to the constitution there should be an upper and lower house, but at present there is only the lower. The deputies to the lower house—some hundred and thirty-four—are elected or supposed to be elected by the will of the people. The members of the senate, sixty in number, are to be chosen, thirty by the Shah and thirty by the people. The democrats have opposed the senate because they were afraid that the Shah would elect, for his thirty, people of high rank, and that these would combine with the ministers and have too much power.

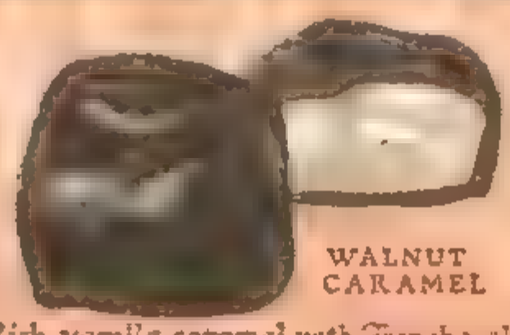
Khosrow Arbob, a Parsee, head of the Zoroaster Community, and custodian of the parliament buildings, three times a deputy and a man of unimpeachable patriotism, is one who does not wish to accept the agreement until it is ratified by the parliament. He spoke with some discouragement about Persia.

"If we had a republic here to-morrow," he said, "there would be corruption. Every day there is so much bribery, so much insincerity. My only hope is the peace conference and the League of Nations. Perhaps we would get on if the foreigners would allow the parliament to do its own work. But whatever blame there is should come on us Persians. We don't each of us work for our own country. I am not against what is written in the treaty. We need railroads, money, advisers, but we don't

(Concluded on Page 81)

CREAM WALNUT

Heavy vanilla fondant, Mayette walnuts



WALNUT CARAMEL

Rich vanilla caramel with French walnuts

BUTTER SCOTCH

Fresh dairy butter, vanilla, sugar

BRAZIL CREAM

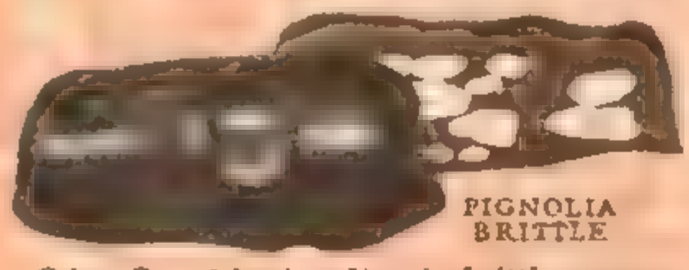
Brazil nuts in creamy fondant

BURNT ALMOND CREAM

Rich cream fondant, roasted Alicante almonds

ALMOND CLUSTERS

Alicante almonds heavily covered



PIGNOLIA BRITTLE

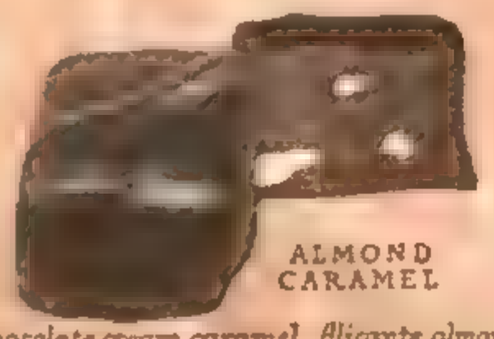
Crisp Spanish pignolias in brittle sugar

SOUR ORANGE

Cream fondant, true orange fruit

NOUGATINE

Honey, egg, fruits and nuts



ALMOND CARAMEL

Chocolate cream caramel, Alicante almonds

FILBERT CLUSTER

Turkish filberts spun in rich chocolate

Liggett's

HOW often have you wished for a box that contained *only* the candies you *like*—and no other kinds? Well—here's the box. Filled with the first favorites of America's candy lovers. We *know*—for we made thousands of people tell us the kinds they like best.

Each chocolate in this orange-and-gold Wonder Box is made from the best-tasting materials money can buy—pure cane sugar—pure refined chocolate—pure dairy butter—pure comb honey—fresh fruits and nuts.

But that isn't all. In order to give you the most we possibly could for the money, we determined to put the value into the *candy* instead of the *package*. Therefore, these chocolates come to you without ribbons or costly decoration. The new box, attractive as it is, is inexpensive, but the chocolates—these "chocolates with the wonderful centers"—are the *best*.

Get a box today. Pound box, $1.25. Prices slightly higher in far West and Canada. Sold exclusively by

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throughout the United States, Canada, and Great Britain.
10,000 progressive retail drug stores, united into one world-wide, service-giving organization

Liggett's

"The Chocolates with the Wonderful Centers"

WESTCOTT

The Car with a Longer Life

WHAT is the greatest value that a motor car may possess? Not power, not easy riding, not economy nor luxury nor looks—but the ability to *keep* these qualities through long years of service! The ability to stay young—that is what distinguishes the Westcott! And that is a quality which you will never discover by standing beside the car and looking at it. No trial ride nor reading of specifications nor any other of the ordinary tests will prove it. But when after thousands of miles of trouble-free running your past experience says that the symptoms of old age should begin to appear and yet your Westcott continues looking and acting like a youngster, *it is then* that you fully realize what a wise and profitable investment you have made.

THE WESTCOTT MOTOR CAR COMPANY
SPRINGFIELD, OHIO, U. S. A.

Seven-Passenger Sedan
Seven-Passenger Limousine Sedan
Five-Passenger Sedan
Seven-Passenger Touring
Five-Passenger Touring
Two-Passenger Roadster

(Concluded from Page 78)

need to be the slaves of the treaty. The parliament may ratify it with or without change, but the government had no right to sign it."

Among what might be called moderate democrats there are two shades of opinion.

"I think the agreement is good as it stands," said a democrat to me, "but when the Medjliss meets I shall be in favor of some modification. Even if there are no changes to be made, the agreement is better than any practical solution we can offer. Possibly there is a danger to our independence in the fact that the counselors are practically all to be English, and, because of our sources of national life, the army and the proposed railroad will be in the hands of an outside nation. But our present situation is so poor that we should allow that agreement if we can thus guarantee the probability of reform in Persia. We ought to encourage the entry of foreign capital if we can see that no combination of foreign Powers crushes us in fact if not in law. We must give ourselves self-respect by becoming friends with a strong nation, even if we lose something by doing it. Also, if we hesitate in our present disorganized situation revolutionary movements might come in from the outside and ruin Persia."

Slightly different was the point of view of another democrat, a prominent man who asked not to be quoted by name.

Future Possibilities

"We Persians are weak. We are in such case that if a strong nation attacks us we have to have another strong nation to defend us. The system of outside diplomacy under which we have suffered, coupled with our own corrupt tendencies, has led to our demoralization. Persians there are who have had the impulse to develop the resources of their country, but they have failed. Perhaps they got concessions and then did not have enough capital to carry on the work they had laid out. Perhaps the government that granted them the concessions went out of power and the new government made difficulties. One Persian had some mineral concessions in the territory of a feudal chief. Every time he got together enough capital to dig he had to impoverish himself proving who he was and that he was exercising his rights. It was too expensive a game. Most Persians feel that the best way to create stable Persian capital for investment will be to get foreign capital in, giving concessions for a limited number of years. Then bonds and security will be established, and on those foundations Persian capital may work. We are nothing now, but we have tremendous possibilities in us, much vitality, much power to achieve. We can never achieve if we have rival nations exploiting us. If we were strong enough to throw out all the nations, still we are so demoralized that we could create no reforms, would only plunge deeper into a gulf of national rottenness. Outside profiteers would come in and swallow our resources with no thought of the future of Persia. England will, of course, get something for herself, but she will help us as she gets it. She will see that the taxes are properly collected and the money used for educational and other reforms. Then—give Persia twenty-five years. I have great faith in the gifts of the Persians, in their intelligence, their real grasp. They will develop. Twenty-five years will give us a new generation. A strong sense of nationality will have been engendered. Then what is to prevent us from putting out the English? The loan calls for a twenty-year term. Very well; add five, for good measure. Before that time we shall be able to stand on our own feet. We can say good-by to England in friendly fashion, I trust; but if not, still we shall be able to say good-by."

Almost no politician who spoke to me candidly would agree to my using his name.

"We must be very careful," a democrat explained to me. "Those of us who want to do something constructive can't get the chance because we are not sensational enough. If we want to get the attention of Persians we must mouth and shout, be melodramatic, denounce. If we quietly propose a sane plan of action, if we do anything but wave our hands in the air, if we are at all conservative in speech, we are looked on with suspicion. Indeed, no man here dare be himself without paying the price of having his work for his country thwarted. Whatever he tries he has factions against him. Even love for Persia has not given us even a workable unity which we so sadly need, and which we must have if we are to make any real progress for ourselves, instead of having it made for us from without."

"I am a democrat," said another, "and if you quote my name I shall be ruined among my friends. For I am going to state a radical belief. If I had my way I would not summon the parliament yet, as the Prime Minister says he would do. If we have a parliament I suppose we should summon it. This country is full of intrigues and conspiracies, most of them engendered by the deputies. Let them get together and talk out loud in parliament. That is the best way of destroying conspiracies—putting them in the open. But if I had my way at present I would do away with the parliament and with all forms of democracy. For a period of five years I would have a dictatorship run by a strictly honest man. There are Persians fit to govern, who are honest, even from the Western standpoint. For five years I would let such a man rule the country. At the end of that time the reforms would have been put into working order, the people could see what was being done. Then I would call the Medjliss or a parliament, and bring back the democratic forms."

When he spoke I harked back in thought to a time a few years ago when Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst was at the head of a movement that at the time was considered extraordinarily radical. Mrs. Pankhurst's committee numbered thirty persons. One day Mrs. Pankhurst rose and addressed her fellow committeemen.

"After this meeting," said she, "the committee will consist of three members only: Miss Christabel Pankhurst, Mrs. Pethick Lawrence, and myself."

Not at all a democratic proceeding—but effective in getting work achieved.

One of the leading Persians with whom I talked is Wahid-ul-Mulk, who was one of the leaders of the democrats before the war and whom Mr. Shuster in his book calls a strong supporter of the Americans. His name is not Wahid-ul-Mulk; that is a title which means Unique, One of the Kingdom. Ordinary Persians have only names; more important ones have titles conferred by the Shah and confirmed by a piece of parchment. The men so honored choose their own titles, I believe, after that, dropping their names. Some of these titles are: Sea of Knowledge; Strength of the Kingdom; Power of the State; Strength of the Sovereignty.

Wahid-ul-Mulk is a man in the late thirties, educated, sophisticated, rather a man of the world, and a very keen patriot. In talking of himself he said: "I have been in the constitutional movement in Persia since 1906. Both my brother, who is now the minister to Holland, and myself have raised our voices loudly and sincerely for a constitution. I was a delegate in three different Persian parliaments after 1909. I always advocated reform and progress for my country, and I tried to help in these matters. I objected very strongly to the Anglo-Russian agreement; so much that after 1911 they had me expelled from my own country. It was over two years before it was safe for me to return."

Persia Under the Constitution

"I have just come back from an absence of some duration in Europe. At present I am not seeking any office. I think perhaps I can help my country better as a spectator, or rather as an unattached worker. I am still a strong believer in the constitution because I see what it has done for the country and what it will do. As to the Anglo-Persian agreement, I agree with the educated Persians with whom I have discussed the matter. There may be others who think differently. My own view is that what the agreement becomes depends on the English and on the kind of Persians who take office. If the English live up to the good faith they have protested, half the promise for the future of Persia is assured. For our part, better and more responsible men must be given the important administrative positions. We are but children, yet Persians in the real things of government and of public spirit.

"Since the constitution was made we have advanced a little in education, in a feeling of the rights of people; but when those rights fail to coincide with our own personal interests—ah, well, we have much, as I say, to learn. Yet we are an intelligent people, a people willing to learn from others, to lean on others.

"Someone has to help us; we can do nothing alone. We have no money and we want our country to be developed. Someone must come to us with money. England is the only nation besides the Persians directly interested in Persia. Her interests in the East coincide with ours. There may be a party in England, for all I know, who would like to take us over; I do not know about that. But from what I have read in the English newspapers, and from what I hear personally from English leaders, I do not think that the majority of the British take any such view. I am willing to wait and see what the English do, and I believe that they will do well. Of course I wish we had money of our own and knew how to take care of ourselves. I do not like to know that we are helpless without England against any outside Power that might choose to invade us, but we have to face facts. I am a strong constitutionalist and a lover of my country."

I listened to the voice of young Persia many times. Beyook Khan is perhaps typical of the educated and traveled young men who wish to make the most of their country. He is twenty-eight or thirty, received his preliminary education in the American mission schools, and then, at the expense of the Persian Government, was sent to Switzerland, particularly to study law. The coming of the war prevented his return and he practiced law in Lausanne until after the armistice, when he elected to return home.

"There has been a change in the country during my absence," he said; "no great deal of progress, but still some. I lay it in part to the influence of the constitution and in part to the general sweep of new thinking that has gone over the whole world. I find the people here know much more of what is going on in the world than they used to, and care more about it. They want to educate their boys and even their girls. They want to come in contact with foreigners in Persia and learn what they have to teach. The rivalry of England and Russia has begun to penetrate. These people, they say, are struggling over our home. What is there in Persia, then, that is so vital? We must take a hand in this."

A Homogeneous Population

"I find, then, an advance in education and knowledge, better justice in the courts and more public security, and I find people talking with many voices about the Anglo-Persian agreement. There are here two questions, a material question and a question of nationality. Do we wish to have perfect freedom? Then we should have no foreigners whatever here. But in that case the corrupt would rule and the people would suffer. In that case, too, there would be no loans, no development of resources. Let us think of the material side first. Before we learn how to use freedom in the best way we must have more education, advisers, loans, railroads, all that the progressive countries have.

"The Anglo-Persian agreement will work well if the people who deal with it are honest and don't think too much of their own pockets. There are honest people in Persia with education. We hope to have more of them. If we did not have that hope we would not want to go on. But the hope is strong. We are people of one race and one religion; not like the people in India or Turkey, of many races and religions. We shall go on, and what is wrong we can change, for anything can be altered that the majority of the people want."

Forces from the outside Persians might well fear a little at least. As I write the Bolsheviks have already taken Enzeli, or, rather, the British evacuated the port. It is said that the British have retreated from Resht. If they have, it is the farthest point of withdrawal. For between Resht and Kasbin is a magnificent pass. As I went over it a few weeks ago I thought what a splendid strategical point it was, and how easily a few well-placed machine guns could hold back an enemy force; they couldn't go anywhere except back, or to death at the bottom of the gorges. Rumor has it that the Bolshevists have said they would evacuate Enzeli. From what I know of the Persians, Bolshevism will get no permanent hold on the country.

A distressful country, Persia; its troubles not all over, its lessons not all learned; and yet a country which, given an education and a chance for average development, will have no mean place in the long procession of nations.

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A bottle of New-Skin may save you serious trouble from infection.

New-Skin securely covers the wound. It forms an antiseptic protection which

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"Never Neglect a Break in the Skin"

NEWSKIN COMPANY

NEW YORK • TORONTO LONDON

THE ANTHOLOGY OF ANOTHER TOWN

(Continued from Page 17)

Mrs. Miller is a lovely character. So someone asked Clara what John had been up to.

"It wasn't him," she replied; "it was her."

Sam Underwood

THERE is in this town a very respectable and proper woman whom I will call Mrs. A. We have heard in a roundabout way that she bitterly complains, to her women friends, of the conduct of Sam Underwood, a married man. It seems Sam is always trying to hold Mrs. A.'s hand.

Quite recently I was in company with Mrs. A., and the name of Sam Underwood came up.

"Now," I thought, "Sam will catch it. Mrs. A. hates this man, because of his boldness and, his name having come up in the conversation, she will crucify him."

She didn't know I knew of her complaints against Sam Underwood, but as she is a very proper woman I felt sure she would express her disapproval of him in a way that could not be mistaken.

But this is what she said: "He is the most entertaining man I ever knew in my life."

George Edward

SOME say it is about the worst town row we have ever had, and it began about almost nothing. George Edward Morgan, seven years old, failed to pass his examination at the close of the term and was ordered to remain in the first grade another winter.

His mother, who belongs to one of our best families, was furious, as George Edward is an only child. Mrs. Morgan says it was a rank case of favoritism, and went to see Miss Minnie May Perry, George Edward's teacher. Mrs. Morgan reports Minnie May as boldly saying that George Edward is naturally dull.

The board of education was appealed to by George Edward's father, who came into the row promptly. About half the members were inclined to decide that it was their duty to stand by the teacher, but the other half thought that maybe a good shaking up would do the school good. A number of other mothers said their children loved Minnie May, and these stood by the teacher. Finally everybody in town was in the row, and when a special meeting of the board was called to consider George Edward's case the attendance was so large that they adjourned to the brick church. The adherents of George Edward want the teacher discharged; those on the other side say such action would be an outrage, as she has a first-class certificate and is loved by her pupils. One bank supports George Edward and the other favors Minnie May, the teacher. The rival merchants, grain dealers, lumber dealers, ministers, lawyers and doctors have also taken sides, and are about evenly divided.

Mrs. Morgan says she could forgive anything except the statement of Miss Perry that George Edward is naturally dull. Minnie May declares that what she really said was that George Edward was a little backward in his studies, as many otherwise bright children are for a time and yet come out all right when nine or ten years old.

The members of the board of education have been postponing action from time to time, hoping the people will forget it; but instead of forgetting it they dig up new evidence every day. The parents of George Edward say their child shall never again be under the influence of that terrible woman, meaning Minnie May.

Older heads who have looked the matter up say George Edward is about like the ordinary boy of seven, but that his mother kept him out of school nearly half the time, and very naturally he failed to pass. They say Minnie May is an excellent teacher, without a doubt; but George Edward's mother says her innocent child shall not be branded with the mark of Cain at the age of seven years and that the teacher must go. Minnie May boards with Mrs. Mark Bradford, another very active woman, and probably there is no way out except to fight it out.

Ira Snell

IRA SNELL, a farmer living in the river hills six miles south of town, drove in yesterday morning with a wolf he had shot. His wagon was at once surrounded and Ira attracted great attention. Everybody wanted to know how he shot it, and Ira told the story over and over with evident enjoyment.

When the crowd was largest several ladies came along and wondered what the men were looking at. The ladies hesitated about walking out into the street, so Wils Dunlap took the wolf by the tail and carried it to the sidewalk, where the crowd followed. It might have been anybody's wolf on the sidewalk, so Ira soon went and got it and threw it back into his wagon.

As soon as the crowd decreased Ira drove on uptown, and attracted another crowd. Finally he offered to sell the wolf for five dollars, but though everybody wanted to look no one seemed to care to buy. So Ira reduced his price to three dollars, to two, to one; but still did not find a purchaser.

By this time there was almost no one round Ira's wagon, and he went into the post office after his mail.

"I've got a wolf out here," Ira said; "want to see it?"

But the postmaster had seen it and was listless. Ira next tried the keeper of the store where he went to do his trading before returning home, but the storekeeper also had seen the wolf.

When Ira went out of the store with his packages there was only one man looking at the wolf, and he was offered the animal for fifty cents, but the man didn't want it. Then Ira offered to give the wolf to anyone who wanted it, and as no one would accept it as a gift he pulled the wolf out of the wagon and said he would throw it away. But the city marshal said a dead animal couldn't be thrown away in the city limits, and Ira started home, taking the wolf with him. He told Harry Towne he hadn't been treated right by the city marshal and that in future he intended to do his trading in Centerville.

The secretary of the board of trade has been asked to fix it up, as the secretary has mighty little to do.

The City Marshal Said a Dead Animal Couldn't be Thrown Away in the City Limits

Mont. Douglas

THERE is a good deal of talk because Mont Douglas was lately elected president of the First National Bank, as it is pretty generally agreed that he is not a brilliant man. In fact, Mont. Douglas is duller than a good many who have never been honored by being elected president of a bank.

But now that the discussion is up, a good many are saying Mont. is at least reliable. We always know where he stands, and his position is usually somewhere near right.

I suppose there are a hundred men in town and its vicinity who are smarter than Mont. Douglas but there is not one who has better habits. If he goes to the city with a load of stock we have observed he is not lured into the suburbs and pushed off the viaduct; he comes home in a day or two with nearly all the money he took with him, in addition to the check he received for his stock. Mont. is quiet, but when he does talk he is usually polite and in favor of whatever is decent. The bank under his management will be conducted in an old-fashioned safe way; flashy men who come to town will not be able to talk Mont. off his feet, and depositors may count on getting their money when they want it.

Altogether, the discussion of the new president of the First National has been a pretty good sermon for everybody; a good many of the idle, brilliant mischievous men round town are beginning to realize that the great number of dull men in the world have quite a show if they attend to a few simple and easy essentials.

Hugh Graham

THERE is intense excitement in town over a trial in the police court. Hugh Graham had Mr. and Mrs. John Doe arrested for conducting a disorderly house.

Hugh lives next door to the Does, who have five young lady daughters, and charges that every evening in the week they make so much noise he can't sleep until after midnight. Hugh admits that the Doe girls are as respectable as any in town, but says their house has become a resort for other young people, and that singing and piano playing and laughter go on there, to the annoyance of the neighbors.

Hugh is a hard-working man who is compelled to get up at six and says that the racket at the Does' keeps him awake every night when he should be asleep.

Mr. and Mrs. John Doe are particularly indulgent with their children, and young people whose parents are more strict take advantage of the opportunity to visit the Doe home.

At first there was considerable indignation because of Mr. Graham's action, as a dozen very good families were humiliated by it, but after he gave his testimony, and the neighbors gave theirs, some sympathy for him is developing. Hugh says either he must have relief from society or sell his property at a loss and move.

A decision has not yet been given, but as it is understood that before filing complaint Hugh had the judge over at his house several evenings to hear the noise, it is believed the Does will at least be compelled to pay the costs.

Judge Bell

AT THE last city election the candidates for mayor were Judge Bell and Jim Osler. The Republicans were afraid of Jim, as he is tremendously active and enthusiastic, so they offered their nomination by acclamation to Judge Bell, who is a dignified, quiet man.

The judge refused at first, but the Republicans begged him to oblige them. Committees called at his house and said if he would accept the nomination that would settle it; his election by a large majority was certain, because of his prominence.

Finally Judge Bell was made to believe it was his duty to save the party, as it had twice honored him by electing him to the legislature.

I suppose it is the duty of everyone to keep quiet a good deal, but some say Judge Bell rather overdoes it. Apparently he is always thinking over big questions, with a view of settling them, and giving his opinions to the world at some time in the future; but ever since we have known him he has confined his efforts to thinking, for he rarely says anything.

The candidates for mayor being agreed upon, the campaign came on.

Jim Osler worked like a beaver and talked a blue streak. He said his wife and children would be humiliated in case of his defeat; he shook hands with everybody he met and was always holding conferences.

Judge Bell remained silent, as usual, and looked as though he had quietly put influences at work that he, a wise man, knew about that would overwhelm the Democrats.

The result was a surprise to the whole town.

Jim Osler received seven out of every ten votes cast. And he has made a reasonably good mayor; about as good as we have ever had. I suppose a mayor is the most inferior form of statesman we have, unless it is a county commissioner, but Jim is really doing pretty well, in spite of his tiresome enthusiasm and incessant talk.

I say again it is the duty of every man to talk less, but some of the windy men seem to amount to a good deal, after all.

Pink Smith

"THERE has been a good deal of talk that I was chased out of Centerville, the town I came from," said Pink Smith. "The charge is true, but I beg that my side of the story be heard. It should be remembered that I was very young when the incident happened, and that in trying to do a noble thing promptly I made a mistake and was laughed at until I had to leave town.

"One summer afternoon I was with a number of boys who were swimming at a favorite hole in the creek near town. Suddenly it was discovered that Tom Jackson, a boy of ten or eleven, about my own age, had disappeared. Then we began diving for him, and in a little while he was dragged out on the bank. He was drowned; he had mud in his nose, and was as limp as a rag.

"Tom Jackson was a particular friend of mine, and when someone cried: 'Get a doctor!' I flew up town. Fortunately I found

(Concluded on Page 84)

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WAHL PRODUCTS

Every Penny

(Concluded from Page 82)

Doc Lewis in his office, and we hurried to the swimming hole, finding about half the women in town there, crying over Tom's limp body.

"The Doc rolled and pounded Tom, and blew in him, and at last got him to crying, when we knew Tom had been saved. As we stood about Tom lying on the sand, and realized he had been brought back to life, I began thinking I had made a wonderful run uptown and back after Doc Lewis. Probably it would be talked about for years, and I would be a hero; within my recollection equally good time had not been made by anyone in going for a doctor.

"And while I was in this comfortable frame of mind a woman said to me: 'Why, Pink, look at you!'

"And then I realized that during the run uptown and back, and at that moment, I was as naked as the day I was born. People laughed at me so much that as soon as I was able I left town."

Robert Poole

"I WILL be eighty-three next month," said old Robert Poole; "and, having never been complimented, have decided to compliment myself. As a boy I was always picked at. Many of the boys I grew up with got into trouble, and all of them are now dead, but I have never been in jail or accused of an offense warranting arrest.

"As a husband I was not satisfactory, though I was a better man than my wife's father or any of her brothers. I was not a satisfactory father, either, though none of my children have amounted to more than I do. I was never a satisfactory farmer, though I not only made a living at that calling but accumulated something, in addition to educating seven children. I knew I was not considered a good farmer because I rarely picked up a newspaper that did not quote an agricultural college professor who said my methods were old-fashioned. I looked up several of these professors, and found that none of them amounted to much except as critics.

"My wife worried herself into her grave fifteen years ago, but I still manage to surmount my worries. My three daughters are married, but I keep house as well as they do, with the assistance of a hired housekeeper, whose husband runs the farm. Doc Hurley, who abused me because of my careless way of living, died ten years ago, at the age of sixty-four.

"I have long been a Republican, but do not satisfy the party managers. They grumble because I do not attend the primaries more frequently, and march in more torchlight processions.

"It is occasionally said I am a miser. It is true I save what I do not need for necessities and comforts, but it is a fool who does not.

"I am a Methodist, but the pastor complains every Sunday because I do not do more for the church, though I do a little more than my share.

"I am an Odd Fellow, but the Noble Grand often growls because I do not attend more meetings.

"Still, I own four good farms, and have outlived most of those with whom I began life. Of all those who started when I did, none have done better, and a good many worse. Therefore I feel that I am a pretty good man, because I have done as well as any of my critics, and a good deal better than most of them."

Mrs. Bill McClure

A QUEER feature of the gossip of this town is that people say Mrs. Bill McClure doesn't particularly care for her husband, and is trying to get rid of him legally—she is feeding him three big rich meals a day. Bill doesn't suspect what his wife is up to, so he eats too much and says she is a queen.

Lem Dowling

IN THE old days of freedom there lived in this town a noted drunkard named Ol Stewart. He had fallen heir to a business from his father, and this gradually went to pieces. His relatives were constantly clinging to his coat tails and begging him to behave. Temperance lecturers and preachers labored with him; hundreds of religious people prayed for him for years. But Ol proceeded steadily down the rocky road, and got so low that he solicited men to give him a dime with which to buy a drink.

One day he so accosted Lem Dowling, a hard-headed man who was tired of Ol Stewart's foolishness. Lem took Ol into a saloon, and told the barkeeper to give him all the whisky he could hold.

The barkeeper was surprised, and said: "Why, he'll kill himself!"

"That," Lem replied, "is the idea. Give him all he wants, and send the bill to me."

THE POETS' CORNER

The Choristers

WHEN earth was finished and fashioned well,
There was never a musical note to tell
How glad God was, save the voice of the rain
And the sea and wind or the lonely plain
And the rivers among the hills.
And so God made the marvelous birds
For a choir of joy transcending words,
That the world might hear and comprehend
How rhythm and harmony can mend
The spirit's hurts and ills.

He filled their tiny bodies with fire,
He taught them love for their chief desire,
And gave them the magic of wings to be
His celebrants over land and sea,
Wherever man might dwell.
And to each he apportioned a fragment of song—
Those broken melodies that belong
To the seraphs' chorus, that we might learn
The healing of gladness and discern
In beauty how all is well.

So music dwells in the glorious throats
Forever, and the enchanted notes
Fall with rapture upon our ears,
Moving our hearts to joy and tears
For things we cannot say.
In the wilds the whitethroat sings in the rain
His pure serene half-wistful strain;
And when twilight falls the sleeping hills
Ring with the cry of the whippoorwills
In the blue dusk far away.

In the great white heart of the winter storm
The chickadee sings, for his heart is warm,
And his note is brave to rally the soul
From doubt and panic to self-control
And elation that knows no fear.
The bluebird comes with the winds of March,
Like a shred of sky on the naked larch;
The redwing follows the April rain
To whistle contentment back again
With his sturdy call of cheer.

The orioles revel through orchard boughs
In their coats of gold for spring's carouse;
In shadowy pastures the bobwhites call,
And the flute of the thrush has a melting fall
Under the evening star.
On the verge of June when peonies blow,
And joy comes back to the world we know,
The bobolinks fill the fields of light
With a tangle of music silver-bright
To tell how glad they are.

The tiny warblers fill summer trees
With their exquisite lesser litanies;
The tanager in his scarlet coat
In the hemlock pours from a vibrant throat
His canticle of the sun.
The loon on the lake, the hawk in the sky,
And the sea gull—each has a piercing cry,
Like outposts set in the lonely vast
To cry all's well, as Time goes past
And another hour is gone.

But of all the music in God's plan
Of a mystical sympathy for man,
I shall remember best of all—
Whatever hereafter may befall
Or pass and cease to be—
The veery's hymn in the solitudes
Of twilight through the mountain woods,
And the field larks crying about our doors
On the soft sweet wind across the moors
At morning by the sea.

—*Bliss Carman.*

Sea-Gull Song

MY THOUGHTS are mighty sea gulls,
Shining out to sea;
As white and strong as sea gulls,
As avid of the sea.
They rest upon the green waves,
Then mount up, one by one.
My thoughts are lordly sea gulls,
Lovely in the sun.

My body stays in bondage
Upon the shore, I know;
But lazily float the sea gulls
Like great flakes of snow.
Lazily float the sea gulls,
Drifting in the blue.
My thoughts are bright as sea gulls,
Their flight as true.

They scorn the towns, the shore line;
Their home is in the sky;
They joy to breast the tempest,
My thoughts, more strong than I.
Mean household tasks may hold me
And four walls conquer me,
But my thoughts are sea gulls
Lifting out to sea.

—*Mary Carolyn Davies.*

Pierrot Was My First Love

PIERROT was my first love,
That due to him belongs.
He stood beneath my window
And sang old songs.

All the songs of battles
And knights that ride;
Songs about that love for which
Once men died.

Pierrot called me softly,
Beneath the hedge.
"Come with me," he whispered,
"To the world's edge!

"To the edge of the blue world
And the end of the sea!"
So, while all the house slept,
He spoke to me.

The moon was his comrade,
The night his friend.
"Come, my dear," he whispered,
"To the earth's end."

The stars were his servants
And his house the road.
His words were a spur to me,
A lure, a goad.

Pierrot was my first love!
Moonlight on his hair!
Oh, his eyes of laughter!
Oh, his gallant air!

But you should not be jealous,
Nor yet frown so;
I'll tell you, love, a secret
If you bend low:

Whether he came at eighteen
Or at twenty-five,
Pierrot was the first love
Of every girl alive!

—*Mary Carolyn Davies.*

Moonlight in Hawaii

Hong-Kong, the Place of Sweet Lagoons

TO THE west of the fair Pacific,
Hemmed in by the lesser seas,
Lies a tiny twelve-mile island,
An Orient queen at ease;
And if you have ever been there
Where the foam-tipped wavelet croons,
You'll feel a poignant longing
For the Place of Sweet Lagoons;

For the violet haze of the mountains,
For the clear, cool, tropic nights,
For the pink and gold of the sunsets,
And the Peak with its myriad lights;
For the white road past the barracks,
For the junks on the Kowloon side,
For the Bund with its bustle and clatter
And the lap of the lazy tide;

For the fresh-skinned, bare-kneed Tommys
With their bamboo swagger canes,
For the panting, sweating coolies
As they toil in the narrow lanes;
For the swing of the chairs in rhythm
As the bearers carry them by;
For the drifting mist on the mountains
That blots out the blue of the sky;

For the winding ricksha pathway
That seems never to come to an end;
The portly Chinese gentleman
And his still more portly friend;
For the silken swish of their mantles
As they hurry along the street;
For the sights and smells of the market,
And the pad of noiseless feet.

The spell of the East is on me
And will not be denied;
I long for my magic island
As a lover for his bride;
For the shining, landlocked harbor,
Where the foam-tipped wavelet croons
On that little enchanted island,
The Place of Sweet Lagoons.

—*Ellen T. Lacy.*

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Airplane blades whirl at the rate of hundreds of revolutions per minute. The strain on them is almost unbelievable. Drops of moisture hit them with the impact of bullets. It's a terrific test for the varnish on the blades.

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Overland

You Will Want this Sedan

"When the Frost is on the Punkin"

RED leaves flutter in the sunshine and crackle under the wheels. Crisp, rousing autumn days ablaze with beauty!—

And *You*—

Cozily sheltered, with Nature's panorama gliding by your Overland Sedan!

Its glass windows permit unrestricted vision. Perfect fitting, they allow no chill autumn drafts to reach you; no drifting dust to soil apparel.

But let there come one of those rare balmy fall days, and by adjusting the windows the sides of the car may be partially or completely opened.

When freezing weather begins to harden ruts you will fully appreciate the wonderful riding ease of *Triplex* Springs.

They float you over rough roads without discomfort or fatigue. They shield the car from strain, adding to its economy.

Overland Sedan, low in first cost, saves on gasoline and tires because it is light in weight, made so by the use of fine heat-treated alloy steels.

This high quality extends to every detail of the complete equipment and rich interior finish of the car.

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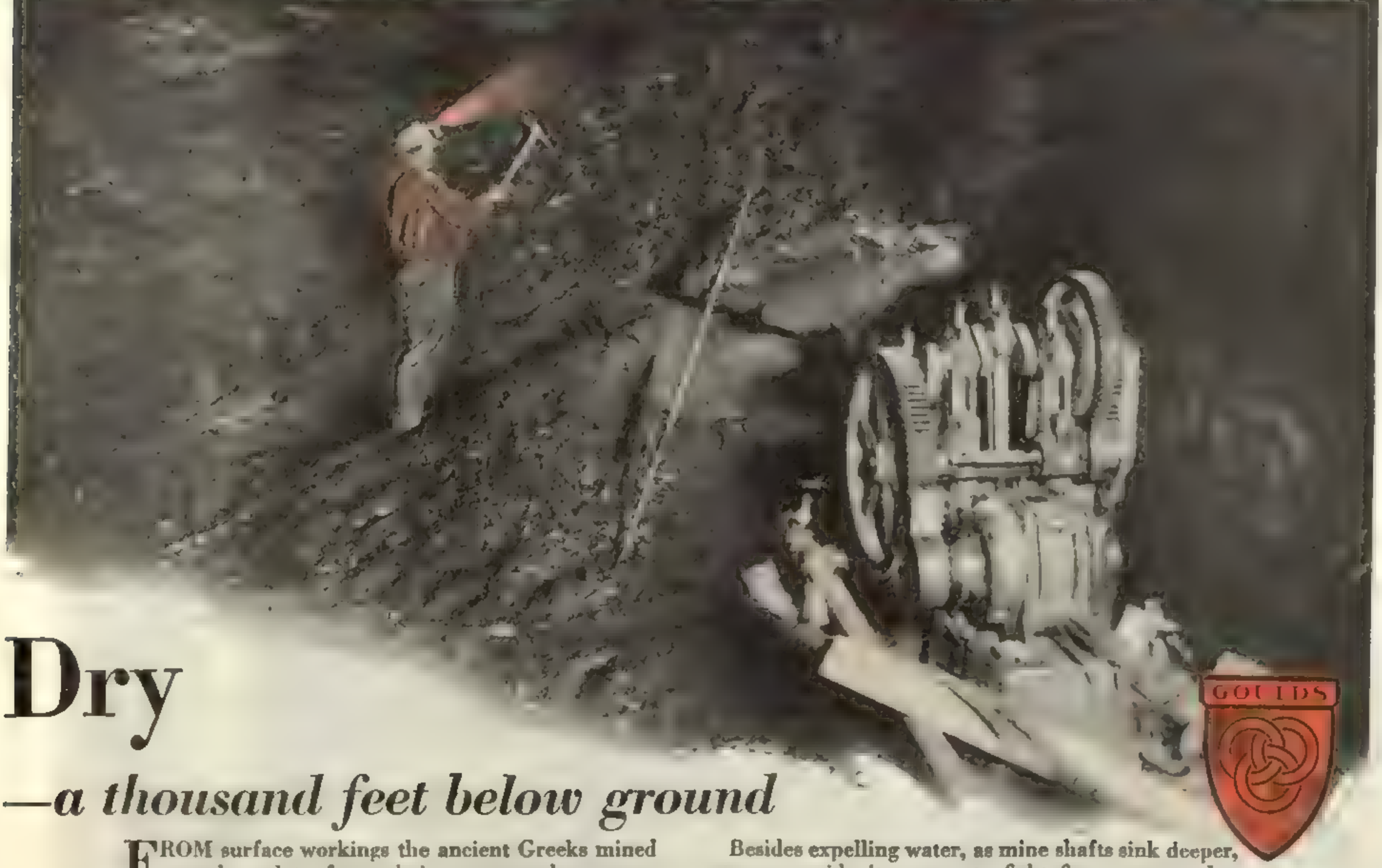

GOULDS

Dry

—*a thousand feet below ground*

FROM surface workings the ancient Greeks mined enough coal to forge their armor and weapons. But that was not the beginning of mining as we know it. Not until there were pumps to expel water—and thus admit men and machinery to Earth's hidden store of treasure—did modern industry get its start.

Deep mining came with the invention of the steam engine—coupled to pumps. Deeper went the miners when electricity was harnessed for pumping. Deeper still lies the coal supply of the future.

Do you know that for every ton of anthracite coal mined eleven tons of water must be pumped?

Besides expelling water, as mine shafts sink deeper, pumps provide it—water to fight fire, water to lay explosive dust, drinking water, boiler-feed water, water to wash coal, water to quench coke.

To stop the pumps in a coal mine means cave-ins, flooding, disaster. In solemn compact miners and owners agree never to call out the pump men. Strikes may rage, but the pump men must stick. Pumps must "carry on"—to keep up the daily output of mines, on which all industry depends.

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Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Detroit, Chicago, Atlanta, Houston. *Agencies in all principal cities*

GOULDS

EVA ON THE ICE

(Continued from Page 11)

It glowed, shone with warm color. "Like a boiled lobster," she thought.

"Percy not home yet?" she asked.

"He's upstairs, isn't he?" said mamma. "Didn't you find him, Anderson?"

"Yayup! He'll be down—I think."

"My older son has very responsible work in the city," mamma explained to the guest. "He often has to be late. He carries so much on his mind."

"I always close my mind with my desk," said Mr. Williamson, staring redly away from the calm girl opposite.

"And the desk wouldn't be open while you're traveling," she murmured quite casually.

Mrs. Green knit her brows slightly, leaning forward in an effort to catch the remark. Mr. Green muttered impatiently at the nearest twin:

"Tuck up your napkin! And lean over your plate—can't you see you're spilling gravy all over yourself!"

Mrs. Green intervened with: "It's *such* a task bringing up children properly, Mr. Williamson!"

"You can't tell me a thing about that ——" he began, only to come to an abrupt stop as two wide brown eyes centered on him across the table.

"How many children have you?" asked Goldie serenely.

"Well—four. You see ——"

"Have some more of the potatoes," broke in Mrs. Green. "There's plenty more in the kitchen."

"Thanks! Don't care if I do," he responded overeagerly, wrestling with self-consciousness. "Someone said the saddest picture in life is a fat man eating potatoes, but I say what's the good of living if you can't enjoy yourself along the way."

"I'm sure you do," murmured Goldie, and glanced swiftly out under long lashes to see the lobster color rise again.

Mrs. Green, sensing the hostile atmosphere and puzzled by it, set up a diversion: "Anderson, go upstairs and ask Percy what on earth he's thinking of."

The youth hastily stuffed the remainder of his meat into a capacious mouth and moved awkwardly to the door; then, hearing a step on the stairs, returned to his seat and gulped down a glass of water.

The step was slow and heavy. The others caught it and looked round.

In from the hall, moving with determined dignity, the one purple eye standing out of a white face, came P. Heigham.

"Why, Percy—what on earth ——" Thus mamma, half rising.

"You don't mean to say you've been fighting—*you!*" exclaimed papa, laying down knife and fork.

But P. Heigham stood like one frozen, staring at the guest, who had pushed back his chair and sprung to his feet. Mr. Green slowly rose, turning with bewildered eyes from one to the other. And Mrs. Green and the younger children sat amazed. Only Goldie was calm, playing with her dessert spoon, and taking in the little scene.

The world inhabited by this girl was one the existence of which her parents had never so much as suspected; it was a film world, in which vivid melodrama raged at every point, in which vampires stole husbands and daredevil ingénues exhibited resounding valor. Love in this celluloid universe was a primitive emotion expressed usually in frank violence. Money counted immensely, of course; you had to have it. Two years at a business college and eight months as a stenographer in the city had strengthened that conviction. The only philosophy Goldie knew was that of the sometimes grammatical writers of titles. The present scene was to her mild enough, but by no means wholly lacking in entertaining possibilities. It would be interesting to know where Perce picked up that black eye, and what on earth Mr. Williamson had to do with it.

"Percy," said Mr. Green in great confusion, "meet Mr. Williamson!" and Mrs. Green said "Sit down!"

For a moment P. Heigham hesitated. Somewhere in his not large understanding a voice was reminding him of the proper relationship between hosts and guest. He was even struggling to quiet the tumult within his breast and listen attentively to that voice. But never had his feelings been so torn as within the hour just past. Never before in his carefully ordered life had he felt the impact of a hostile fist. The mark of what seemed in a puzzling way his shame—at least of his incompetence—burned hotly now on his face. And yet he had been so earnestly right! He was so right now!

Emotion triumphed. He raised a shaking finger, cried in a choked voice not far from a sob:

"I cannot sit down with that man! He struck me! And he insulted my sister!"

It was not a wholly satisfactory speech. Even to himself it seemed that he might have mentioned his sister first.

Goldie, still quietly playing with the spoon, found it less unsatisfactory. Life was running fairly true to the pictures, as, she felt, it should.

There was a good deal of confusion now. One of the twins was crying. Mr. and Mrs. Green were talking both at once. Percy was shouting incoherently. Mr. Williamson was saying something that sounded like "A mistake, I'm sure! All a mistake!"

But P. Heigham was not to be headed.

"It's not a mistake!" he went loudly on. "I heard what he said to Goldie. And when I spoke to him he struck me!"

Goldie recalled later that at one time during the hubbub papa had the sputtering P. Heigham by the shoulders and was uttering sounds meant to be soothing while vigorously pushing him back toward the hall. She recalled, too, that mamma, always eager to divert unpleasant emphasis, remarked to the guest politely, as if nothing had happened: "You have a beautiful car, Mr. Williamson."

Mr. Williamson's only reply was to rush violently forth, muttering, snatching up his cap as he passed through the hall.

The screen door slammed. A moment later the motor roared and was gone.

V

MR. GREEN sank into a chair, his thin face drooping with the spiritual weariness of inner defeat. Goldie felt it, and lowered her eyes to the spoon she was still slowly turning over and over in her slim fingers. Mrs. Green, sighing, said irrelevantly:

"You must be more considerate with your father, children. He's not feeling very well."

Mr. Green's eyes wandered to the window. He lifted a little way one of the limp hands that rested on his knees, and let it limply fall again. All about him, to his battered mind seeming to swarm like a devouring horde, was the family that must through the years be clothed and fed and, in the cases of the twins and young Anderson, educated a little. There was Percy, who contrived to pay a little board; he was fairly off the ledger at last. But Goldie's minute income paid for no more than the fluffiest and scantiest of her alarming costumes—all the staples must still be supplied; Mrs. Green's indolent demands would go on to the end; Anderson exhibited nothing more than an appetite and a disposition to learn as little as possible at high school; and the twins were insatiable and colossal.

Mr. Green's face worked painfully. The family that had for long accepted his patient servitude, taking him for granted in so far as they considered him at all, regarded him now, faintly aware of him, in their widely different trains of thought, as a distinct person.

"It's nothing to any of you of course," he broke out. "But that man came here to offer me the exclusive agency for the new automobile insurance company. I could have handled it in my spare time. They supply desk room and a guaranty of eighteen hundred the first year.

"It's the one big proposition on the market to-day—cuts premiums twenty per cent and more. Oh, it's nothing to any of you of course!"

His voice died down. He seemed even a little frightened as he heard it crying miserably out. And then confronting him stood his elder son, a narrow, almost pitifully faithful young man with a black eye and no humor, a young man who could hardly be expected to rise, ever, beyond the position of head bookkeeper in some Chicago firm.

"Do you mean to say," cried the young man now, tremulous with the confusion of emotions that he firmly believed a simple sense of duty to his breed—"do you mean to say that you'd allow that fellow here after ——"

"Percy," Mrs. Green broke in, "do you realize who you're speaking to!"

"He insulted my sister and attacked me because I was endeavoring to protect her. Am I to understand that papa—it's bad enough to have Goldie and the twins all running loose ——"

The young woman mentioned at this point quietly slipped from the room. They were fairly started; they'd be at it for hours.

Mrs. Green called out: "Goldie, where are you going?" and then helplessly let her go.

VI

GOLDIE put on her hat and closed the screen door softly. Why she took this precaution she couldn't have said. That she should be going out was nothing; nearly every evening she did that—sometimes to the movies, or to dance halls of which her parents and Percy had never heard, where her astonishingly sane exuberance found expression in primitive motion, or on automobile rides. But this last usually by fours, seldom by twos; for Goldie knew men.

To-night she avoided the front porches of her usual girl companions. She wanted to be alone. She was downright serious at heart. For the first time in her life she saw the family of which she was willy-nilly a member with a degree of detachment, and the picture was not bright. Papa was on a treadmill; that was clear. And Perce was bound straight for another. One of these days he'd marry a pretty little thing and have a string of kids, and the pretty little thing would grow indolent and fat. Perce, like papa, believed pathetically in quaint old notions of duty and patient industry and meekness.

The world, of course, wasn't like that. It was cruel, rough, quick. You had to know tricks. It was a jungle, ruled by tigers that wore gloves and traveled in limousines and bought expensive clothes and diamonds set in platinum for languid tigresses. . . . That picture of her inadequate father and her copybook brother with the grotesque black eye brought her nearer to tears than she had been since girlhood. The worst of it was she couldn't talk to any of them. They couldn't possibly understand. You couldn't get at their minds. They'd be protecting her. It was queer, these days, when girls were plunging out everywhere, adventuring, making fortunes overnight. It was the big time for girls; but you couldn't make them see it.

She was looking for the red roadster. A group of vague impulses were gathering into what she would have termed a hunch.

The car wasn't in the long line before the Parthenon, nor was it beside the hotel. She moved on toward the popular drug store that old residents still spoke of as "Donovan's," though Wm. Illingworth's name had been on it, as successor, as far back as she could remember. After all, she hadn't had her dessert, and a soda would taste good.

A similar thought had come to the man named Williamson. For there was the roadster, and just within the wide plate-glass window, devouring an ice-cream soda, sat the man himself.

Goldie sauntered in, caught his eye, faintly smiled. His face again assumed that lobster tint. Demurely, at the long marble fountain, she ordered chocolate. . . . Again their eyes met, and again she faintly smiled. She had him now; he couldn't get away. She took her time hunting through her purse for change.

He came over, of course, then; somewhat roughly laid down the money, which she coolly pushed aside.

"Take back your gold," she murmured lightly, elusively, flippantly.

"Why?"

"For gold can never buy me."

"You're still there with the quick stuff, Cutie," said he.

"There or thereabouts."

"I suppose we may as well sit down and talk it over. If you're willing."

"I don't mind sitting down," said she.

Settled at the little wire table she dipped her spoon into the foamy brown mass and lazily ate. She sensed his restlessness, and decided to let him squirm. At length he leaned over the table.

"Suppose that brother of yours is trailing you," he said in a low, uncertain voice. "Have I got to hit him again?"

She quietly finished her glass. But his appetite was gone.

"Listen here; I've got to talk."

"Talk oughtn't to come hard with you."

"Will you take a little ride with me? We can hardly sit here."

"No," said she quietly. "I'd rather sit just here." And glancing out through the wide plate-glass window at the roadster, with its gay

He Felt Himself in the Right, and He Knew That Right Must Always Triumph

TIFFANY & Co.

PEARLS JEWELRY WATCHES CLOCKS SILVERWARE

NOTED FOR QUALITY

PROMPT ATTENTION GIVEN TO MAIL INQUIRIES

FIFTH AVENUE & 37TH STREET
NEW YORK

red varnish, polished nickel on the cowl board, rakish windshield and spotlight with its bright mirror, she murmured contentedly: "Probably the angriest automobile in the state."

"Listen here!" said he again. "I don't want you to think I'm always on the loose."

"I've given up thinking about men."

"This car—of course ——"

"Built for two," said she, not unpleasantly.

He glanced round, at this; and she could feel his slow mind squirming.

"It's an advertisement, really. I have to run it everywhere, building up these new agencies."

"About these certain little agencies," said she, softly still, but with a keener light under the long lashes, "what's the proposition?"

"Oh, just business. Money getting. You and I don't want to think about such things out here. After all, a man's got to relax a little once in a ——"

"I'm probably the angriest little money-getter in six counties," murmured Goldie sweetly.

VII

TOWARD eight o'clock the family argument moved from dining room to front sitting room; later, after a lapse of half an hour, it was resumed on the porch. P. Heigham, after pacing his room, had come down with a definite attitude.

Throughout the discussion Mr. Green was at the familiar disadvantage of being unable to advance his reasons. To P. Heigham it was wholly a matter of moral principle; Goldie must no longer be exposed to the swirling evils of a vicious world. To Mr. Green, though he spoke hotly at moments, in terms of character, it was at bottom a matter of family income. He knew, bitterly, that everyone that could must earn. And naturally, in this unequal and interestingly unreal contest, moral principle won.

They—father, mother, elder son—were sitting glumly on the porch, at nine, when Goldie turned in at the gate, and, humming a fox-trot tune, seated herself on the top step.

"Goldie," began the now dominant P. Heigham, "where have you been?"

The girl, ceasing the bright little melody, considered the new note of authority in her brother's voice.

"The last place was the lobby of the Beach Hotel. I had business there."

"Goldie"—P. Heigham stood over her, very dignified, positively firm; though he would cut a more impressive figure, she thought, if he would only turn that black eye away from the light—"papa and I have been talking this matter over."

"Oh—that certain little matter?" she murmured.

"We want you to understand what we have to say as representing only our concern for you—your future . . . Probably, one of these days, you'll marry. But in the meantime, we feel that it isn't fair to permit you to go on working at the Parthenon.

"It's the wrong kind of work—too conspicuous—it exposes you to every kind of insult and—well, it's just simply thin ice! That's what it is—thin ice!"

She was fishing in her vanity box; produced a much folded paper with printing on it, which she tossed into the lap of her silent father.

"Hold it up to the window," she said.

"Why!" exclaimed Mr. Green. "Why! You're undertaking ——"

"Yes, I've taken on the new agency. There's a guaranty goes with it, you know, for the first year."

"But how on earth ——" thus Mrs. Green, in a tone of immense relief.

"I've taken desk room at the hotel, to start with. Mornings and evenings. That's when the tourists are round. And, of course, my work at the Parthenon'll help. I'm going to pay board beginning Monday."

"It seems to be properly signed," said Mr. Green, tremulously.

"*And* witnessed!" said the girl, rising. And forgetting herself, added: "Trust little Eva on any ice there is!"

She took the paper and entered the house. P. Heigham, in bewilderment, followed.

"If you really think that father's knowledge of the world, and mine ——"

"Perce," she cried girlishly, throwing her arms round his sternly resisting shoulders and kissing him, "you burn me up!" And ran, humming the fox-trot tune, up the stairs.

P. Heigham raised a gingerly hand to his throbbing eye; then ascended with dignity to his own room and locked himself in. He felt that he must think.

He was to feel that all the rest of his life.

Dye it Right!

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Each package of "Diamond Dyes" contains directions so simple that any woman can diamond-dye worn, shabby garments, draperies, coverings, everything, a new, rich, fadeless color, no matter what the material may be.

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Children's Coats	Mixed Goods	Everything!

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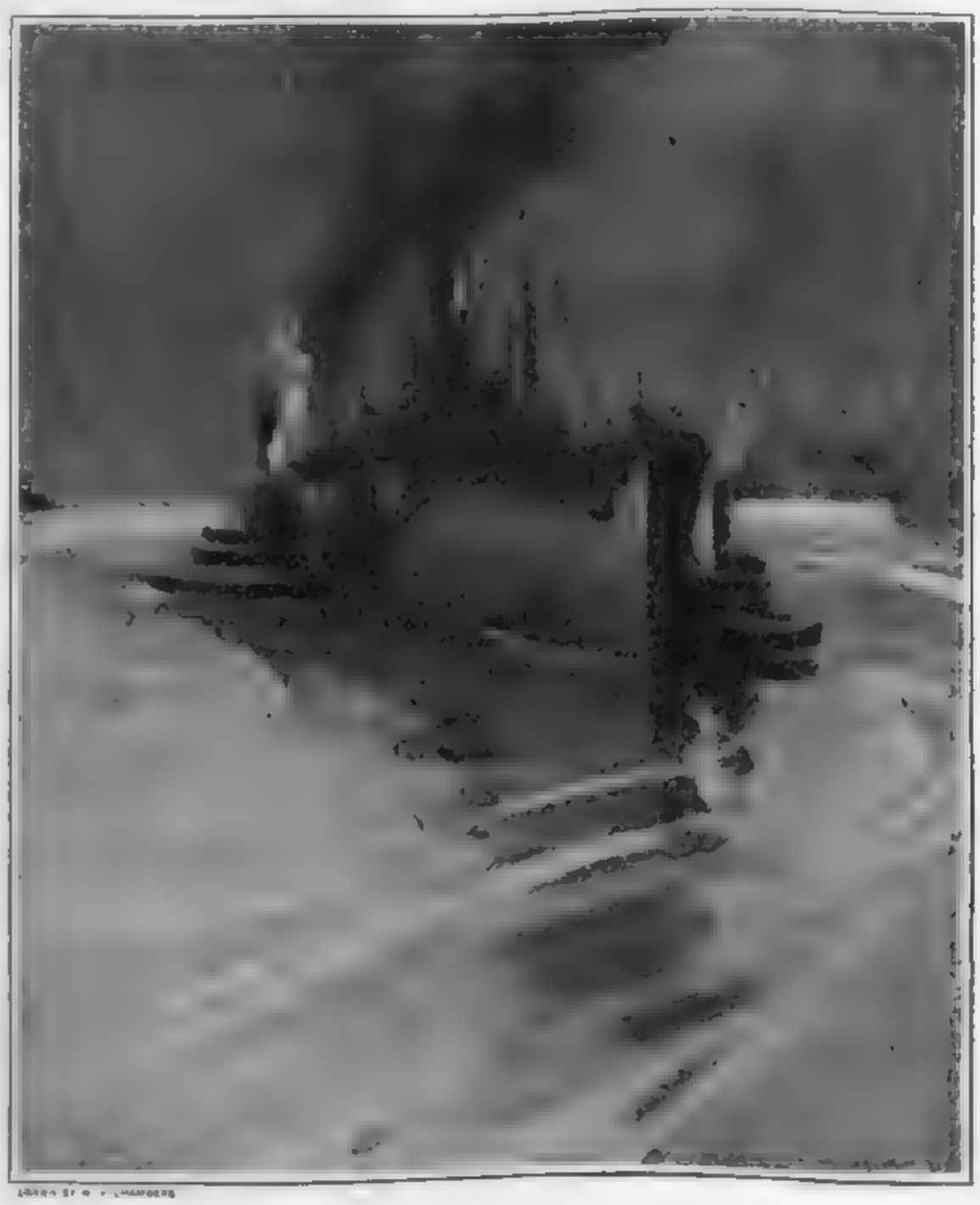

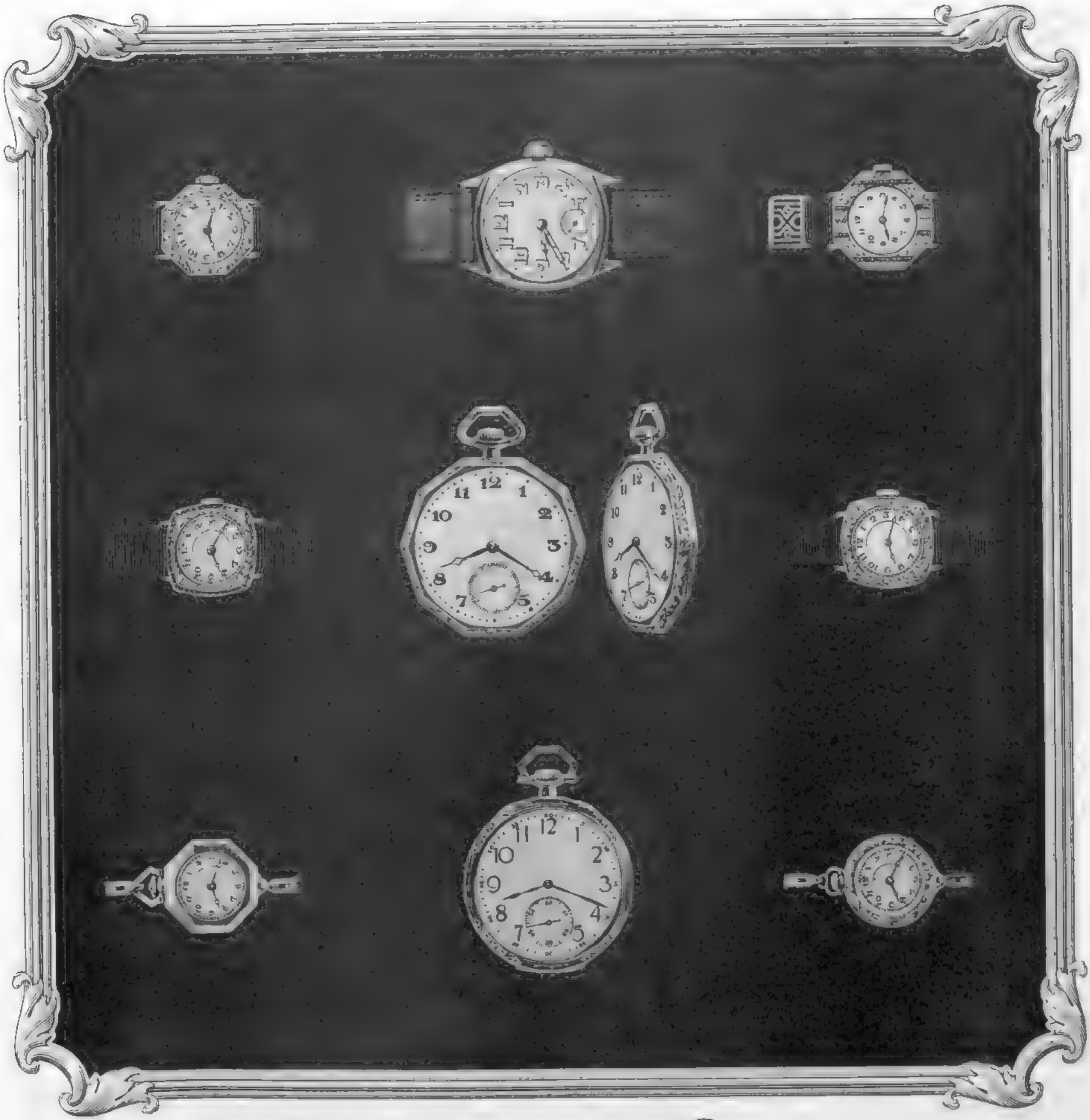

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FOR FINE WATCHES

Eloquent of the highest artistry, and of a skill which builds with exactness, these cases well exemplify the character of Wadsworth craftsmanship. For the man who seeks, in his watch, that sturdiness which speaks at the same time of true elegance; for the woman who would find the grace and beauty of line she so desires in a watch—Wadsworth has wrought these cases.

Leading jewelers are now showing these and other Wadsworth Cases for Fine Watches

THE WADSWORTH WATCH CASE CO., CINCINNATI, OHIO

SMALL-TOWN STUFF

By ROBERT QUILLEN

The Shepherd

ONCE upon a time there was a youth who herded sheep on a hillside. The sheep grazed contentedly, and the youth lay on his back in the grass and watched the lazy white clouds that drifted overhead. From the valley came the muffled chatter of a stream, and a bird chorus in a hedge on the hilltop sang to him throughout the day. He dreamed, for he had the soul of a poet, and at times he repeated aloud the bits of verse that formed themselves in his mind.

One day a great man passed that way and stopped to exchange words with the shepherd. There was about him an air of great cities, and he talked of a world the shepherd did not know. He led the shepherd to talk of himself and the fragments of verse he had composed, and as he turned to go his way he said: "I perceive that you are a genius. If you will come to the city I will make you famous."

When the shepherd was alone he returned to his dreams, but he no longer dreamed of the curious threads that make the warp and woof of life. He dreamed of cities, of hurrying throngs, of beautiful ladies and softly clapping hands. He pictured himself as the possessor of wealth, with servants to wait upon him, and his eyes sparkled and his heart beat fast.

He went to the city and his verses were printed in a book. The book brought him fame and a little money. A little money was sufficient for his simple needs, but his needs did not long remain simple. Fame brought him fine friends who lived in luxury, and contact with luxury whetted his appetite for more of it.

To get more luxury he needed more money, and to get more money he wrote more verse. Fame had established his market. When he had completed a line there was a publisher waiting at the door to accept it.

While hands were yet clapping to applaud his first book he might have sold any product of his pen, regardless of its faults, but a feeling that was half pride of craftsmanship and half common honesty constrained him to do good work at whatever cost of time. If one can saw but four logs in an hour and yet has need of a greater income, he must work longer hours to saw more logs. The shepherd began to deny himself to callers and to avoid social gatherings. He began work at the break of day and toiled until aching eyes and quivering nerves drove him at last to bed. It was good work and added to his fame and his bank account. But it left him no time to enjoy his fame or spend his money. It made him a slave.

After a time he reached the end of his endurance. Then he put on the simple garments he had worn as a shepherd and shook the dust of the city from his feet.

A fortnight later he lay on his back in the grass where contented sheep grazed on a hillside, and watched the lazy white clouds that drifted overhead. The muffled chatter of a stream came up from the valley, and birds sang in a hedge.

The shepherd smiled at the clouds and snuggled deeper into the grass. "How strange," he mused, "that men will pay a great price for a little handclapping."

Consistency

THE man who viewed with alarm leaned back in his swivel chair and addressed his secretary: "This country of ours," he said, "is facing a crisis. We are using too much cylinder oil and not enough elbow grease." This epigram pleased him and he smiled and tried another. "We demand the sweets without the sweat. We have too many soft heads and not enough hard hands. We are wasting our substance in a riotous effort to get a living without earning it.

"There was a time when jobs were scarce and hard to hold, and every man rendered an honest service in return for his pay. Now each man knows that his boss cannot replace him and the knowledge gives him a sense of power. He abuses his power, as men have since the year one, and makes no secret of his intention to get as much as possible and give as little as possible. He is as independent as a hog on ice, and he carries a chip on his shoulder.

"The whole country has gone luxury mad, and the farms are being drained of labor to swell the ranks of those making play pretties for loafers. The farms are growing up in weeds and the cities are filling up with reds. There can't be any stability in a country where a minority raises food and a majority raises hell. If something isn't done to stop this movement of workers from the plow handles to the bright lights, another decade will introduce us to more varieties of trouble than Pandora turned loose. You can't maintain peace and order on an empty stomach.

"At present we appear to be getting a living by making toys for one another, but this condition cannot long endure. The world isn't a kindergarten, and nothing short of the interference of Providence can keep us out of the ditch unless we quit our childish chasing after pretty bubbles, settle down to hard work, and learn again to be content with the simple and wholesome things that made up our lives in the old days before we lost our wits."

Having thus eased his mind the man who viewed with alarm dismissed his secretary, locked his desk and called it a day. His car stood waiting at the curb, filled with the gasoline needed by tractors. An able-bodied plow hand sat at the wheel. The gears clucked sweetly and the car sped away. Ten minutes later the man was at home. The door was opened by an able-bodied bricklayer, who took his hat and stick. An able-bodied hodcarrier drew his bath and later helped him to dress. His dinner, cooked to perfection by an able-bodied fireman, was served by an able-bodied carpenter. There were guests—able-bodied longshoremen who had spent the day at various clubs, and able-bodied cooks who had spent the day in negligée. The man's wife and his guests discussed the servant problem, but the man gave scant attention.

He retired within himself and viewed with alarm, and wondered how many years would be gathered into history before the square meal joined the dodo. Not many, he opined, unless the people recovered from their madness.

Jenkins, Bolshevist

THERE was a man named Jenkins who had a home, a job, seven sons and a grouch. He was a good provider. In his home he was boss. His wife cooked the dishes he preferred, chose her clothing to win his approval and asked his advice concerning everything. She did not question his authority. His sons accepted his word as the law and stirred their feet to a lively pace when he called.

Jenkins had a grouch because the foreman in the plant where he worked wore a white collar and spent most of his time at a desk, and yet received a wage larger than his own; and because the man who owned the plant rode in a limousine and carried a walking stick.

When the whistle blew for quitting time Jenkins would join a group of his fellows on the street corner and talk about the rights of the workers. The more he talked and the more he listened the stronger became his conviction that he was oppressed, and he learned to pronounce the word "capitalist" so that it hissed like a serpent.

When he went home at night and sat down to supper he entertained his wife and his sons by lecturing to them concerning the new day that would bring the under dog to the top. His wife and his sons listened open-mouthed, for they considered him a great man.

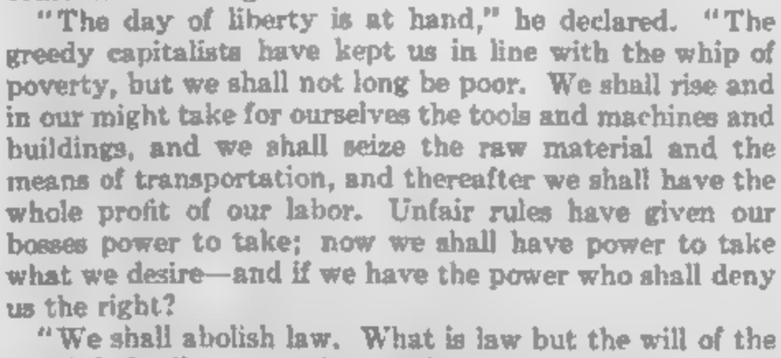
"The day of liberty is at hand," he declared. "The greedy capitalists have kept us in line with the whip of poverty, but we shall not long be poor. We shall rise and in our might take for ourselves the tools and machines and buildings, and we shall seize the raw material and the means of transportation, and thereafter we shall have the whole profit of our labor. Unfair rules have given our bosses power to take; now we shall have power to take what we desire—and if we have the power who shall deny us the right?

"We shall abolish law. What is law but the will of the people? Well, we are the people. Each will be a law to himself, choosing his own course, permitting his own soul to develop without hindrance or restraint. There will be no scheming to get wealth, for the world will belong to all. There will be no anxious thought for the morrow, for there will be assurance of plenty to-morrow.

"No man will be a slave and none will labor except when he so desires. We all shall be brothers and one man's authority shall be equal to that of another."

The youngest Jenkins boy, aged ten, dared a question. "Daddy," he asked, "are you sure that is the right way? If it is wouldn't it be a good idea for us to learn it now while we are young?"

"Yes, I'm sure," replied Jenkins. "We have groped in darkness, but we are near the light. I would be proud to have my sons learn this great doctrine while it is yet new."



When Jenkins came home the following evening he saw a red flag tacked to his front porch. For some reason he did not attempt to analyze he felt a touch of shame and glanced furtively up and down the street to see if the flag had attracted attention. Then his face set into hard lines and he said to himself: "What matter? Someone must be the pioneer. The boys have caught the spirit. I am glad."

The living room did not appear as neat as usual, and as he passed through the dining room he noticed that the dinner dishes were yet unwashed. He found his wife in the kitchen, smiling to herself and humming as she went about the preparation of supper.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Been downtown all day?"

"Nothing wrong," she replied. "We have turned Bolshevik, and I didn't feel in a humor for work this afternoon. I finished that book Mrs. Stallings loaned me."

Jenkins started to speak, but thought better of it and went into the bathroom to wash up.

As he came out he noticed that the wood box was empty and called his son Will. "Billy," he said, "get your mother some more wood, and while you are about it bring in enough to get breakfast."

The boy grinned and shook his head. "Like fun I will," he replied. "We are all Bolshevik here. None of us are slaves and one has just as much authority as another. I have no desire to bring in wood."

Jenkins turned to his wife. "I want to know ——" he demanded hotly, and then his eyes fell on the teapot and he stopped short. "What's the big idea?" he asked. "You know I detest tea. If we are out of coffee send one of the boys for some."

"We are not out," she replied. "But I really prefer tea. Making it instead of coffee is my little way of letting my soul develop without hindrance. If you prefer coffee you may make it."

Jenkins glared and strode out of the kitchen.

Supper was a very unsatisfactory meal. The boys were in high spirits and talked incessantly of the new day and its freedom.

"After supper," declared Bob, aged fourteen, "I am going downtown and wander round until bedtime. I've always wanted to."

"You'll stay inside this house," growled Jenkins, "and study your lessons. I'm going to make something of you boys, and I can't do it if you loaf on the streets. The idea!"

"That's nonsense, dad," the boy protested. "There's lots of jobs a fellow can handle if he hasn't got a bit of education, and if the workers are to own everything what's the use of wasting time trying to learn something? If I study like as not I'll grow up to be a lawyer or a manufacturer or some kind of capitalist, and then you would be ashamed of me."

Jenkins got to his feet. He started to speak, but his glance was caught by a sparkle of light that came from the necktie worn by his oldest son.

"Ralph," he asked coldly, "where did you get that diamond?"

"Jewelry store," answered Ralph.

"I've warned you boys against the folly of buying on the installment plan," Jenkins growled. "In the morning you will take that silly thing back and get the money you paid."

"I didn't buy it, dad," the boy explained. "I took it."

"You what?"

"Just took it," replied the boy. "The jeweler wasn't looking. To quote your own admirable expression: 'If we have the power who shall deny us the right?'"

Jenkins kicked his chair over and strode to the front door. When he returned he held a tattered red flag in one hand and a picket from the fence in the other. His face was white and there was a steady light in his eye.

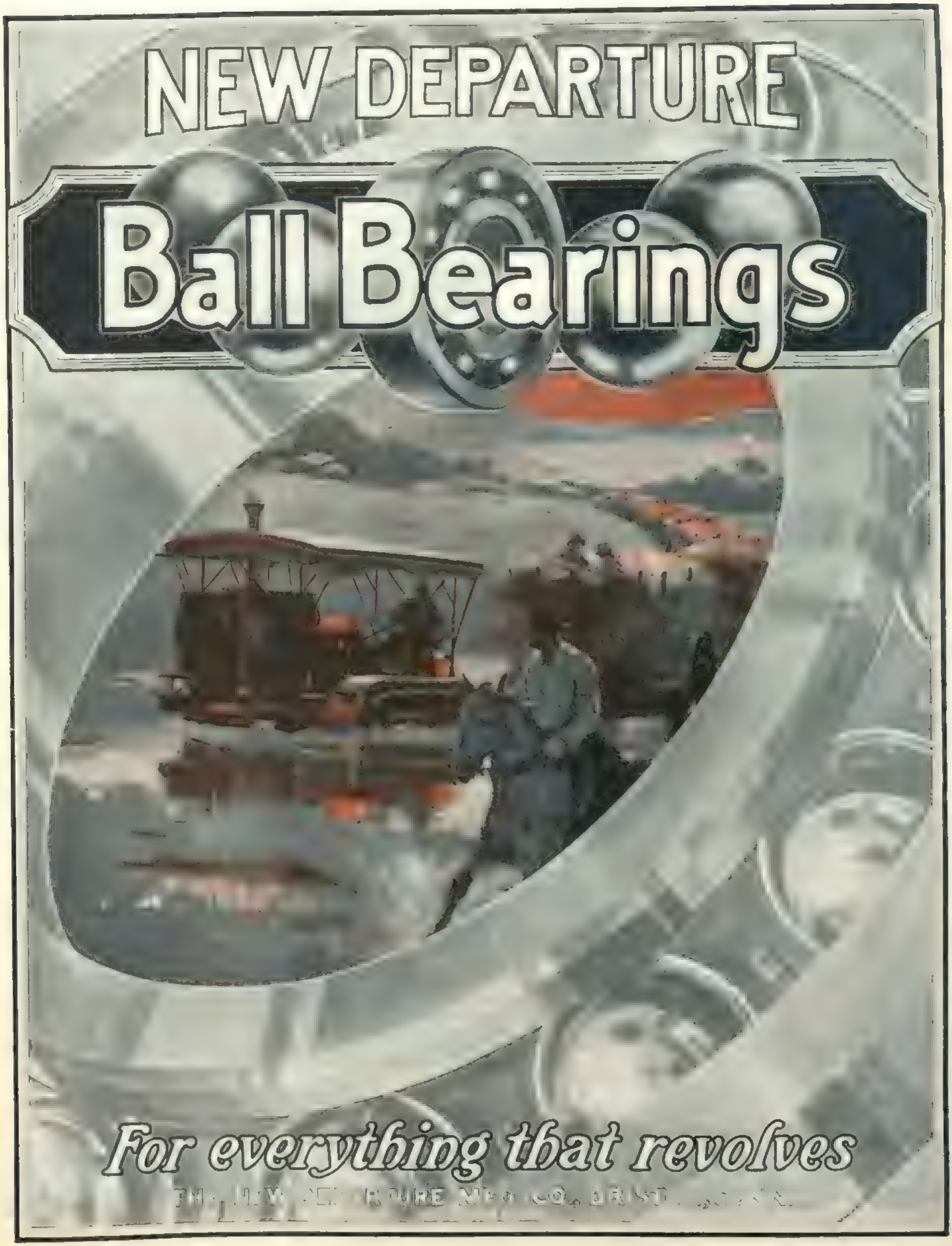
"I've had a plenty," he announced. "I started this thing, and I take the blame. But what I start I finish. Either this family, here and now, severally and individually, renounces its allegiance to any doctrine, creed or folly that is now or hereafter may be associated with the color of red and here and now pledges itself to honor and respect the decent Americanism that has made us a nation or I shall consider it my duty as a man and a citizen of this glorious republic to lick hell out of everybody present."

And then the Jenkins family rose and fell on his neck and wept and explained away the things that had affrighted him, and there was great joy in that household.

The following morning as Jenkins approached the factory a hairy little man whose name ended in "vitch" took him by the arm and said:

"Ah, comrade, the day of our deliverance is near. Last night I began work on a bomb."

And Jenkins, newborn American, swung a good American hip and kicked the embryo murderer seventeen feet to a gutter.


NEW DEPARTURE
Ball Bearings
For everything that revolves

A photograph, taken close-up, showing one of the Goodyear Cord Tires which completely equip the motor truck fleet of Wm. P. Taubel, Inc., Riverside, New Jersey—and a photograph of one of the large units of this fleet

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GOODYEAR

Straight Through January —on Pneumatics

"We use Goodyear Cord Tires of from six- to ten-inch diameters. Our fleet now hauls continuously despite winter weather such as previously delayed and tied up our deliveries. The trucks now cover much more ground, running between Riverside, Trenton and Philadelphia—haul more tonnage—operate at less cost for fuel and repairs. Goodyear Cord Tire mileages range up to 30,000."—Harry McCoy, for Wm. F. Taubel, Inc., Hosiery Mills, Riverside, New Jersey

UPON the transportation map has appeared a vast network of truck routes over which, as is indicated in statements like this, units and fleets on Goodyear Cord Tires haul continuously.

Far and wide they travel even when the drifting snows and slippery grades of winter have retarded and stalled other carriers lacking the traction supplied by these pneumatics.

With regularity and promptness, the able Goodyear Cord Tires hurry heavy cargoes through melting sleet and along ice-paved roads, gripping firmly as they go.

Between factory and railroad, town and country, the persistent pneumatics maintain an unbroken flow of mail, materials, supplies and merchandise, thus affording valuable aid to all-year commerce.

Years of pioneering plus the manufacturing care that protects our good name have built into their Goodyear Cord construction that huge strength now expressed in many exceptional mileage records.

Detailed descriptions of improvements effected with pneumatics by many businesses can be obtained from The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company at Akron, Ohio, or Los Angeles, California.

Haul on Pneumatics

CORD TIRES

Brakes
Wheels
Engine
Rear Axle!

Look for Columbia
under the car

A DARK, rainy night. A watery wind-shield. Blinding headlights of an approaching car.

An unseen rut. Brakes! Front wheels over, rear wheels drop and stay.

In such an emergency, it is the rear axle you depend upon more than any other part of the car. The brakes must hold; *but the rear axle holds the brakes.* The wheels must withstand the crash; *but the rear axle supports the wheels.* The engine must have power to pull you out; *but the rear axle delivers the engine's power.*

You cannot afford to forget the responsibility of the rear axle when you buy a new car.

That responsibility is so great and vital that the Columbia organization has from the beginning concentrated its every effort to anticipate the call of emergency.

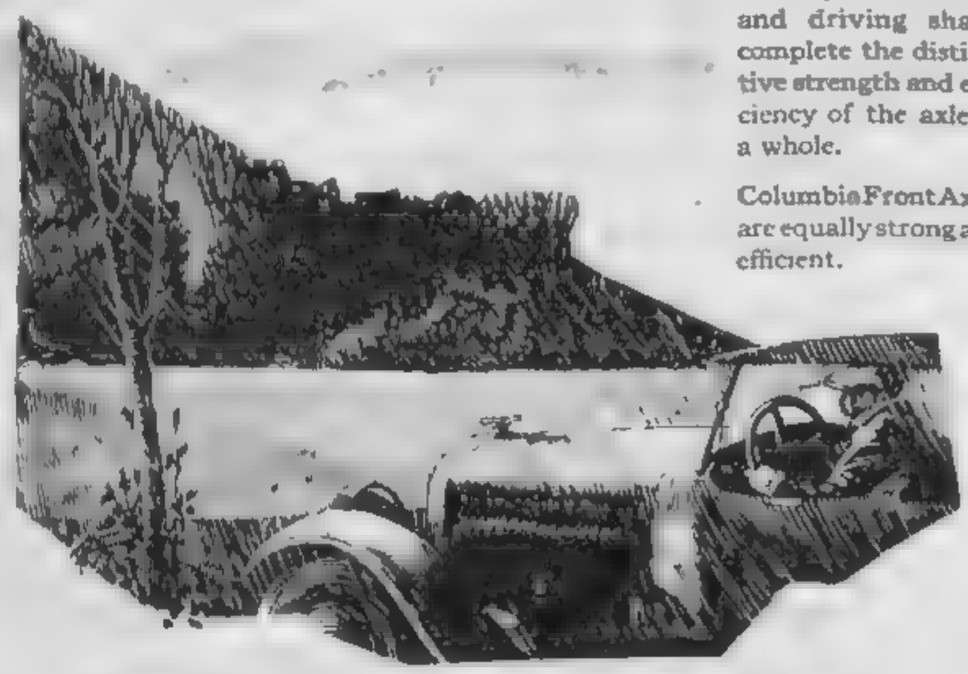
We are axle builders exclusively. The whole motor car industry thinks of us as axle specialists. We are telling you about Columbia Axles, and particularly Columbia One-piece-housing Rear Axles, because we want you to know how much care we take with a product which is so vital to the safe and efficient performance of your car.

We want you to know, when you buy a car equipped with Columbia Axles, that the manufacturer of that car has done everything in his power to give you confidence and the kind of service that builds good-will. That is why we say to you, "Look for Columbia under the car."

Columbia Axle Company **Cleveland, Ohio, U. S. A.**

The Columbia Rear Axle Housing is built in one piece, which adds 50% to its strength (by laboratory tests). Extra large and strong brake drums, differential and driving shafts complete the distinctive strength and efficiency of the axle as a whole.

Columbia Front Axles are equally strong and efficient.



COLUMBIA

ONE-PIECE-HOUSING
AXLES

SEED OF THE SUN

(Continued from Page 25)

She had left San Francisco without seeing him again. He must have known why. Zudie had hinted that he would never forgive the slight. Was Anna growing to fear this little man whose influence could reach apparently from Tokio to Washington, from Washington to the remotest corner of California?

In Zudie's face, too, she read the picture of distress. Her little sister's eyes were unusually serious as she walked alone by the river or sat in the shadows of the veranda reading to Nan and Kipps. Anna's fate was to stand alone, she now felt. Dune Leacy had deserted her, to all appearances. His capable person was absent from the Bly porch, and his absence was felt. Quite evidently Anna's presence at Tazumi's party had settled something in Leacy's prejudiced mind.

Sometimes Anna thought she could see his shining roadster dashing rapidly along the road through Bly. She hated herself for the wish that it would pause at the white gate and turn in as it used to do.

As harvest week approached Matsu and Shimba grew noisy with implements of wood and iron. The drama centered round the gallows tree, where a lye kettle was soon to simmer. Shimba, urging the old gray mare, would gallop cross-lots with a wagonload of crates to dump them clattering on a pile beside the dipping platform. All day Matsu was stacking the long flat trays upon which the prunes would be drying ere the change of another moon. Out in the orchards the Japanese citizens from Hawaii drove the old brown horse, which had been hitched to a contrivance designed to smooth and flatten the soil in the circles where the fruit would fall. Mrs. Matsu waddled in and out of the shed carrying chemicals with which to scour the lye kettle. Preparation was in the air, and the sight was consoling to Anna's eyes.

But now began the race with the weather. Brilliant sunshine had ceased; mornings were dull and rain clouds frowned above the far Sierras. A week of rain in the midst of picking season can play havoc with a prune harvest—fruit will mildew on the drying ground and half a season's work will be cast to the swine.

Rain was in the air. Every morning Shimba would raise his flat nose and sniff like a hunting dog. Surely heaven was threatening the farmer with a new unkindness!

Henry Johnson, the Eurasian philosopher, remained the one calm amidst turmoil. He lurked in out-of-the-way places, his object, quite frankly, to avoid work. The sight of him never failed to drive Susan Skelley to distraction.

"The wall-eyed pickeral wid a Chinee face and a Jew nose!" she stormed. "He ain't useful an' he ain't ornamental. Anny Chinee's good for washin' clothes. Will he wash clothes? He will not! When I set 'im to turnin' th' wringer, what does he do? Stands there wid his mule face, talkin' about th' municipal polyticks av ancient Greece. An' he should know about grease, if annywan does. He's made av ut. Aven th' Jap'll have nawthin' to do wid um. An' what the Japs won't touch is spoilt—it's true, I'm tellin' ye."

Susan would finish her diatribe with a moment of relenting, characteristically Celtic.

"Wid all thim an-sisters fightin' inside his sowl, he gits away wid ut pretty well, I'll say ut. He talks in his sleep to avide wor-r-k, but he says somethin' now an' agin. An' mark me wor-r-d, there's an Irish potata somewhere on his fam'ly tree."

Over Henry Johnson's frowzy head Susan's criticism popped as harmlessly as hail pops from the stony skull of an ancient image in the gardens of old Nippon. Henry's constant stream of theorizing whenever she saw him convinced Anna that Susan was right in at least one particular—Henry talked in his sleep to avoid work.

One lowering afternoon—Anna had sent Henry over to the sheds to help Shimba with the trays—she heard a peculiar mirthless cackle of laughter floating from the willow trees down by the stream, which had shrunk to a silvery thread during the dry months. Henry had not presented himself at the shed. She found him smoking by the river, his back against a twisted trunk. Several newspapers lay in the weeds beside him, and in his hands he held another, apparently the object of his jeers. So deep was his abstraction that she came almost upon him, and could see the characters on the newspapers. They were Japanese.

At that instant Henry reached another humorous passage apparently, for he raised his cackle shriller than before.

"Japanese funny papers?" asked Anna, always unable to scold the poor Eurasian.

"Very," agreed Henry, rising and showing Anna to a seat on a log. This was done with a flourish as though the river bank were his own drawing-room.

"You ought to know"—she tried her best to be severe—"that this is a busy time on the ranch."

"I should," he agreed with a suppressed yawn. "But what are you going to do with me, Mrs. Bly? The subject of prunes bores me this afternoon. Like Horace, grown a little bald, my only desire is to drowse like a dog in some sunny corner of Sabina."

"That's all very well, Henry," she persisted, "but when you're working for wages ——"

"That's a subject I wanted to bring up," he declared, raising a long hand. "Do you realize that you are paying me entirely too much? I have decided to strike for shorter hours and a smaller wage. Suppose you cut me a dollar a day, and allow me an hour in the afternoons to read my Japanese papers and enjoy a good laugh. There is all too little laughter in this world."

"Just what do you find to laugh at in your papers?" she inquired, her curiosity roused.

"In playing with a hornets' nest, who can say which one of the interesting insects has been the first to sting? Having no sense of humor, the Japanese can be very funny. This paper I am holding is a representative organ of San Francisco. It is written entirely for Nipponese consumption, and because the language is quite difficult for Americans it speaks out and says about what it wants to. I see our mutual friend, Baron Tazumi, has broken out again," he concluded, squinting into the perpendicular lines on the front page.

"Has he?"

He glanced sharply at her over the top of the paper and prefaced his reading with the explanation: "The Japanese have a proverb which says, 'You cannot tear paper the wrong way,' much as you say, 'You cannot float up stream.' You know how hard it is to whistle and sing at the same time? Well, our distinguished racial half brother seems to have perfected himself in the art. A sweet song of love for American interviewers. A sharp whistle of hate for Japanese readers. I wonder what has happened to the baron? Never before has he been so openly bitter against the blond race of which I am a poor half portion."

"I can't imagine," answered Anna, though she had made her guess. "But what does he say?"

"He has gone to Seattle, it seems, and was given an ovation by the Japanese there. It was one of those spontaneous affairs carefully arranged by the Beneficent Society. The account of his speech is headed, 'Jewel Words From Great Lips.' Here is a handful of those gems:

"'Be of stout heart, my people, for ye are sprung from the land of the gods. Even though you go forth into the outlands to toil among mocking tribes, yet heaven is with you because the divine Emperor is with you.

"'They cannot check our peaceful progress in this land, or in any other where our divine Emperor has sent us to toil in his name.

"'Small as we are in numbers here, let us see to it that our race shall increase. Seed of Yamato, germinate anew! Beget, beget, beget! While the Emperor permitted it, it was well that you brought wives from the homeland—young wives, and fertile. And now it is more important still that we marry into this American stock. Prove your race equality in the blood of your children.

"'Do not fear that our race shall be lost in such a mingling of blood. The blood of Japan is immortal, because it is descended from the sun goddess, Amaterasu. Plant it where you will. Yamato's seed shall never die.'"

Henry Johnson ceased to read and permitted the paper to fall across his shabby shoes.

"What else did he say?" asked Anna in a choking voice.

"Not much," smiled Henry. "After these few remarks ice cream was served and a good time was enjoyed by all present."

She struggled a while with a difficult question, then said:

"Henry, do many of the Japanese want to—to marry white women?"

"Well," he informed her, "you have just heard the baron's speech translated."

"I can't believe that he could suggest anything so cold-blooded."

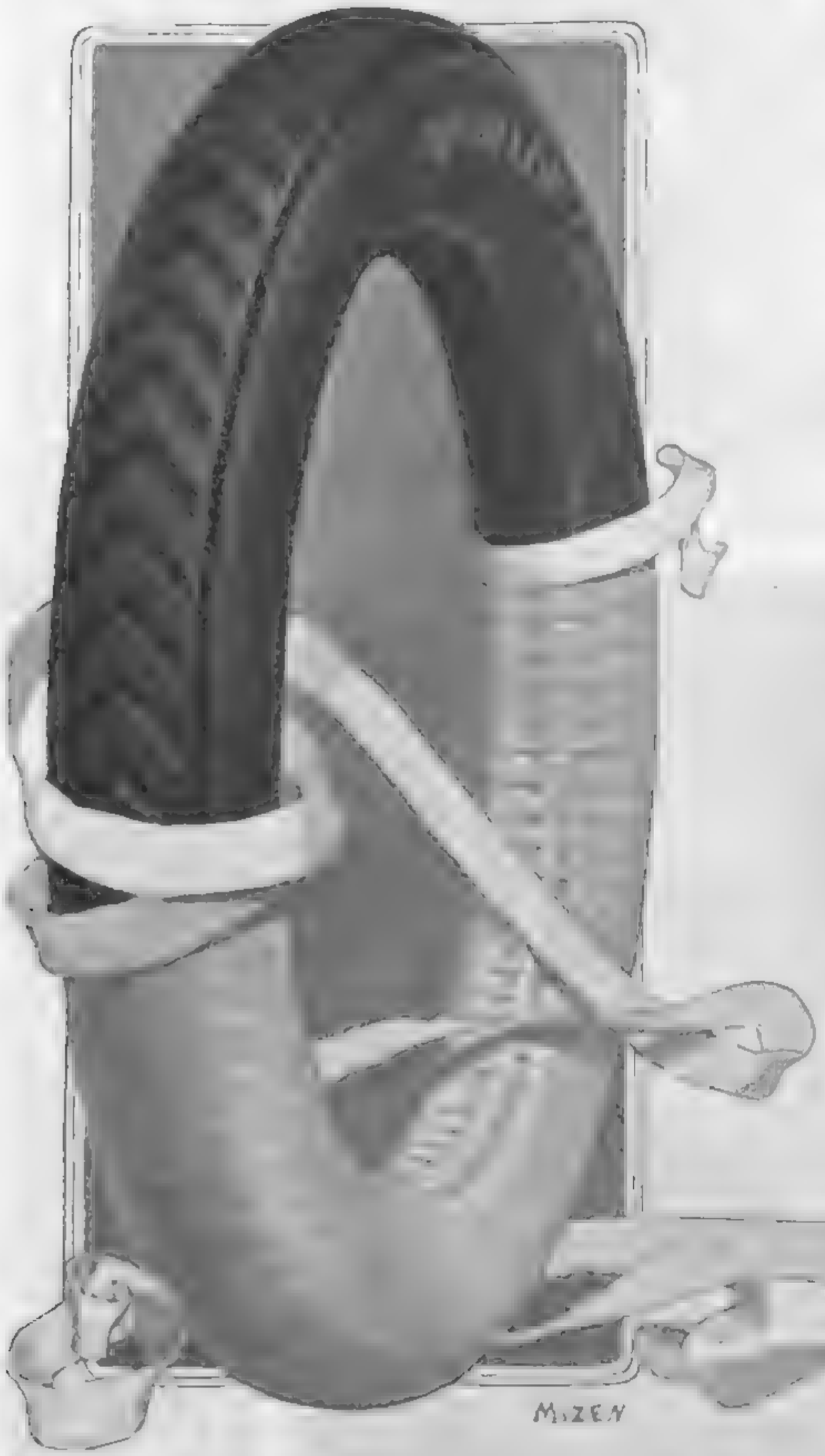
"The temperature of blood," drawled Henry Johnson, "is merely a relative matter. What seems cold in California may seem warm in Japan. Suicide, for instance. Here it is a crime, there a virtue. Nippon applauds the hero who operates upon himself with a short sword."

"Henry, you exaggerate," his employer cautioned him. "Hara-kiri has gone out of style in Japan."

(Continued on Page 102)

Anna Sat Staring at the Little Figure. What Labyrinth of the Orient Was She Entering Now? What Trick Was This? Why Had She Been Brought Here to Talk of a Groundless Rumor in a Japanese Paper?

A NEW NAME



The name Dunlop is new as the name of an American-built automobile tire, but in almost every other sense it is the oldest name in pneumatic tire history.

Do you know, for example, that the first successful pneumatic tire was invented by a man named John Boyd Dunlop, thirty-two years ago; that he was the real founder of the pneumatic tire industry; that the history of Dunlop Tires extends from that time to the present through the successive developments of tricycle and bicycle, as well as automobile, motor truck and motorcycle?

The original idea for a pneumatic tire was first advanced in 1845, but it was unappreciated, neglected and forgotten. Dunlop, forty-three years later, knew nothing of it, and his tire, which was his own original invention, led to the immediate establishment of the pneumatic tire industry.

Dunlop made that first tire for his boy's tricycle because he thought the vehicle's narrow tires were too hard both on the ground and on the rider. He quickly realized what his invention would mean to the bicycle; but its real significance was far greater, as we know, who have witnessed the spectacular progress of the automobile—then undreamed of.

It was only a short time after Dunlop's invention that the organization resulting from it became the first to manufacture and sell an improved type

DUN

THAT IS OLD

of tire, involving the principle of inner tube and open casing in both well-known forms—the "clincher" type, as well as the one with wire reinforcement in the bead—long known as the "Dunlop" type. It was that principle of inner tube and open casing which made the pneumatic tire practical for the automobile.

The way in which the Dunlop idea and the Dunlop Tire have circled the globe parallels in rapidity and intense interest the extraordinary industrial achievements of the builders of the American automotive industry.

Few Americans realize just what the growth of this Dunlop institution has been. Over in England there is, near Birmingham, a great tire-building city which in size and output ranks among the large tire-building plants of the world.

Dunlop Tires are manufactured in England, France, Germany, Japan, Australia and Canada. There are Dunlop factory branches in Belgium, Holland, Italy, Denmark, Sweden, Spain, South America, South Africa and India. Dunlop has great rubber plantations in Ceylon and the Malay Peninsula, and the Dunlop cotton mills of two continents add to Dunlop's assurance of raw material supply and quality. These varied interests already employ the labor of nearly fifty thousand individuals, and within a few years that number will probably be doubled.

The Dunlop Tire and Rubber Corporation of America, therefore, enters upon its business as an American corporation in a somewhat unusual way—in that it has an established name to uphold and a clear title to its place in one of America's greatest industries—which Dunlop has in fact served from the beginning by the invention, improvement and production of the pneumatic tire.

Dunlop has also begun manufacture with a complete equipment of modern buildings and machinery, equal to the task of turning out over 12,000 tires a day, with land and resources for great expansion and with all the major assets of adequate facilities, modern machines, proven methods and ample finances.

The Dunlop factories are rapidly nearing completion and will be producing tires soon after the first of the New Year. They will be Dunlop Cord Tires—the best we can build and worthy of their name—the new name in America that is old in tire history.

* * *

Dunlop distribution will be through retail channels. It will be national in scope and effected as rapidly as is consistent with the best interests of tire users and Dunlop dealers. We will welcome the opportunity to discuss distribution plans with retail tire merchants who are interested.

DUNLOP TIRE AND RUBBER CORPORATION OF AMERICA
BUFFALO, NEW YORK

LOP

AN OLD POLICY

Dunlop, at the outset of its career as an American tire builder, recognizes an obligation to declare its policy to the public which it will soon be serving.

The corner-stone of that policy may be defined as mutual interest. No commercial enterprise of such size as that which Dunlop has undertaken can fail to affect for good or ill a great number of persons in and outside of its own industry.

Our policy, then, begins with a definition of obligation. There is probably no single element in it that is entirely new or revolutionary, because mutual interest is as old as human history; but it is a new combination—taken from thirty-two years of Dunlop experience and from tire history in America—which seems to best fit both your needs and our obligation to meet them.

Our first obligation is to build a good product. We interpret that to mean only a high-grade product—and so far as pneumatics are concerned that means to us cord tires only, and the very best cord tires we know how to build.

It also means adequate manufacturing facilities. That is one reason why Dunlop began on such a large scale, why the plan and type of construction of its factories differ from previous tire practice, why the units for testing and engineering research were the first to be completed. It also means that the tires which will in a few months be distributed from Buffalo are typical Dunlop Cords, of a construction already proven by years of service to be one of the most reliable and successful in use.

Dunlop intends also to make its products accessible to car and truck owners. This is impossible without large production and the Dunlop factories will have a capacity to turn out over 12,000 tires a day.

Accessibility also implies nation-wide distribution, and this will be effected as rapidly as is consistent with your best interests.

Each Dunlop dealer will be a man who has selected us as much as we have selected him—a man who really believes in Dunlop product and Dunlop policy, and is thoroughly in accord with a cardinal point in that policy—that he and we are selling a means of continuous transportation rather than merely merchandise.

We recognize an obligation to make it possible for him to conduct a successful and growing business, just as we expect him to represent us in feeling a definite responsibility for each Dunlop Tire—a responsibility which does not terminate with some stated mileage limit, but endures as long as the tire is on the rim, and as long as its owner seeks his advice and coöperation.

It is Dunlop policy to see that no complaints and criticisms are side-tracked but have a clear

DUN

THAT IS NEW

road to a just and fair settlement—and Dunlop dealers will represent our public to us just as they represent us to the public.

Dunlop will devote continuous effort to the improvement of automobile and truck tires, will seek to aid others in the industry as it can, and regards other manufacturers as men worthy of respect —its partners in public service.

Frankly, Dunlop desires to sell its products as soon as those products are ready for delivery. It desires the patronage of American car and truck owners and American builders of automotive vehicles.

But Dunlop also proposes to give value for every dollar of every customer's money, to be of real service to each community in which it is represented and to the industry of which it is a part.

We are sure you will agree with the principles of Dunlop policy; and you will soon have opportunity to put them to the test.

* * *

Dunlop distribution will be through retail channels. It will be national in scope and effected as rapidly as is consistent with the best interests of tire users and Dunlop dealers. We will welcome the opportunity to discuss distribution plans with retail tire merchants who are interested.

DUNLOP TIRE AND RUBBER CORPORATION OF AMERICA
BUFFALO, NEW YORK

LOP

(Continued from Page 97)

"Yes? Not so many years ago General Nogi killed himself in order to join his old Emperor in the land of souls. He had no sooner struck the blow than all Nippon cried, 'There dies the last gentleman in Japan!' To-day Nogi is enshrined as a god with an altar of his own and plenty of priests to comfort his spirit with incense. It makes a pretty picture. Religion and politics again, you observe."

"Why do the Japanese want to marry into other races?" Anna broke in.

"Just look at me!" snarled Henry Johnson. "Am I not a noble example of intermarriage?"

"But why do they want it?" she persisted.

"They want to borrow your stature," he said. "They have already borrowed your telegraph instruments, your educational systems, your military equipment, your advertising methods. They have borrowed your brain, but they cannot change their bodies without one thing—intermarriage. Don't you see? Four feet six wants to become six feet four. Then Japan will have everything."

"Your theories are sometimes a trifle farfetched, I am afraid," said Anna, rising.

Henry Johnson bowed with the air of a great gentleman showing a guest out of his drawing-room.

"I suppose so. And now, Mrs. Bly, in pursuance of my faf-fetchedness, will you permit me to say something for your own good?"

She stared at his badly joined features, and found there nothing of the mocking look they usually wore for the world. Every muscle in his queer face was tense with a burning seriousness, and his voice deepened as he said: "This is an impertinence. I am of very little use to you as a laborer, Mrs. Bly, but I am devoted to you and to your sister. You have shown kindness to a mongrel dog, and though he may snap and bite at others, it is never at you."

"I appreciate that, Henry," said Anna, pitying and wondering at the same time.

"If you wish to send me away for what I'm going to say it will be all right. I have earned enough here, and I shall be going back—back home pretty soon."

"I shan't send you away," she promised, "but please tell me."

"Mrs. Bly, would you like to have this smart fellow, Mr. Oki, as a brother-in-law?"

"Mr. Oki!" she cried. "What in the world do you mean?"

"The Japanese all over Bly are gossiping of his ambitions—that's all."

"What idle, silly nonsense, Henry!" she said.

"Exactly." He thrust his hands into his shabby pockets. "But I am telling you what Mr. Oki is permitting his friends to believe."

"But he's never seen my sister more than half a dozen times."

"In Japan that would be regarded as a great many."

How Zudie would laugh, thought Anna, when she heard of this! Yet to Anna it was no laughing matter.

"Sometime when we are not all so busy," the mongrel philosopher was drawling on, "I shall tell you about myself. Maybe you will see then what occurs in improving the Japanese race."

Anna stood in a daze, looking through the willow twigs down to the river below. On the steep bank her active, freckled Kipps was flying a Japanese kite which he had borrowed from John Matsu. Purple winged, demon faced, gaudily colored, it darted spitefully and ascended in wild swoops. Across its paper belly she could see the three black characters in Japanese.

"Those are strange words written on the kite," Henry Johnson was saying.

But Anna moved away toward the ranch house.

XXI

NOW the prune has been chosen among the fruits of the earth to be a thing of affectionate ridicule. It is the food of humorists, its only rival being the lemon—also an important product of the state of California. The economical sugary quality of the prune has immortalized it in the annals of boarding-house wit; the newspaper paragrapher would be at a loss for an adequate substitute. In the dear dead days when eating was regarded as a necessity rather than a luxury the prune was looked upon as something to be pitied because of its generous abundance. Colorless and ineffectual people were labeled Prune in exaggerated cases Poor Prune. At least so it was in the crowded cities where hard asphalt smothered Mother Nature and the eye grew inflamed from the gaudy flippancy of theatrical posters.

But in the warm dry valleys of California the prune has never been a joke. There in late summer and early fall wide acres are empurpled with the drying fruit laid out on many trays under a beneficent sun. The entire labor market is unsettled by the harvest. Warehouses groan, box cars are filled to bursting, fortunes are made and lost in speculation on this fruit of mediocrity.

The sky continued to lower, but the black clouds held rain like a threat over Sacramento Valley. The crop had come on in earnest now. Sufficient fruit had fallen to the ground to justify a half force of Japanese pickers.

It was no wonder then that Anna Bly's heart was thrilled with the spectacle of Shimba's men busy under the trees. The old gray mare, straining at the traces, brought his cartloads of fruit-laden boxes to the busy lye kettle and trotted back again with empty crates. Matsu stood on the platform beside the steaming broth, pouring ripe prunes into the basket, while the efficient boy, John Matsu, managed the old brown horse, which had been hitched to the pulley rope for the purpose of lowering prune loads into the lye solution and hoisting them out again, a process which grew into obsolescence in the days of President McKinley.

Everybody was at work now. Anna, Zudie and little Kipps each got a bucket and labored on hands and knees, picking the ripe blue plums off the ground along the orchard rows. Mrs. Matsu and Shimba's child wife, hidden under their big sunbonnets, crouched beneath the trees, picking and picking. Shimba picked, too, but his industry was often interrupted by his task of slave driving.

The prune gang worked short hours for the first few days, because, as Shimba explained, the fruit would not be dropping in quantity for another week.

"We'll be rich, Shimba!" exclaimed Anna one night as she stood with her Asiatic coworker and looked down into a bin. The floor was already covered with her purple, wrinkled treasures.

"Good prune!" replied Shimba stolidly.

His eyes, twinkling like black coals through the slits in his mask, disturbed her with a feeling of uneasiness.

"What's the matter, Shimba? Aren't they coming on all right?"

"Plenty nice prune," he answered, and showed his protruding teeth in a grin. "Much few now. To-morrow more, maybe. Prune no begin to jump off tree earnestly yet. Then I get more Japanese boy. We fetch everything nice O. K."

"Could anything happen now?" she urged, faint with an unreasonable fear.

"Rain could happen," he replied. "Prune too much plenty. 'Mission merchant pay twerve se' a pound this districk for best style prune. In Santa Crara Varrey he pay fo'teen."

"They raise better prunes in the Santa Clara Valley," she admitted again.

"Oh, pretty prune from there! All best business prune come from Santa Crara," he twinkled. "But you keep happy, boss. Prune happen O. K."

These were but the days of minor engagements before the battle when the prunes, as Shimba had promised, should begin jumping earnestly off trees. Every afternoon at about four o'clock the elegant Mr. Oki would come sauntering down the drive to stroll through the orchards and poke the low-lying fruit with the ferrule of his cane. Then he would walk over to the ranch house to make pretty presents and prettier compliments.

Anna always arranged that Zudie, at the calling hour, was either out driving or lying down or busy in the kitchen. Several times she was on the point of telling him candidly just why Miss Brand was not to be seen, but Oki gave her no chance. That was the elusive thing about the man. He seemed to sense the situation without so much as a word. He never asked about Zudie or betrayed that he recognized her existence. He seemed to take his rejection by proxy with sublime calm.

One afternoon—it was on the eve of the big day when picking on a grand scale was to begin—his manner irritated Anna to a point where she forgot herself and spoke directly.

"Mr. Oki," she said, "haven't you taken a great deal for granted?"

"Oh, Mrs. Bly!" he exclaimed, not troubling to ask what he had taken for granted.

"You have been spreading idle reports about my sister among the Japanese."

"Ah, I suspect it! Some evil brain has been gossiping to discredit me."

"Yes," she agreed, "I should say that it does discredit you, Mr. Oki."

"You must not believe that woman," he told her, speaking under his breath.

"What woman?"

"That Mrs. Awaga and her preacher. If you knew, Mrs. Bly! All Japanese in town are sorry to have such bad people here. Always to make mischief."

"Mrs. Awaga hasn't said a word to me," declared Anna. "She is as good a Christian woman as I know; she would never spread a false report."

"Ah, if you knew, Mrs. Bly!" he persisted with his pious smile. "I, too, am a Christian, Mrs. Bly. But I could not think of those Awagas representing that sacred doctrine."

"I don't doubt your sincerity," said Anna, though that was the very thing she doubted.

"And if I make a bad impression upon your farm, please inform me to keep away," implored the elegant Mr. Oki.

"I'm sorry that you've been misrepresented," she demurred.

Whereupon he said an astonishing thing: "Do you entertain some race prejudices against my respects to your sister?"

"I don't know what you mean," said Anna.

"Matrimonial respects," he announced mellifluously.

"Since you put it so plainly," she replied, hot blood rushing to her cheeks, "I most certainly do."

"Ah!" Mr. Oki rose and made his most elaborate bow. "Then that is where I am more broad-minded than you, Mrs. Bly," he said triumphantly. "Good afternoon, Mrs. Bly!"

Whatever indignation burned in her heart that night was blown away by the dramatic turn of the morrow.

She had set her alarm clock for five and gone to sleep praying that rain would not overtake them, for she knew that the harvest was now on full blast, and Shimba would bring an augmented force into the field to begin the season's real work.

Anna and Zudie and Susan Skelley had finished breakfast before sunup, having eaten nervously, as soldiers will before the hour of battle. Zudie, who had been all moods since she had quarreled again with Sid Footridge, was the first to go into the field.

Anna hurried through her household duties. She was upstairs bathing little Nan when Zudie came back, curiously calm as she entered the room.

"Ann," she began, "weren't the pickers to begin early this morning?"

"Why, I understood so."

Anna's heart went cold as she stood facing that calm look.

"There's not a person stirring on the place. They haven't built a fire under the kettle. The horse is still unharnessed. They——"

"Zude, what on earth are you talking about?" Anna fairly screamed as she dropped the wash cloth at Nan's feet.

She went scurrying down the stairs and out into the orchards. Fruit lay thick like a circular blue carpet under every tree. No sound came to her ears but the song of meadow larks, irritatingly beautiful. Distantly, too, she could hear tractors chug-chugging on the main road.

What pestilence had struck her farm? Where were her pickers? Over the cold lye kettle the prune basket swung neglected on its gallows. The empty wagon stood, its thills upraised, beside a silent stable.

This was madness! She ran down the stubbly path toward the shedlike houses on the river bank. She passed John Matsu flying his hideous-faced kite against the leaden sky.

"Where's your father?" she asked harshly.

"What say, boss?" he stared blankly.

"Don't you understand English?"

"No un'stand."

"What do you go to school for?" she shrilled.

"No un'stand."

He ran away, the demon kite plunging at him as he ran.

By Shimba's open door she found the picture bride gazing at her like a frightened little animal.

"Where is your husband?" asked Anna, trying to show kindness to this beaten thing.

"No un'stand."

"Isn't there anybody here?"

"No un'stand."

Anna plunged into the house to meet Shimba shaving leisurely by the window.

"What's the meaning of all this, Shimba?" she accosted him. "The prunes are falling in tons on the ground. There isn't a picker in sight."

"Strike," he said, and showed his protruding teeth through a coat of lather.

"Strike!"

She could have torn the little house from its foundations and brought it crashing down on Shimba's bullet head.

Shimba waited until he had wiped the fluffy mat from his chin, than he showed his brightest smile to explain "Japanese boy no like this place. Too bad. I lose plenty money—you lose plenty money. I no could do something to make him stay. Laba condition too wicked this year."

"What do they want? Why didn't you tell me?"

"They kick too much. Ode-fashion prune-dip work make all boys mad."

"I offered to get you a new dipping machine long ago," she reminded him.

Shimba went on shaving.

"Aren't you going to do anything?" she panted, settling down on a rough chair to spare her trembling knees.

"I go to the city," he explained. "There mebbe I can find some more laba condition."

"Can't you hurry?" she urged, on the point of weeping. "The fruit will be rotting by night."

"I could do what possible," he volunteered.

"We'll all of us pick," she said. "Matsu and his wife and John and my sister and I and Kipps."

"Matsu and his wife go too," announced Shimba cheerfully, grinning into the mirror.

"Go? Where did they go?"

"They make strike with everybody."

Indignation surged back into her heart. She thought of the care she had given Matsu's fifth baby, of the devotion she had shown the woman in those hours when help was needed. So Matsu and his wife had gone too!

"What in the name of mercy did they strike for?" she asked as soon as she was able.

"Laba condition," was all she could get out of her lessee.

"But don't you care? You'll be losing your share too."

"I care plenty," he grunted. "But could I do something by cry? I get prenty Japanese boy too quick."

Anna gave up and went out into the fields. What insane odds were against her now! Three women and a boy to lift those heavy trays and manage a basket which two strong men could scarcely swing. Even though they could pick the prunes off the ground, who was to attend to the more important work of drying them?

The elegant Mr. Oki came sauntering down the drive.

"Good morning, Mrs. Bly!" he said, giving his cocoa-butter smile as he lifted his hat. "Labor trouble, I see. Isn't it abominable? These I. W. W. fellow do make some inroads into my own people, I fear."

"Will you tell me one thing—as honestly as you can?" she asked him coldly.

"A thousand, Mrs. Bly."

"Why have those Japanese chosen this time for a strike?"

"They are very superstitious, Mrs. Bly," smiled Oki apologetically. "This we cannot educate out of them. You will remember how the late Mrs. Shimba committed hanging out in your garage?"

"What has that to do with it?"

"They are ver-r-y prejudiced against places with ghosts on them, Mrs. Bly. A foolish thing for which I am much ashamed."

XXII

IN BOOKS of mythology Anna had read of tasks which sarcastic gods had imposed upon mortals for their undoing. There was a Norse hero, who—to save his neck—was required to drain a giant drinking horn while the sly gods poured all the ocean in at the other end. Proud Hercules, too, had been demoted to the rank of stable boy and required to accomplish a nightmare task single-handed.

But hero men had been endowed with hero strength with which to meet their trials. Anna was not strong bodily; this

(Continued on Page 105)

The "range with the clock" both starts and stops cooking automatically. See it at your light and power company, or at the Westinghouse store, where the dealer will be glad to show you other Westinghouse appliances also, including "the Iron that women designed," the Toaster Stove, Percolators, and Cozy Glow.

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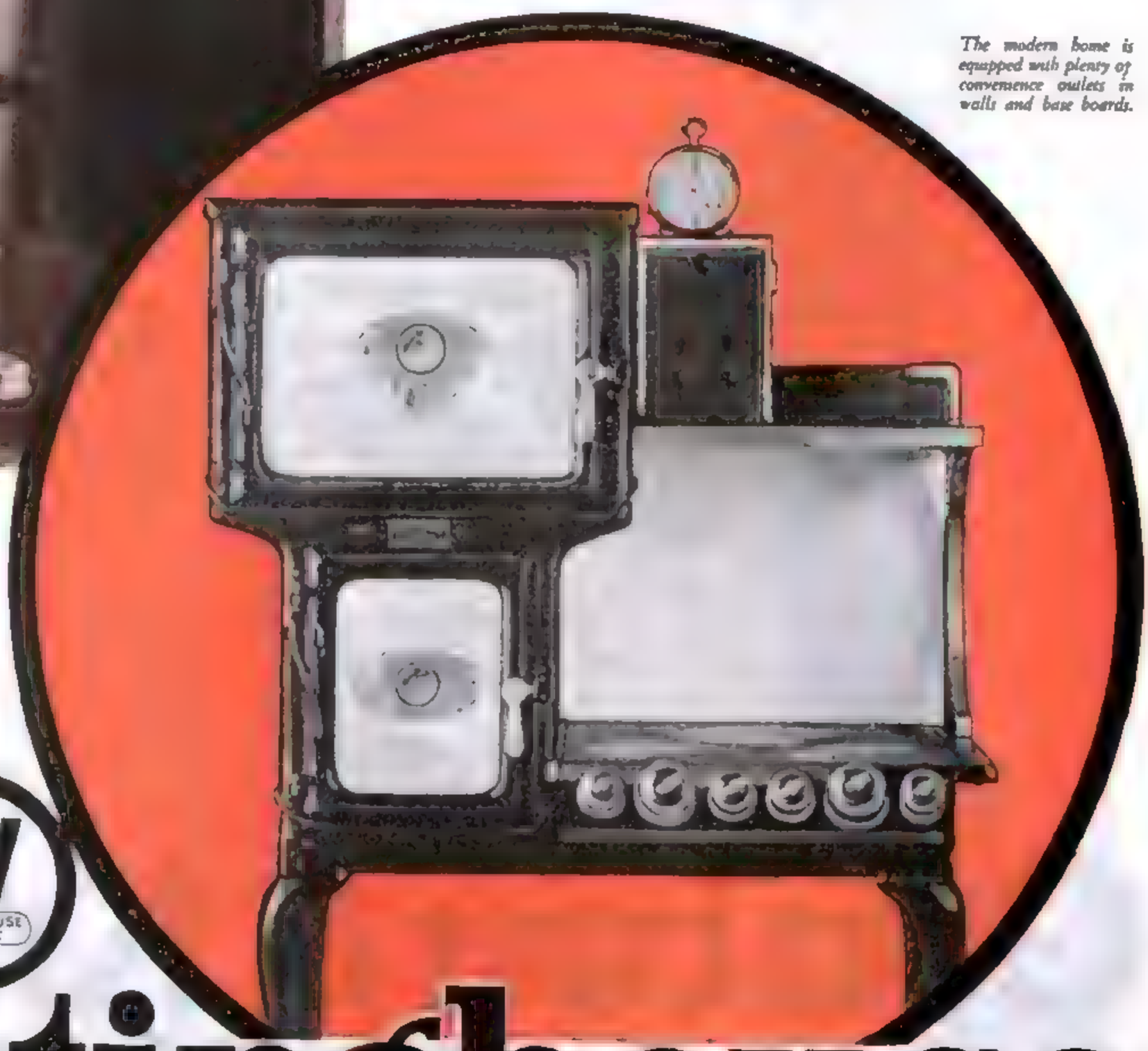

The modern home is equipped with plenty of convenience outlets in walls and base boards.

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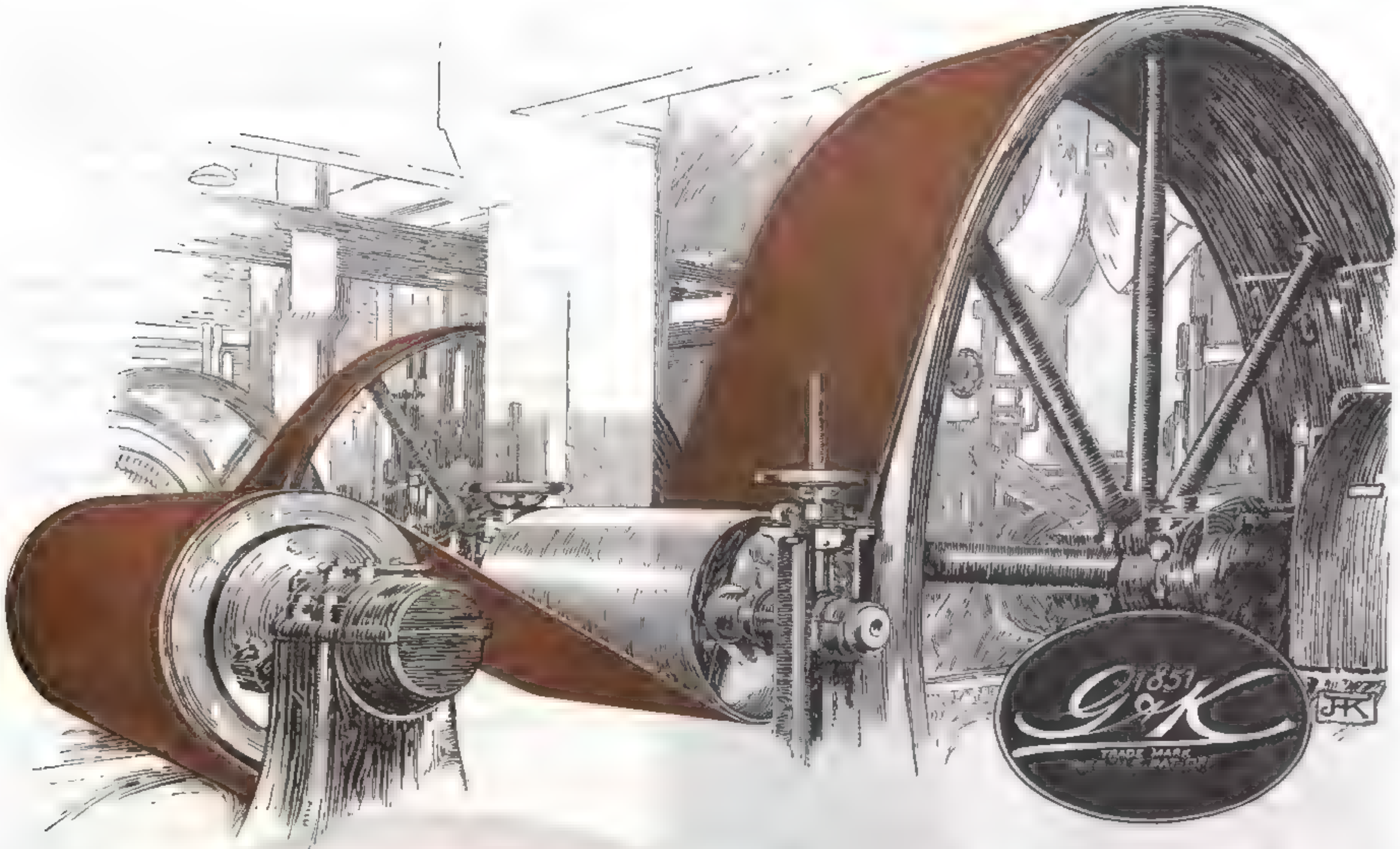

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she had learned after the first hard tests on the farm. It was all very well in the hour when labor had betrayed her for her to make heroic resolutions. It was all very well for Zudie to put an arm round her waist and say, "We'll work it out some way, Ann. Women can pick prunes, and between us we'll be able to save most of the crop until Shimba hires another gang."

"Forty acres of them!"

Anna looked despairingly across the mathematical precision of her orchards, where the sun, which broke fiercely through the threatening clouds, was already turning ripeness to decay. From every tree the little plums were falling. The round blue carpets were thickening into mounds.

Nevertheless the women plunged, as best they could, into the task which the sneering god of growing things had imposed upon them. It was like opposing an army with bare hands. Kipps was the only enthusiastic member of the amateur harvest crew. To him was given the job of driving the gray mare between field and the lye kettle. The trips were far too few to suit his taste, because Anna and Zudie and Susan combined made slow work of picking.

Henry Johnson threw himself into the breach with a strength and efficiency of which his employer had never suspected him. Without his brawn the full-laden prune boxes would never have been swung from ground to wagon or been unloaded again beside the cold boiling furnace.

"Th' divvil can wor-r-rk whin th' divvil's to pay," Susan snapped, her chisel face reddened with exertion as she watched Henry's feats of strength.

Zudie laughed, but poor Anna plodded on, too disheartened now for any earthly comedy. By midmorning she saw the futility of the whole thing. Another myth floated into her distracted mind. What hero was it who, when he had chopped off the head of an enemy, found that ten new enemies leaped up from the fallen corpse? No matter! The task, she knew, was far beyond them. They were being buried beneath the tons of their rotting wealth.

Zudie worked bravely, singing softly, with a forced assumption of cheerfulness. Susan Skelley remained grim but she picked two prunes to Anna's one. Henry Johnson, as he loaded the wagon, lectured on and on.

"There was a Japanese poetess named Choya," he informed his associates as he slouched in the shade of a prune tree. "From her I translate the poem, 'How far have you gone to-day chasing after dragon flies?' This wisdom applies to much of our well-meant exertions."

He stroked his scraggly beard and waited as though courting controversy.

"Here we have demonstrated the power of the strike," he told his audience chattily. "The irresistible force of nothing doing. The pride of modern labor is the labor it does not accomplish. One cannot help admiring the art with which this strike was arranged; it struck at the very soul of the prune, one might say."

"Shut up!" snarled Susan Skelley, approaching with a full bucket.

"Ah, there you have displayed the weakness of the plutocracy! You say, 'Shut up.' I open all the wider."

"Henry," asked Zudie, obviously for the purpose of bringing him down from the heights of reason, "why don't you talk with Shimba and find out what's the matter?"

"Shimba has already gone," announced Henry. "His destination, he says, is a labor bureau in the city."

"That's no reason why his wife and John Matsu shouldn't be working."

"There is a good reason, Miss Brand. Mrs. Shimba and the Matsu boy were in his car when he departed this morning."

Anna looked wearily up, but said nothing. Words were quite beyond her now. Toward the blazing hour of noon she found the courage to ask: "Henry, have you heard the Japanese talking about a ghost in the garage?"

"They are always talking among themselves about ghosts and fox women," he replied, his long face very serious.

"Do you believe they saw the old Mrs. Shimba's ghost?"

Henry Johnson's queer gray eyes twinkled with an elfin light as he replied: "In spiritualism a good medium can compel his audience to see things that are not there."

After lunch, all the boxes being full and stacked round the lye kettle, Anna decided that dipping time had come.

"God bless yer heart," moaned Susan Skelley, "an' ye couldn't boil potatoes an' git 'em right!"

It was Susan who built a twig fire under the lye kettle, complaining busily the while that "wid anny management we might o' had th' wather in th' kittle hot be now and thim prunes, bad luck to thim, scalded an' dhry."

It was midafternoon when the amateur crew got actively to work. The god of harvests, looking down from his Japanese heaven, should have pitied the sight. Freckled Kipps, proud of his office, had hitched the old brown horse to a length of rope which passed through block and tackle on the gallows tree. Henry Johnson, refreshed after a comic hour with his Japanese papers, stood on the platform and emptied the first box of prunes into the dipping basket. Zudie had elected to drive the gray mare. Anna and Susan were to load the trays on the wagon, a muscular task for which they were obviously unfitted.

It was a nervous moment when Kipps backed the old brown horse, permitting the first basket of prunes to plunge into the hot lye solution.

"That's enough, darling!" screamed Anna to her son when the basket had been immersed a full minute. "Start the horse—git-ap, Rodger!"

"Git-ap!" shouted Kipps manfully, bringing a willow twig sharply across the brown flanks.

Rodger proved unexpectedly prompt. At the stroke of the twig he leaped forward, dragging Kipps after him at the end of the reins.

"Whoa!" entreated Anna and Susan and Zudie and Henry Johnson in a discordant unison.

In vain their pleadings. Rodger kept right on, and when at last he halted the evil work was done. Something had to give way. The gallows had groaned and bent dangerously, then the block and tackle had come loose, flying through the air less than a foot above Zudie's head.

Had Anna been a man with what a flood of oaths might she have eased her bursting heart! A basket of withered prunes lay scattered over the trodden ground. The air was filled with steaming odors of stewed fruit. Susan Skelley, uttering disdainful grunts, stooped down to gather prunes in her apron. Anna ran to the disobedient Rodger and unhitched him from his rope.

"Can you beat it?" asked Kipps. "I didn't think the old bird had that much life in him."

"Henry," said Anna in the terrific calm of despair, "do you think anything can be done about that wheel that fell off?"

"Certainly, madam," replied Henry, quite undisturbed. "The nails have merely come loose. What, indeed, are nails for? The nail, you understand, typifies political compromise. Where the strain, on the one hand, is too great and the resistance, on the other, too stubborn ——"

"Aw, dry up!" suggested Susan Skelley.

Possibly she was referring to the fire, which had been partially extinguished by an overflow from the lye kettle.

This was but an incident in that hard afternoon which proved to Anna Bly that the gods had imposed a labor beyond her capacity.

The sun was slanting far westward when Henry had at last mended the hoisting apparatus. Much to the indignation of little Kipps, the reins were passed over to Zudie, and another basket of prunes was dipped, hoisted and emptied upon the trays.

"They're quare lookin'," moaned Susan Skelley, studying the lye-immersed fruit which Anna had spread across the slats.

Queer indeed! Half the prunes had failed to wither properly, had swollen to the disgusting dimensions which experts in the craft describe as frog bellies. The Japanese workmen, as she had watched them, had always brought up a few frog bellies and cast them aside as food for swine.

"Perhaps the solution is too strong," suggested the suddenly useful Henry.

Therefore they added a bucket of water. The next bucket to come out of the lye contained little besides frog bellies.

"It's more lye yer're needin'," declared Susan Skelley with an air of superior wisdom.

More lye was added. The prunes that followed resembled nothing so much as a convention of frogs, horribly distended with feeding.

Even this problem might have yielded to experimentation, but the sneering gods willed otherwise.

All afternoon the little girl, Nan, had been scrambling in, out and over every object on the scene of vain endeavor. Inspired by her seven years' genius for getting in the way, she had buzzed like a busy gnat in Anna's ear. Far too distracted to comprehend, Anna had been but vaguely aware of the bright head and checkered pinafore.

"Go sit on the wagon with Kipps, dear," or "Don't play so near the horse," or "Keep away from the kettle, Nan," she had repeated unconsciously as though her other mind—her maternal mind—were speaking for her, watchfully guarding the thing it loved.

Then out of the confusion there had come a scream, a child's scream, followed by Zudie's cry, "Oh, Nan!"

There was a horrid scrambling on the platform. Anna's first thought was that her baby had fallen into the boiling caldron. She saw prunes and boxes flying into air, while Henry Johnson's skinny arms and legs performed the antics of a dancing skeleton. At the foot of the platform a bundle of blue gingham marked Nan's small form, where it had fallen.

"My baby!" shrieked Anna, and fell on her knees beside the motionless heap.

A thin trickle of blood stained the light hair and dripped slowly into the mother's lap. Then Nan opened her eyes and began to cry, a pitiful, welcome sound.

"Baby, what have you done!" moaned Anna, striving to stanch the blood with a corner of her apron.

"Henry wouldn't give me any prunes!" wailed Nan.

"She was crawlin' into the kittle," explained Susan, "an' she'd 'a' got there but for Hinry. Bad luck to um, he most kilt 'er doin' ut."

So closed the day's work.

Susan, after carrying Nan into the house, made a rough and ready diagnosis. The small girl, snatched from the boiling kettle by Henry's quick hand, had struck her head on a corner of the platform. It was no serious cut, and before six o'clock Nan was asleep in bed, Susan having served as both nurse and surgeon.

After supper the sisters, heartbroken with fatigue and too discouraged for talk, were sitting in the pretty parlor for whose decoration Anna had spent beyond her means. They still maintained a show of calm, and would have gone through that bad hour without breaking the thread of their straining nerves had not Kipps come in with just the question to work mischief. His hair was tousled and in his gummy little hands he held a remarkable fabrication of sticks and canvas.

"I'm making a model airplane," he declared, "and when it flies it'll put all those bum Japanese kites out of business."

"You shouldn't be so slangy, dear," cautioned his mother wearily.

"Say, moms," persisted Kipps, "we don't know anything about dipping prunes really, do we?"

"I'm afraid we don't," admitted Anna.

"What we ought to have is a he-man on the place. Henry Johnson's all right, but he's an awful highbrow. Why don't we telephone to Dune Leacy and ——"

"It's time you were in bed, Kipps. Come kiss your mother and trot!"

Kipps hesitated over his aviation experiment, then came over to throw himself in his mother's arms.

"Why don't you, moms?" he coaxed, his head buried against her shoulder.

"You're asking too many questions, dear," said Anna softly, passing her fingers through the heavy, sun-bleached hair. "Now go to bed, and don't mess everything up with that airplane."

As soon as he had withdrawn, Zudie looked up from the magazine she had been studying with unseeing eyes.

"Ann," she said, "there was a lot of sense in what Kipps suggested."

"Don't, please!" cried Anna, closing her eyes.

"I wouldn't," persisted her sister, "but we've got ourselves in a tight corner."

"Are you blaming me for that?"

Anna sat up, her face flushed, her eyeballs aching dreadfully. If people would only let her alone!

"I'm not blaming you for anything," Zudie went on, but her face had become drawn under the stress of a temper which would have its way.

"We're in a tight fix, I tell you," she said rapidly, as though her tongue had loosed itself from a controlling brain. "We're here in the wilds, surrounded by Japanese, not a

(Continued on Page 108)

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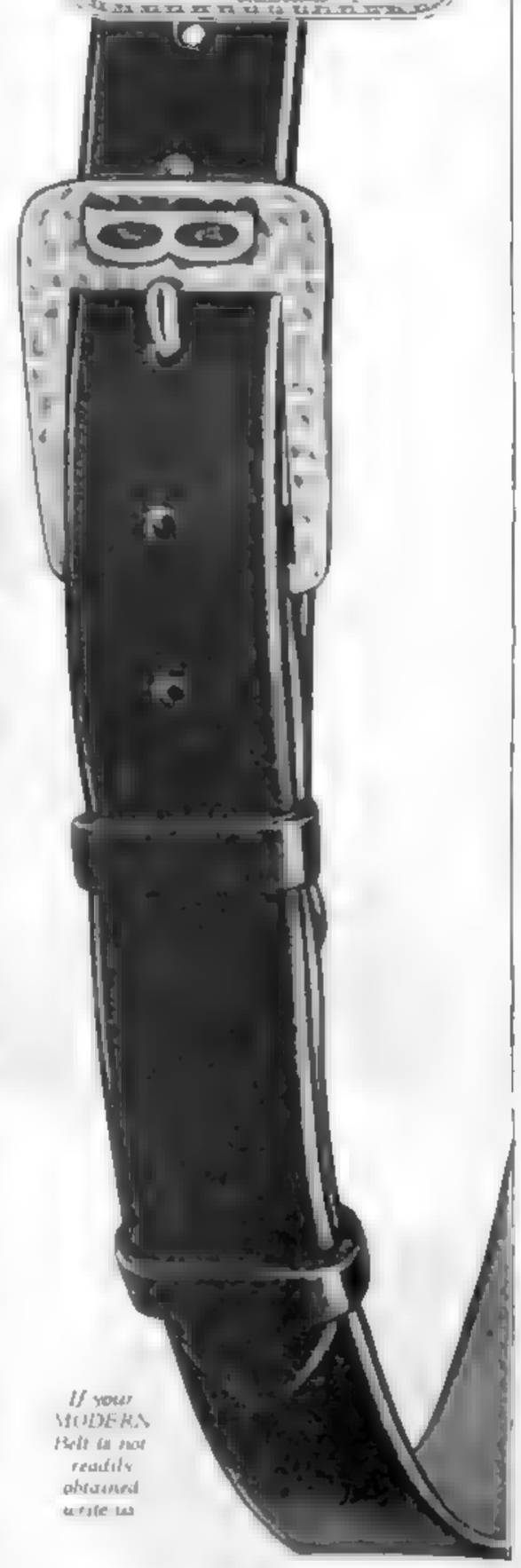

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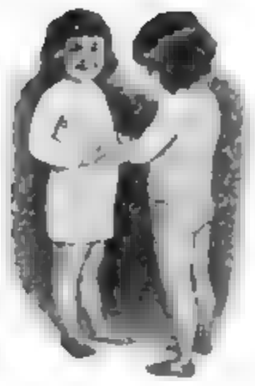

For Toilet and Bath

W O O L

A Fleecy Lather

Winter ways of caring for children's tender skins

Noted dermatologist says special care must be taken in washing

THE texture of children's skin is so fine and tender that it is extremely sensitive to the slightest irritation.

Exposure to cold makes it "chap" easily; bringing on a harsh, roughened condition that frequently results in painful cracking and bleeding.

Well-known skin specialist explains chapping

Dr. Wm. Allen Pusey, in his book on "The Care of the Skin and Hair," explains chapping as a condition induced by dryness of the skin. It does not commonly occur in warm weather because then the sweat and fat glands keep the skin thoroughly oiled.

"The dry, cold, irritating winds of winter; too frequent washing, especially with strong soaps; failure to dry the parts thoroughly after washing so that the rapid evaporation of the water by the dry air of winter causes sudden dryness of the skin—these are the conditions which cause the skin to chap," says Dr. Pusey.

Preventive Measures

Special attention must be given the skin in winter to avoid or overcome chapping, according to this authority. Too frequent and vigorous use of strong soap and water thins unduly the outer layer of the skin and removes the fat which is necessary to the preservation of a supple, resistant skin.

His advice is to bathe the skin very gently with a pure, mild toilet soap; dry it thoroughly by wiping and dabbing with a soft towel, after which it should be greased lightly.

The choice of a soap for children's use is highly important. Strong soap is always irritating to their delicate skin; but doubly so in winter when the tendency to chap is so great.

Wool Soap is a children's soap. It suits the needs of their delicate skin. Every material used in it is essentially pure. The tallow and oils, which practically determine soap quality, are fine and pure enough to eat.

It does all that soap can and ought to do for children's skins; it cleanses thoroughly and supplies the necessary fats to keep the cleansing process from drying the skin excessively and inducing a painful chapped condition.

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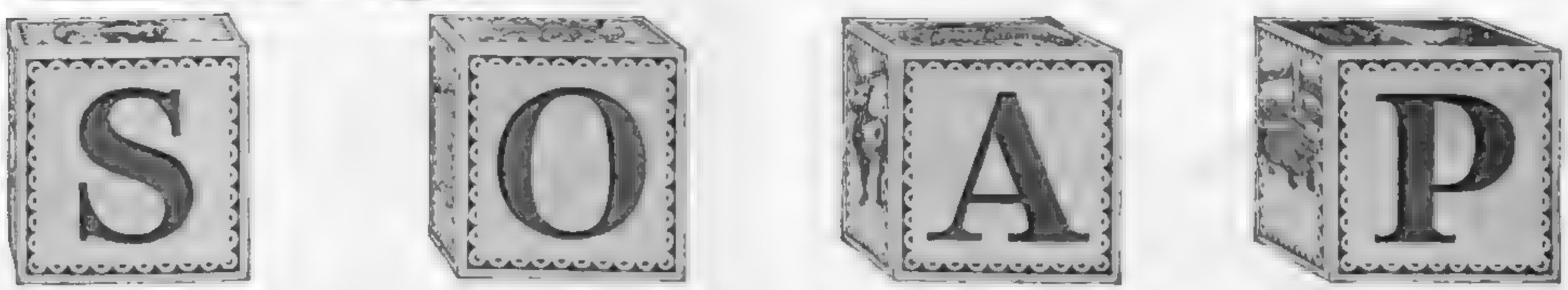
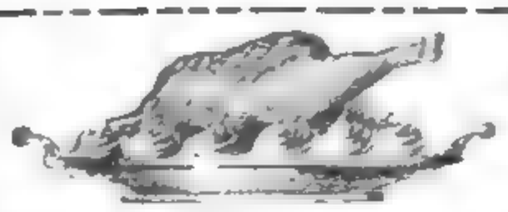


For Children's Skins



Thanksgiving Dinner

And then—the tramp in the glorious autumnal sunshine through the woods and fields. Cornshocks here, pumpkins there, gorgeous foliage everywhere. There is an exhilarating snap in the air, suggestive of the cold days to come. You breathe freely and deeply.

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(Continued from Page 105)

friendly soul in sight. And you hadn't any business quarreling with Dunc Leacy. He might have ——"

"You mustn't talk like that to me," Anna broke in. Then a spiteful imp took possession of her and prompted her to ask: "While you're arranging my life for me, why don't you settle your own? If you hadn't been perfectly perverse, you would have taken Sid Footridge and got yourself out of this mess."

"I don't care to discuss it," proclaimed Zudie as she swept out of the room.

It was then that Anna gave way to tears—the easy, unreasoning tears of a child. She was so tired! And so alone! In the darkness of despair she thought of the poor, crazed Japanese woman who had taken matters in her own hands and hanged herself by a belt out in the garage.

Perhaps the story of ghosts was not a fabrication of Oki's scheming mind. Perhaps the Japanese laborers were right in leaving a place which some evil demon had marked with his everlasting curse.

Passed then a ten days of folded hands and of waiting. Waiting for what? Not any help from Shimba certainly, for the crisis seemed to have driven him into a state of gentle idiocy. Every morning he would crank up his short-nosed car and go rattling away with the cheerful announcement: "I know prenty good Japanese boy somewhere."

Shimba's somewhere was a land of empty dreams apparently, for he always returned about nightfall to back his tinny car into the shed behind his hut.

"To-morrer," he would grin, "I go fetch boy somewhere else."

Into the somewhere his picture bride seemed to have been swallowed. Anna was far too miserable to inquire about this latest disappearance. As days went on she ceased to care about her rotting harvest; ceased to care much as a marooned sailor ceases to care for food. Sometimes she would wander through the orchard to look with lackluster eyes at the fruit which lay in piles, black and sodden. Flocks of birds came out of the sky to feast upon her loss.

Occasionally she would wake to the horror and ask the empty air—the air which sent her only predatory fowl—"Isn't there anything to be done?"

Poor Zudie! With what patient endurance she worked to fill the breach! For hours she would stand at the telephone, pleading with employment agencies. Every day she would take to the road, Henry Johnson sitting languidly at the wheel, to search in person among the jungles where that shy bird, labor, might be in hiding. She would come home at night and try to convert her failures into the form of comic anecdotes, telling how Henry, acting as her envoy, had visited Japanese boarding houses with his highfaluting pleas.

Once she came triumphantly back with two dusty specimens of the Caucasian race. They were blear-eyed brigands of the species known as fruit bums. Like unclean birds, they were wont to follow the harvest season from Imperial Valley to Napa Valley with the single object—to make the maximum wage with the minimum service. These two specimens were, of course, Industrial Workers of the World.

To demonstrate their independence they spent a pleasant afternoon on the Bly farm, sleeping most of the time. At sunset they went on strike and demanded five dollars apiece, a full day's pay. Anna paid the bribe to get rid of them, because they were dangerous men, with cruel, weak and criminal faces. Then again the calm of despair settled upon her acres.

The morning after their quarrel, Zudie had come to her sister to apologize and be very sweet. Anna had been sweet too, but she hadn't really cared. Nothing seemed to matter now.

Shimba contributed his share by developing a weakness hitherto unsuspected. He had taken to bootlegger whisky. In the evening, after he had put away his flivver, he would wander through the orchards, a dizzy smile on his unbeautiful face as he sang his native war songs or debated aloud with himself. One evening at dusk Anna found him alone, giggling emptily and clasping his horny hands as if in self-congratulation.

"Rotten!" he chanted, pointing dramatically at the wreck of the fruit harvest.

This brief comment proved more than she could bear. She flew at him like a vixen, ordered him off the place, commanded him to do something, to bring her help or drown himself. Shimba took it all with a beatific smile, and shambled away to the tuneless tune of his native chant.

That was the worst night of all for Anna Bly. The pain, which never left her eyes, was growing insufferable. Figures and events were all awry in her poor head. She scolded Kipps harshly, unreasonably, and failed to understand what Zudie was saying to her. She refused her supper, and when the moon rose among the drifting clouds she went again to wander through her mocking acres. The smell of rotting fruit sickened her, yet she walked through it with a morbid stubbornness. Too late to do anything now! Or was it? Half a harvest still clung to the abominable branches. She could see the heavy fruit gleaming mockingly under the moon.

What was that? Something stirred just beyond her. Among the trunks she could see a white skirt flitter, pause and flitter again. Could it be? Had the maddened woman who had done herself to death ——

Anna stood stricken, still as any trunk among the orchard rows.

"Anna!" she heard the call, and it was a frozen minute before she recognized her sister's voice.

"Anna, my dear," cried Zudie, coming into full moonlight, "you shouldn't be out this way with nothing round you. It's dreadfully cold."

"I'm not cold," said Anna impatiently.

Zudie laid a hand over her sister's forehead, and almost dragged her into the house. There was no need of force, because Anna came gently enough. Everything seemed to have grown suddenly pleasant. Then she would think of Mrs. Shimba's ghostly form, of the frightful specter hanging to a beam.

"I can't settle anything," she kept saying over and over.

"If ye'd only listen to reason, an' not go tryin' somethin' ye can't finish ye'd be a well woman the now," Susan Skelley was telling her out of the confusion. "Bed's th' place for ye, an' there ye should 'a' been these manny days."

Anna was vaguely aware that someone had undressed her and that she was lying in a bed of fire, working, working to make something out of the puzzle. Familiar shapes she recognized now and then; she seemed to be looking at them through a bright tube which shut everything else out of her sight. She saw Kipps standing at the end of the tube, his face white as the night drawers he wore.

"Moma," he was saying, "you just stop worrying! I guess we can fix things all right."

Then he, too, faded away.

Out of jumbled visions of Japanese ghosts and heavy fruit trays and Oki's irritating politeness and Dunc Leacy's roughly soothing laugh, she woke to reason, and found that a shabby little man with an abalone watch charm was holding her by the wrist.

"How long has she been this way?" he was asking in that sick-room whisper which falls like a pall on the invalid's sense.

"Since ten o'clock," Zudie's cool voice was responding.

In the dim light Anna could read the dial of a round-faced clock in the hall. Half past four.

"I'm all right," she declared, struggling to sit up.

"You will be, Mrs. Bly," smiled the shabby man. "But you'd better take it easy. It's a hectic time, getting in the fruit crop. And I guess these labor conditions ——"

"We'll settle that all right!" cut in Zudie in the voice of a benevolent liar intent upon easing the sick mind.

"I'm sorry I was so long," apologized the doctor. "Another obstetrical case—Japanese."

He went fumbling among his instruments to bring out a small nickel-plated case.

"If you'll just bring me a teaspoon," he said to Zudie and, turning to Anna, asked: "You won't object to a quarter grain of morphia?"

"I won't object to anything," moaned Anna, turning her tired head upon the pillow.

After the needle had pricked her skin, the doctor tiptoed over to the light and turned it down. Then he pulled a chair to her bedside and sat stark and patient in the semidarkness. His spectral appearance made her nervous. She wished he would go. Then she looked into his kindly Caucasian features and felt a certain comfort in the white man's presence. A delicious softness was stealing through her veins.

When she woke hot sunlight showed under the eastern window shade. Anna lay languid and relaxed. She was very still, wondering a little that her worries of the night should have passed so peacefully away. She was only tired—too tired to worry.

Zudie came in quietly, and from beneath half-closed lids Anna studied the face she loved. Zudie looked very pale and more solemn than she had ever appeared before. Her eyes were rimmed with red. Had she been crying?

"Zudie, come here," said Anna, putting out her hand. "You're not worrying about me, are you?"

"No, dear," replied Zudie. "You gave me rather a start last night. But you're a lot better, aren't you?"

"I'm perfectly all right. You look so beat out. You must get some sleep."

"Oh, I'm fit as a fiddle. It's only ——"

A little girl in a calico pinafore appeared at the door, a patch of sticking plaster showing under her blond curls.

"Good morning, Nan!" cried Anna. "Aren't you coming in to kiss your moms?"

"Yes," replied the child, but she stopped in the middle of the floor.

"You'd better run away!" commanded Zudie, a curious concern in her troubled eyes.

"I want Kipps," declared Nan, her hands clasped stubbornly behind her.

"Kipps?"

A fearful intuition caused Anna to sit bolt upright in bed.

"Zudie, what's the matter? What's the matter with Kipps?"

"Nothing, dear. Now lie down. Kipps is all right."

"He ain't all right!" declared Nan, beginning to sniffle. "He's went away. Somebody's took him. Last night he was in bed, and his clothes is there, and he ain't there."

"Tell me the truth," demanded Anna in a soft and terrible tone.

"He's gone," began Zudie.

"Gone?"

Zudie spoke in the dry voice which we use when the worst must be told.

"Susan's been out hunting for him since dawn—she found his bed empty. I can't think it's serious—oh, Anna!"

"And you've let me lie here!" raved the mother, leaping out of bed. "Why haven't you told me?"

"How could I? Anna, dear, please ——"

But Anna Bly was beyond reasoning with. She stood there in her night clothes, her hair disheveled and in her eyes as wild a look as ever came from the old fox woman of the orchards.

"He might come back any time," Zudie's brave voice was repeating through the evil enchantment.

"Yes, he might come back," echoed Anna's white lips.

There came into her troubled soul a bitter voice to say: "Nothing that is lost comes back!" And Anna had lost so much!

"You say he's gone?" she resumed the stupid question. "Of course, there's some mistake."

"Yes, dear," Zudie's soothing voice came to her. "Get back into bed, please. We'll bring him to you."

Susan Skelley came in at that instant, and the sick woman's brain confused her appearance with a terrific racket like the grinding of machinery and the blowing of horns.

"Look out o' the winda, wud ye!" she demanded. "An' ef ye'll tell what's there I'll eat ut."

Zudie was the first to look. No sooner had she torn aside the curtains than she screamed aloud.

"Anna, look! Darling—it's all right! See what he's brought!"

Anna now realized that the mechanical roaring had come from the driveway outside. Leaning feebly against the window ledge, she beheld a spectacle stranger than any that her fever dreams had summoned.

A long procession was coming slowly down the orchard road. To the fore a shining automobile made its dignified progress toward the house. Following close behind came a heavy service truck, its body brimming over with sooty-faced, turbaned little men.

Directly below the bedroom window the automobile came to a halt. Who was that all brilliant in the purity of night drawers who, held aloft by strong arms, waved frantically in the morning sun?

"Kipps!"

(Continued on Page 112)

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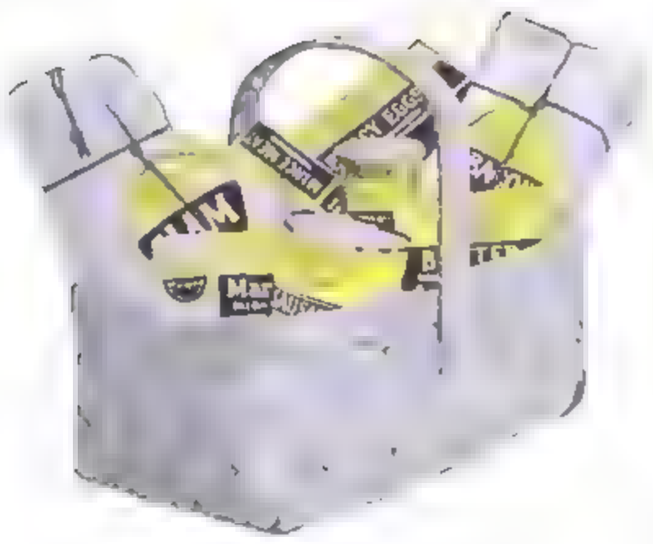

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(Continued from Page 108)

Anna threw open the window and screamed his name.

"Mother!" the runaway bawled out. "I told you I would—I've fetched 'em, mother!"

Then it was that Anna got sight of the strong man who was holding Kipps at arm's length. Dunc Leacy sat there blushing like an American Beauty rose.

XXIII

AS KIPPS had said, what the place needed was a he-man. And during the first days of Anna's convalescence the he-man was there much of the time, and his influence always. She felt his strength in the busy harvest scene outside, for the mysterious little Hindus labored tirelessly, as if galvanized by Leacy's power, seen or unseen.

The doctor had told her not to worry, and she was too languid to contemplate her troubles with any degree of zest. It was a luxury to be taken care of. To-morrow she might reckon the costs, but to-day was for rest.

Leacy came almost every day, but his appearances were usually businesslike. He no longer joked about the antiquity of her prune-dipping apparatus. Instead he made the crude contrivance his serious concern. From her hammock couch on the veranda she would watch his active figure as he stood on the platform bossing the lye kettle. Sometimes his heroic pose would remind her of Sydney Carton about to face the cruel kiss of Madame Guillotine.

"It is a far, far better thing that I do," he might have been saying; but his words were actually less dramatic and more hemannish than that.

He knew every Hindu by name; more than that, he knew every dark spot on every Hindu's ancestry. He was never wasteful with his oaths, but when they came they hit true to the mark. He handled the little sooty men with a rough good humor, and they seemed to adore him. Prunes flew from orchard to kettle, from kettle to drying ground.

"Moms," said Kipps, breathless with admiration, "Dunc can get work out of anything. He even makes Henry Johnson come to time."

"Can he get work out of you?" asked Anna.

"Me?" K[illegible]ps' eyes shone in contemplation of his idol. "Why, moms, he can't get along without me. He says so himself."

Late in the afternoon Dunc Leacy would come rather self-consciously to the porch and sit a while beside the hammock. Though their talks were cheerful and pleasant, they never reached the note of that radiant afternoon when Dunc had made his preposterous wager. When she tried to thank him for the generous thing he had done he would color a little and resort to "Oh, pshaw!" then turn the subject.

Between him and Kipps, however, she managed to get a fairly accurate account of what had brought him to her rescue as miraculously as though Aladdin had rubbed his lamp and a genie had appeared out of thin Arabian air.

"Kipps had Paul Revere beaten at the first turn," was the way Dunc expressed it when he related that call in the dead of night which had summoned him from sleep.

Iron-shod hoof had been heard beating the road up to the Leacy house at four o'clock in the morning. Dunc had poked his head from an upper window to behold a tiny white-clad figure mounted on an ancient brown horse whose shaggy hide gleamed with sweat under a sinking moon.

"Hey there, Dunc," a treble voice had shrilled, "the Japs are on a strike!"

"Whose Japs?" Dunc had inquired, rubbing sleep from his eyes.

"Mom's," the small voice had replied.

Marietta Leacy was away on a visit to New York.. therefore Dunc, as lord of bachelor's hall, had received his unexpected guest and wrung the facts from him. There had been no workers on the Brand farm for more than a week; prunes were rotting, the year's harvest was going to waste. Kipps' mother had collapsed under the. strain. Therefore the boy had taken matters into his own hands, crawled out of bed and climbed upon Rodger's bare back.

Dunc had gone forth at dawn to parley with his Hindus. A gang of twenty men had been laid off the night before, so the case had proved comparatively simple.

"I'll never forget it," said Anna when Dunc, sitting stiffly beside the box hammock, explained it all.

"Pshaw!" said Dunc. He flushed again, then added the uneasy assurance: "I wouldn't see a neighbor get in wrong like that!"

What was happening in Dunc Leacy's heart? Fight it away as she might, the question constantly recurred.

Anna had few callers during her weeks of invalidism. Shimba came once or twice when Zudie relaxed her vigilance, and it was plain that the unsuccessful manager was far from pleased with Dunc's solution of the labor problem.

"Those Hindu very bad boy!" he complained.

"They're better than nobody, aren't they?" asked Anna, giving way to her irritation in defiance of doctor's orders.

"Mebbe yes. Mebbe no. They do not think nice with Japanese."

"I choose to have them here," declared Anna, thoroughly roused. "This is my farm, and half the crop is mine. If you can't find labor to pick the fruit you've got to be satisfied with the men I bring in."

Black coals glared spitefully through the slits in Shimba's mask.

"Pretty bad job from those Hindu race," was his only defense as he shambled away.

Mrs. Awaga, the preacher's wife, came almost every morning, and her calls were never unwelcome. Of all her acquaintances among the Japanese, Anna found in this prim little being the one satisfactory example. She was a Christian woman, without any display of piety or sirupy cant. She seemed to approach life's tangled problems with goodness and simplicity and a pure faith, almost primitive.

The gilded shadow of Buddhism across from her husband's shabby church never ceased to trouble her.

"My husband say I am jealous," she remarked in one of her confidences. "But he, too, takes it much inside his heart. I often search myself to ask if it is jealousy. Perhaps there is some of that there. But the thought of it always make me sad.

"My husband and I"—in nearly every breath she spoke adoringly of the wee man in the frock coat—"it make us so happy when we were called to that church."

It was as though she were mentioning St. Thomas' on Fifth Avenue!

"We had been a long time in America, working in mission schools. My husband had always said that America was best ground for spreading good gospel. Then think how pleased we get when we came to this church in this midst of such a large community! My husband says that Christianity is the great door to freedom in Japan. Idolatry is sickness that keep us apart from other civilized people. So long as we bow down to idol—either of flesh or stone—we cannot enter the house of democracy."

"Who is your idol of flesh?" asked Anna, intrigued by the odd phrase.

"The Mikado." Mrs. Awaga lowered her voice when she said it—did she bob slightly, or was that a fancy on Anna's part? "And our idols of stone are his ancestors.

"There are many bad Christians in America," she went on. "But your spirit is Christian. Japan's soul still pagan. My husband wishes that it shall be changed. So we saw a great chance in this town of Bly. Then what happen? The Beneficent Society came smiling to praise us and ask that we should teach Japanese to the children in order that they should not forget mother tongue."

Mrs. Awaga swept a delicate yellow hand toward the golden emblem of Buddha, just visible above the prune trees.

"But Buddhism and Shinto are so different," Anna objected. "The one teaches a sort of impersonal Nirvana, the other sticks to materialism and ancestor worship."

"In that temple," declared the little woman solemnly, "you behold—what do you Americans call it?—camouflage. Shinto stands behind the lotus flower. Mikado worship gets back behind all. And so you see my husband's congregation going across the street so that they see plenty gold when they pray."

When Marietta Leacy returned from the East she hastened to the Bly farm and found Anna up and stirring. The bluff and hearty Marietta was full as ever of her brother's business.

"Dunc's getting to the age where he has to decide a great many things," she hinted significantly. "Of course bachelor's hall is all right, but Dunc's been going it alone too long."

What was the meaning of these veiled allusions? In a flash Anna saw a reason for her asparagus farmer's changed attitude. It wasn't entirely because he hated the Japanese that he had held aloof from her.

"I'd like to tell you all about it," Marietta went on in a guarded tone. "Poor Dunc takes things harder than you'd think. But I've prodded him up and talked to him as man to man, and I believe I've got him to the point where he'll see it through."

Anna raised her eyebrows, inviting confidence. But that confidence never came. Marietta talked gayly on, painting humorous word pictures of New York's accumulated horrors and marvels. She was glad to be back on the island, she declared, and if Dunc took it into his head to turn her out at this late date she would build herself a bungalow behind the house and stay in the place where Nature intended she should live.

She left Anna pondering over a half-open secret. How had Marietta prodded Dunc up, and in whose behalf? How Anna hoped that his sister had picked out somebody good enough and intelligent enough really to help him! Did she wish that Dunc would love that hypothetical girl in return? Anna was too much of a woman for that.

Had she cared about anything, she might have experienced relief upon the day when Dunc Leacy slouched on the porch to announce that the picking was over for the season and his Hindu gang had gone its way. The threatening clouds had withdrawn and autumn was flooded with sunshine.

"You've had hard luck, I'll say," admitted Dunc that afternoon. "But there's no use wasting our time over post mortems. Farming, as I've said, is a worse gamble than Wall Street. You've got about half of the normal crop dried in the bins, and that's something—good, full fruit. These French prunes will run between forty-fifty and fifty-sixty to the pound. Too bad! It might have been a bumper crop!"

"I owe every pound of it to you," she assured him faintly.

"Pshaw! Let's forget it and try again next year. And say, Anna ——"

He was sitting in his favorite place, which was the top step of the porch, and he shuffled rather awkwardly before he went on.

"Anna, I've had myself all stirred up and going round lately. Maybe you've noticed it."

"You've seemed to be a little—a little abstracted," she admitted, curiosity battling with fear of what he might say.

"It's all right now, Anna," he admitted with a sheepish grin. "At least I think it is. I'll know in a few days."

"I'm so glad," she said, resolved not to force his confidence.

"I'll be going up to Oroville pretty soon," he continued in the same bashful vein. "I think I'll have news for you when I get back."

The arrival of Zudie and Kipps broke the thread, and Anna never knew just how he would have finished it. But he had told her plainly enough, and if she needed plainer telling his call on the morrow put her doubts into their final resting place.

Dunc came whirling up in his car, and Miss Sallie Bowen, the black-eyed little beauty from Oroville, occupied the seat beside him. She looked such a vivid young thing, with her black hair blowing and her dark eyes snapping. She glanced up and smiled her triumph even before his car had stopped by the veranda. How remarkably pretty she was! Beside her vitality Anna felt herself fading to a colorless mist.

Anna studied Miss Bowen as she seated herself in the box hammock, her look never far away from Dunc Leacy. No, she wasn't as pretty as Zudie. Or perhaps she was prettier, but she lacked distinction. She reminded Anna of the sweet, obvious faces you see on candy boxes. Her manner was proprietorial whenever she spoke of Dunc. She imitated his slang, criticized his table manners, gloried in his anecdotes, while Dunc sat self-conscious as any bridegroom-elect could possibly be.

"We're touring to Oroville to-morrow, aren't we, Dunc?" She gave him the full benefit of her lovely eyes.

"We sure are!" agreed Dunc with tremendous heartiness. Then he explained for Anna's benefit, "I'm looking over the irrigation system on Mr. Bowen's place."

"How long will you be gone?" asked Anna, and could have bitten her tongue for the question. But she had grown so to depend upon Dunc Leacy!

"Oh, a week will settle that job," declared Dunc with a fearful carelessness.

They shook hands at the edge of the porch. It was like bidding good-by to a honeymoon pair.

"I've pulled off those Hindus," he sang out from his car. "I guess Kipps can handle what prunes you'll find from now on."

Anna stood silently and watched the handsome roadster spin away. She wanted Dunc to have every good thing in the world, but behind her wish there was the thought that Marietta had not chosen with all the wisdom of her years.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The Confidence and Satisfaction Which Safety, Comfort and Economy Bring

THE FRANKLIN SEDAN

NO MATTER whether its owner be man or woman, and regardless of the owner's previous motoring experiences, the Franklin Sedan always leaves the same impression—one of confidence and satisfaction.

This feeling is something for which Franklin light weight, flexibility and direct air cooling are responsible. The Franklin Sedan travels the worst roads without jar and pound, and leaves the driver and passengers entirely free from any misgivings. This reduction of road shock is made clear in Franklin tire results: owners average only three punctures to the life of an entire set—12,500 miles. Blowouts are almost unknown.

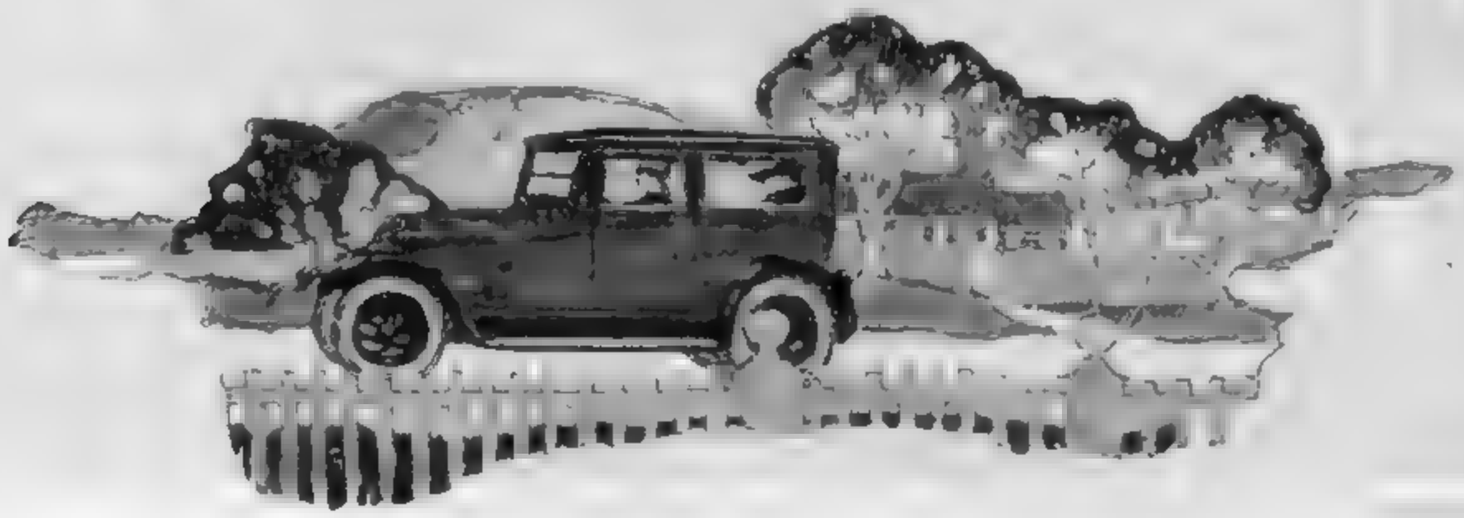
Besides giving this assurance of safety, the light and flexible Franklin Sedan handles more readily. It starts quickly, stops easily, cannot stall in tight places, steers with a touch.

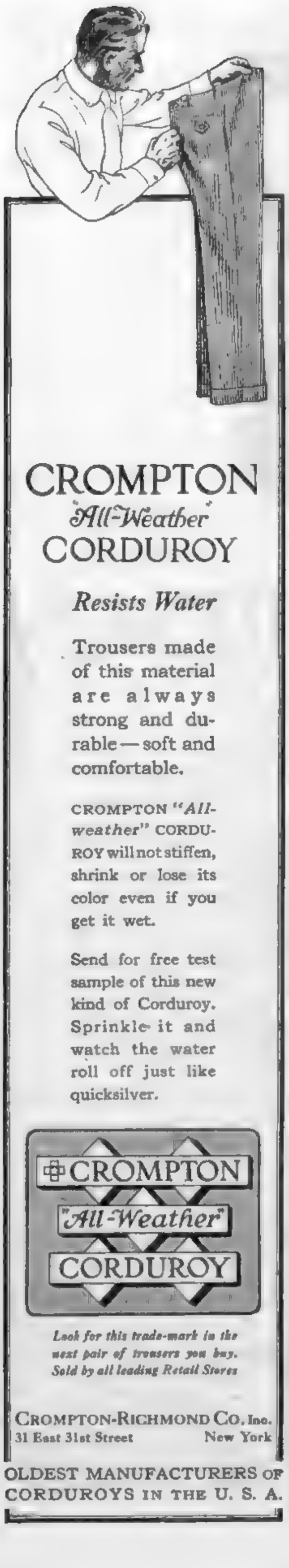
Complete cooling satisfaction is something which is known to few but Franklin owners. The Franklin Sedan is direct air cooled, which means no anti-freeze mixtures, no draining and re-filling in winter, no boiling in hot weather or on long grades.

The economy combined with these other advantages is unmatched by any other car. The actual nation-wide averages of Franklin owners are:

20 miles to the gallon of gasoline
12,500 miles to the set of tires
50% slower yearly depreciation
(National Averages)

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY SYRACUSE, N. Y.





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OLDEST MANUFACTURERS OF CORDUROYS IN THE U. S. A.

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

(Concluded from Page 36)

At one of the Pacific ports a system is in use whereby bags of flour, boxes of salmon and other articles are loaded into ocean-going ships by portable conveyors used in connection with gravity chutes. The chief engineer in charge of this installation reports that he has been able to load seventy-five tons of flour per hatch per hour with this system with less physical effort on the part of the men than was required by the old-style shift-gear method which still prevails at all the Atlantic ports, and where it is seldom that a speed greater than twenty-five tons per hatch per hour is secured. What is still more important, there is little breakage or wastage with the conveyor system, while with the New York burtoning method, in which rope slings are used, there is considerable loss due to the damage to bags striking the hatch sides.

Another important factor of material handling that appeals to both management and men, particularly the latter, is the use of these devices to eliminate the dirty jobs as well as the drudgery. For example, it is doubtful if the fertilizer industry would be able to survive the labor conditions of the present day without the use of machinery. The work is not only heavy and continuous, but the general conditions of handling bulk stuff from which the fertilizer is made are often objectionable. The resulting difficulty of getting efficient men for this work has brought about the general use of all types of handling equipment in the fertilizer industry. Among the machines used are locomotive cranes and trolley hoists with grab buckets; tractors with trailers employing automatic dump cars; overhead traveling cranes with grab buckets; portable bucket conveyors, belt conveyors and piling and sacking machines; also, automatic dumping hoppers and various types of elevators.

One fertilizer company states that it is now piling bags to a height of twenty feet, whereas in the old method with hand piling the bags could be piled to only one-third that height. The company states further that the cost by machine piling and stacking is only fifty per cent of the former cost, the saving being about fourteen cents a ton.

An unusual case of economy in the use of mechanical handling methods is that of an installation of a conveyor system at a town in the South. At this point there are thousands of bags of cotton-seed meal to be carried from river barges up a steep bank into a storage warehouse. Formerly these bags were carried on the heads of negro laborers—a slow, back-breaking, expensive job. To-day, in place of a steady line of men toiling up the hill, a set of sectional portable conveyors take the bags directly from the deck of the barge into the warehouse at the top of the bank, and the work the men have to do is merely to carry the bags from some point on the boat to the end of the conveyor.

Great savings are now being effected by many concerns through using portable loading and unloading machines of the bucket type, which will easily handle as much as one cubic yard of material per minute. The economy of such a system is evidenced by the experience of one large company that handled seventeen thousand cubic yards of gravel and broken stone. Auto trucks were used, and these carried five cubic yards per load. The bucket loaders were able to fill each truck in five minutes, and the saving over hand methods amounted to fifteen cents a cubic yard. In addition to this economy there was a saving of about twenty minutes of truck time per trip, and four men were released for other work. It is also important to note that the use of the loading machine eliminated the necessity for purchasing another truck, while the mechanical loader cost only one-quarter as much as the price of a truck.

A recent large installation of handling and conveying machines has enabled one of the railroads to transfer more than five hundred men from the dirty, hard labor of shoveling coal to much cleaner and more important work. The machine coal-handling system in question enables one hundred and twenty-five men to deliver as many tons of coal per hour into the holds of vessels as could formerly be delivered by the combined hand labor of six hundred thirty-five men. During the war that mammoth ship, the Leviathan, was coaled repeatedly in twenty-four hours. Such a task in Japan and many other countries, where the thousands of tons of coal are placed in baskets and then passed from one worker to another, would consume upward of a week's time. Greater than the loss occasioned in so handling the coal is that suffered by the steamship company through the idleness of the vessel for so many days.

If someone fifty years ago had been able to predict actually what is being accomplished in material handling by the big derricks and locomotive cranes of the present day few people would have been willing to credit the forecast. In one of the big flour-milling plants three men with the aid of a huge derrick are able to handle all the coal necessary to feed nine monster boilers ranging from two-hundred fifty horse power to six hundred horse power each. This derrick is equipped with a one-hundred-twelve-foot boom and a sixty-seven-foot mast. Besides handling five hundred seventy-five tons of coal in eight hours it spots dozens of railroad cars daily, and handles pieces of new machinery weighing as much as eight tons.

In one small town a railroad company maintains a forty-acre storage yard which usually contains about one hundred thousand tons of scrap. A large part of this scrap is shifted in and out of the yard from day to day, and all the handling of the heavy pieces is accomplished through the use of a locomotive crane equipped with lifting magnets. Manually this work could not be done at all; mechanically it requires but the labor of a few men, a ten to twenty ton locomotive crane and electrically actuated magnets. These magnets are only forty-two inches in diameter, but will lift and hold pieces of iron and steel weighing three tons. The cranes will average one pass every thirty seconds and will load a fifty-ton car in thirty minutes. They also do all the car switching in the yard and can travel at a speed of eight miles an hour. Though handling scrap occupies a large part of the time of these cranes, they are also employed for handling coal, limestone, gravel and similar bulk material. It is only the work of a few minutes to take off the magnet and hang a one and a half cubic yard clam-shell bucket in its place.

Of all recent inventions designed to reduce the manual labor of handling material, none are more important than tier-lift trucks of various types. The slowing down in building during the last three or four years has brought about a congestion in storage space, and this trouble is being partly overcome through the use of these trucks, which are not only able to carry goods from one point to another but will stack the goods to a considerable height. In the plant of one corporation one type of tier-lift truck is used, and the company is now able to pile materials three tiers high instead of one tier, as was formerly the practice. The new system increases the storage capacity of the plant from two hundred eighty-eight thousand pounds of material to eight hundred sixty-four thousand pounds. In such cases, of course, it is always necessary first to investigate and determine whether or not the floor will stand the added weight. If it will bear the increase the company is fortunate, for it is much cheaper to purchase two or three of these tier-lift trucks than it is to provide space by enlarging the factory or warehouse.

In one big warehouse the former plan of handling the big tobacco hogsheads was to do the tiering by hand, at the same time using skids and man power with ropes. This method required eight men in a gang and footed up a handling cost of thirty-two cents a ton. One power truck with a tier-lift attachment was installed, and now only three men are required, and the handling cost has been reduced to nine cents per ton. Another example of like economy is the experience of a motor-car company. Balance wheels, weighing approximately seven hundred pounds each, were stored in single tiers, as it was practically impossible to lift them higher than the one tier. Now, with the aid of a tier-lift truck, the company is able to store these seven-hundred-pound units three tiers high, saving about forty-five hundred square feet of floor space, increasing the storage capacity two hundred per cent, and effecting an approximate saving of two thousand dollars a year in labor costs.

A recent invention of a labor-conserving machine, which will handle coal for retail delivery and will ultimately materially aid in reducing the cost per ton to the consumer, is a practical device that automatically loads coal into bags. With the use of this machine two men can easily load from twenty to twenty-five tons of coal an hour into bags for retail delivery. Each machine is provided with screens which thoroughly clean the dust and dirt out of the coal before it is placed in the bags. One installation of this kind has trebled the tonnage per day which two men can handle. An accomplishment of this kind is quite important in view of the fact that the larger part of the cost of coal to the consumer is made up of charges to cover the handling of the material.

A unique application of mechanical handling equipment is an installation in the offices of a street-railway company. The company in question now handles more than a million nickels a day, as well as hundreds of thousands of tickets and other coins. The receipts from the street-car conductors are brought into the railway company's offices in tall steel containers, twenty-four inches in height and ten inches in diameter, each provided with two handles and an automatic self-locking cover. The first process in handling these collections necessitates lifting the containers, which weigh several hundred pounds each, to a height of six to eight feet, so that the contents may be dumped into the hopper of an automatic machine which separates the tickets from the miscellaneous coins. This is practically a continuous operation all day long, and has heretofore required unusual physical exertion on the part of two men.

The railroad company recently installed an overhead electric trolley hoist which not only lifts the containers but opens them and dumps the contents into the hopper of the machine, the entire operation requiring only one man. After the automatic machine sorts the tickets from the coins, the latter drop into a steel bushel basket, which is lifted by an electric hoist and its contents dumped into a coin-sorting machine. This last-mentioned machine separates the pennies, nickels, dimes and quarters—each denomination automatically dropping into other steel baskets. Finally the coins are handled by several small machines which count each denomination and wrap the coins into properly marked packages for delivery to the bank. Whereas a large clerical force was formerly required for this work, the present system is almost entirely automatic, and human labor is practically dispensed with.

All the foregoing instances are presented, not just to show what a few companies throughout the country are doing in this matter of substituting machines to make labor less arduous and release man power for more important work, but to indicate or suggest to thousands of employers the advisability of investigating all manual tasks and determining whether or not the work can be done with greater safety and economy through the employment of purely mechanical means. Search has shown that upward of fifty per cent of the cost of the necessities of life to the average citizen goes to cover the charges incurred in handling and transporting goods. It is also a fact that during the past two years the public has suffered severely from the evil consequences of unauthorized outlaw strikes which would never have taken place if there had not been such a scarcity of workers as to make it impossible for employers to find men to take the places of the employees on vacation. Surely no one is desirous of seeing a condition of affairs in this country where men are unable to obtain employment. On the other hand, the whole nation pays a dear price when the situation is such that workmen and some of their organizations can violate their contracts with impunity, at the same time resting secure in the knowledge that their jobs cannot be filled by others willing to work.

There never has been a time when it was more necessary for American employers to requisition at once every mechanical expedient that will enable them to use the present high-priced labor on the most important jobs. The greater utilization of mechanical power means the shifting of the burden of the world's most toilsome work from the shoulders of man to the harnessed forces of Nature.

Where Fire is all in the day's work

FIRE is an ever present danger in the Iron and Steel Industry. The wide-spread use of fuel oil has increased the hazard of molten metal and burning coal and coke. High voltage electric equipment has added to the risk. The use and storage of benzol, gasoline and other inflammable liquids, together with the manufacture of by-products of a highly inflammable nature, make the chance of fire even greater.

Ordinary fire-fighting methods proved inefficient and ineffective in combating fire in this great industry. A newer and surer method was sought and found—the Firefoam method.

Firefoam is fatal to fire—even blazing oil. It puts out fire by quickly *smothering* it. Firefoam coats and tenaciously clings to every surface it touches. It floats on highly inflammable liquids. It is absolutely harmless to life and property.

When released, Firefoam expands eight-fold. There is nothing else like it in principle, in action or in effectiveness on fires. It assists in *lowering* insurance rates.

Among the users of Firefoam in the Iron and Steel Industry are:

American Steel and Wire Co.	Jones and Laughlin Co.
Bethlehem Steel Co.	Lackawanna Steel Co.
Carnegie Steel Co.	Republic Iron and Steel Co.
Illinois Steel Co.	Youngstown Sheet and Tube Co.

Firefoam was adopted by these industrial leaders as a matter of sound business. It safeguards both life and property. For the same reason, Firefoam protection should be in every factory, building and home. Send at once for literature.

The Foamite Firefoam Company offers a complete engineering and inspection service, which includes unbiased recommendations as to the type of fire-protection equipment best suited to the individual risk.

FOAMITE FIREFOAM CO., *Fifth Avenue Building, New York*

Sales Engineers in principal cities. Dealers everywhere.

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SMOTHERS FIRE

It's just one smoke after another—when you're jimmy-pipe-ing it with P. A.!

NO two ways to it! You'll certainly play the smoke game hard and fast twelve months out of every year when you start buddy-ing about with Prince Albert and a pipe! And, you can bet your old stubble field against a brace of birds that you'll get so stuck on that outfit you'll find it rough going to lay up the tasty old jimmy even long enough for a slice of sleep!

Prince Albert jams a jingle of joy into smoke appetites that you can't set to words to save your life! You've got to get in with both feet; you've got to do some close-up-pipe-smoking; you've got to get the *inside* listen of P. A. before you can subscribe to such smoke sentiments! *But—*

When you do—man, man, there'll be jug-fuls of joy'us chin-music! For, you'll have some tall-tales-to-tell about Prince Albert's coolness and flavor and fragrance and its exclusive patented process that cuts out bite and parch—and, lets down the bars so you can smoke and smoke *and smoke!* Yes sir, like you never smoked before!

If you're a pipe-regular or a pipe-beginner, *or a pipe-has-been*, what you'll find in Prince Albert awaiting your howdy-do will put you on the firing line and keep you sparking like you'd set the time clock back. *And, maybe that isn't what you're hunting in the happy smoke woods these November days!*

Wherever tobacco is sold Prince Albert awaits your friendly greetings. Toppy red bags, tidy red tins, handsome pound and half pound tin humidors—and—that clever, practical pound crystal-glass humidor with sponge-moistener top that keeps the tobacco in such perfect condition.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.,
Winston-Salem, N. C.

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

TALL MONEY

(Continued from Page 15)

"Gee, you was outer luck!" I says.

"Not at all!" says Mr. Basket. "I had one of the best jobs round here."

"Well, when I first went to work," says Elmer, "leaving out of account the work I done for you, pop, I commenced at Shelton's store at fifteen per and toiled from nine to six with an hour off for lunch. And leave me tell you I done the village a real service. Why, your own stuff was sold at Shelton's!"

"You got a better education than I did," says his father, very mild. "But it oughter make you a better farmer."

Elmer give a scorning laugh.

"Say, pop, d'yer realize I'm getting a hundred dollars a week," he bragged, "by just running a machine which practically runs itself?"

"Yer can't eat thet machine!" says the old man, and got up and went into the house. It was a kind of a funny thing to say, d'yer get me, Mabel? And so it stuck in my mind all this while and come back to me on account of what happened later on.

Well, Mabel, anyways Elmer and Celeste got married, and we had the Thanksgiving dinner after, and was it some dinner? You tell her, truck, you can express it! Honest I never let my appetite interfere too heavily with my pocketbook, and short, simple and sustaining is on my regular menu card. But I got a human appetite just the same, and I ain't seen food like that but twice since and that was there too.

Say listen, Mabel, we had chicken soup and three kinds of homemade bread, fresh homemade butter, roast turkey stuffed with chestnuts, cranberries, squash, sweet potatoes, white dittos, onions, roast corn, three kinds of preserves and four kinds of pickle, home-canned tomatoes and beans, mince and pumpkin pie and homemade ice cream; not to say a word about the wedding cake, and anyway it was of course omitted from the following years. But it was a meal to dream of. And I guess I did that little thing, but was it worth a nightmare? You tell her, window, you had the pane!

And after the big blow-out Elmer and Celeste went off to Atlantic City, because that was the most expensive place Elmer could think of for the honeymoon.

I stayed over Sunday and helped Ma Basket clean up after the party. And while I was waiting for the train she let me on to a few things.

"Of course I realize it is wonderful for Elmer to be making such a lot of money," she says. "Why, our Judge Cartright ain't got that amount of income. But it don't seem natural, some ways. It's this terrible war, I suppose. And I do feel grateful that he won't have to fight now. It ain't as if he wasn't doing something—munitions is very important, they say. His father feels bad about it though. But I can't help wishing he could be here on the farm. We miss him terrible. The city ain't no place to live unless you're reared to it."

"But times is changed, Mrs. Basket," I told her. "There ain't no theaters, no pictures or restaurants out here—and with the tall money and a soft job, where can you offer any competition?" I says.

"I dunno!" she says, kind of low in her mind. "But farms is natural. Machinery—especially machinery to kill folks—ain't. There's something wrong somewheres. I ain't only a woman, but I can see that!"

"Well, he ought to save a lot and get rich, and then maybe he can afford to be a farmer," I says.

Say listen, Mabel, this was way back in the autumn of 1917—the year of the beginning of Georgette waists, remember? We got in a awful cute line of hand bags called canteen cases—evening shades of kid with gold fittings. And I carried one when I went to see Billy Daly off when he went back to camp before going to France. Say, them was great days, with all the boys in uniform and practically all right to speak to any of them, eh, dear? . . . What? Oh yes, about Elmer and Celeste.

Well Mabel, the war was certainly a grand thing for Elmer. He got so much wages and men was needed so bad that he just about had things his own way. Of course Celeste give up her job in the canned-goods department at Lacey's, and in a few weeks you couldn't of told her from a picture actress. And she would come into the Chick, and believe me she was a good customer, but we hadder cut out the discount stuff. It used to make me sort of sick, but could I tell her anything? Don't mention it! You got a sister your own self, Mabel; you know how it is, dear!

"Pansy," She Says, "I Come Over the Very Minute the Store Closed to Tell You I'm Gonner Get Married Next Week"

And I was even maybe a little jealous, because you see, dear, the war hadn't affected lingerie any except to make it more usual, but as for salesladies' salaries, they was just about the same as before. I did manage to make a deal with the boss, though, where I was to get a commission on all I sold over a certain sum, and I was using it right and never urging another working girl into satin or perishables, but suggesting lisle and that ribbed stuff of pink was not so bad, and my commissions coming out of ones like Ruby Roselle or Marie La Tour where my conscience didn't hurt me any, or maybe selling a line to some husband which could afford it.

And believe me, Mabel, the chief objection to specialty shops or even many department stores is the temptation they spread to fool girls and women who really hadn't ought to spend the money and wouldn't if they didn't see that stuff, and many of them is no better than using vanity to profiteer and it is practically a vice and should be stopped by law the same as hop or liquor. But I suppose the rich would get it anyways, the same as whisky, and I always says, "Well, what's the difference, because who cares anyways if the fools is all eventually ruined?"

Well, I was gonner tell you about Elmer and Celeste, Mabel. Well, she got all them good clothes, or had I not better say all them clothes? Because her silk skirts couldn't of stood alone—they couldn't of even been wore alone without attracting the police they was that thin. And Elmer was as bad. A suit which cost less than a hundred bucks would never fit him. And everything on the same scale. They would of even hired a girl if they could of found one.

Say, Mabel, you ought to of seen their flat! The parlor suit was openwork with a blue plush trim and a velvet carpet and side lights and their player piano was the best on the market. And a phonograph with a special case and over two hundred records! And twin beds with lace insertion on the spreads and rattan insertion in the head and foot. And then Celeste got a mink dolman and Elmer got a near-seal-lined overcoat which was a big improvement over his near-lined seal-collar one. They had a spare room done in rose, and in fact, believe me, dear, they had everything in that flat but a baby carriage! I don't know but that I was most impressed with the kitchen, though, because I never see such a lot of foodstuffs in my life.

Say listen, Mabel, that sister of mine had a pantry just crammed full! She had beans and peas and beets and sauerkraut and sausage and three hams and sides of bacon and even dried beef tongue. And as for the pickles and preserves, they was the kind you can't buy except only in specialty shops. I don't mean jazz shops but jam shops. You know the kind, dear, where they show one glass of currant jelly and a tea rose in the window at about a dollar fifty a half pint.

And say listen, Mabel, all this stuff of Celeste's was in glass; not in tin cans, but in glass.

"Say, whatcha been doing?" I says, "buying out the Retail Grocers' Association?"

"Oh, we don't never haf to buy none of this stuff," says Celeste. "Ma Basket does all her own canning and she sends these things to us. The hams too, and bacon. And she mails us three dozen fresh eggs every week and sends butter often, and a pair of chickens for Sundays. The parcel post is awful convenient."

Well, Mabel, it occurred to me that Ma Basket and the farm was also kind of convenient, but Celeste didn't mention anything about that. So I did, and then Elmer, who was home taking a little rest in his silk shirt sleeves that day, it being Wednesday and he having worked clear through the week every day since Monday, Elmer spoke up and he says: "Why, they got more'n they can use down home, with just the two of them!" he says. "We ain't had to buy hardly a thing to eat since we got married, only a little meat and coffee and sugar," he says.

"Pretty soft," I says. "And it must save you a lot too."

"Oh, well, they couldn't use all that stuff," he says again. "It gives ma something to do. And we can use the money it saves. Come on in the parlor while I put on them new records I brought home!"

Well say listen, Mabel, that old lady and gent, Elmer's pa and ma, sent all them things and kep' on doing it, but they wouldn't come to the city on any visits. They was kind of used to the farm, I guess, and Celeste and Elmer didn't urge them much. They was too busy. It seems there was some feeling between them and the old folks on account of that lack of a baby carriage. Celeste wouldn't never talk about it, but not so Elmer.

"Gee, we can't afford a kid," he says. "It costs us every nickel we got to live right now. And anyways what you going to do with a kid in a flat? Ma don't understand modern conditions, that's all!"

Well, Mabel, of course I wouldn't say a word, although if they had of been friends instead of relations—why, I might of. But although the old Baskets never come to town, they held out for Elmer and Celeste to visit them oncet in awhile, and on every Thanksgiving that meant me too.

Say listen, Mabel, don't you think the idea of Thanksgiving is something grand? Giving and getting thanks for it, and the kids on the streets all dressed up and working the day real good and all? And a extra holiday too. And the way we spent it up to Baskets' farm was especially fine. Made me sort of wish I lived in the country, only of course realizing that every day isn't a holiday there any more than every night has its cabaret for the flat dweller. In other words, that work has to occur in both cases. Still, them Thanksgivings was certainly lovely, and we would even enjoy going to church first.

Elmer would generally bring his mother a big box of candy and Celeste would of chosen some dainty practical gift out of the Chick Shop like a pink auto veil, in case the old lady ever got a auto, I suppose; or a pair of long white gloves.

"Poor mamma don't have many luxuries," she would say, while I was keeping my hands off but selling her the selection. "And I like to take her somethin' she ain't likely to buy for herself."

(Continued on Page 120)

Furniture Making in the days of Queen Elizabeth

Out of the golden

THE search led back across the Atlantic, into the manor-houses of England, the chateaux of France, and the castles of Italy. Here they came to light—the true originals of the period-furniture styles. And Mr. Edison's designers adapted seventeen of these masterpieces for the modern American home.

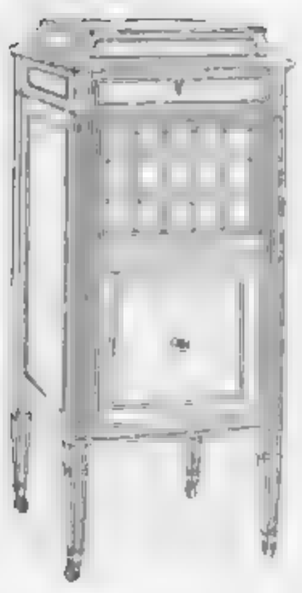
* * * * * *

PERIOD FURNITURE is a heritage of the 16th, 17th, and 18th Centuries. The Georges reigned in England, and the Louis ruled in France.

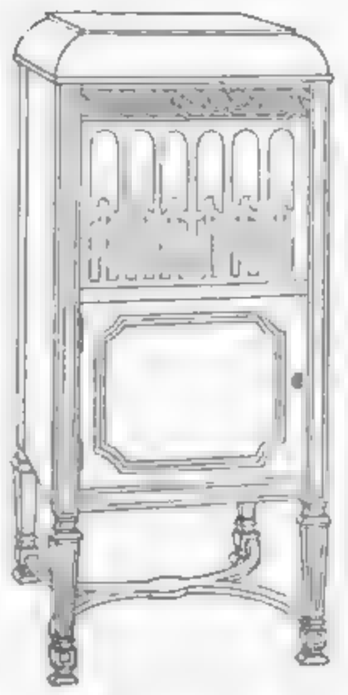
FINE LIVING was the ideal of the day. Men of artistic genius were lionized by fair ladies, and made wealthy through the lavish patronage of kings. Architects conjured up monumental palaces. Landscape artists set them in fairy grounds. Painters illumined their walls with imperishable canvases. Unparalleled designers and craftsmen furnished their interiors.

THIS ERA of luxury produced Chippendale, Sheraton, and other masters of the English, French, and Italian schools. It brought the cabinet-maker's art to its most exquisite development. It was aptly named "THE GOLDEN AGE OF FURNITURE."

TWO CENTURIES later came a momentous development in music.



Sheraton



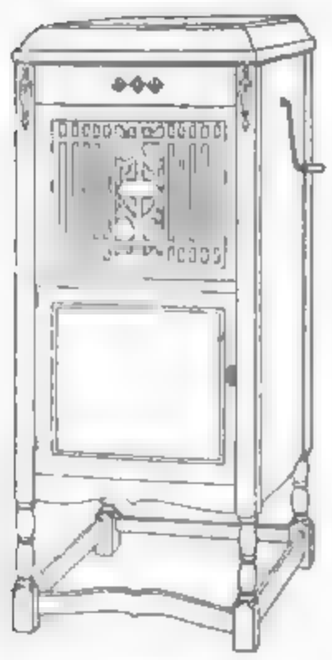
Louis XIV

The NEW EDISON *in 17 period cabinets*

The Elizabethan Cabinet adapted by Mr. Edison

age of furniture

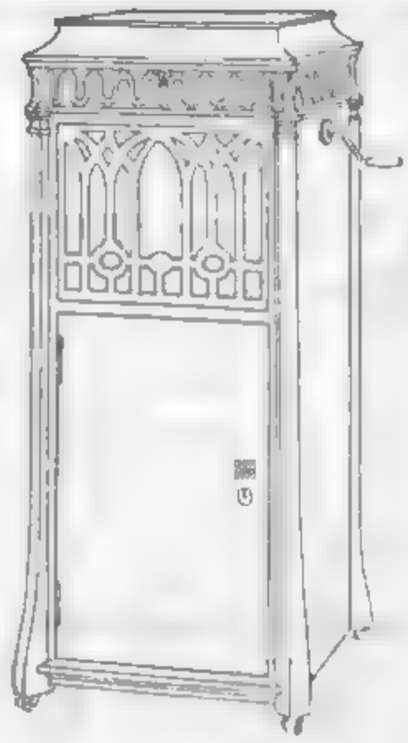
EDISON, the thinker, conceived the vision of an America whose every home would be blessed with great music—through a phonograph of SUPREME REALISM. Edison, the inventor, gave three millions of his money and seven years of his time to an exhaustive research—out of which the New Edison was finally evolved. Then commenced those startling tests, by which he proved, through direct comparison, that the New Edison RE-CREATES an artist's performance exactly as the artist himself gives it. More than 4,000 such tests were made with over fifty vocalists and instrumentalists. More than four million people heard them. No one was able to tell the living performance from its RE-CREATION by the New Edison.



Jacobean

THE FAMILY that has an ear for the finer things in music is the family that has an eye for the finer things in furniture. Mr. Edison decided that Edison Cabinets should be patterned after the most exquisite furniture the world has known.

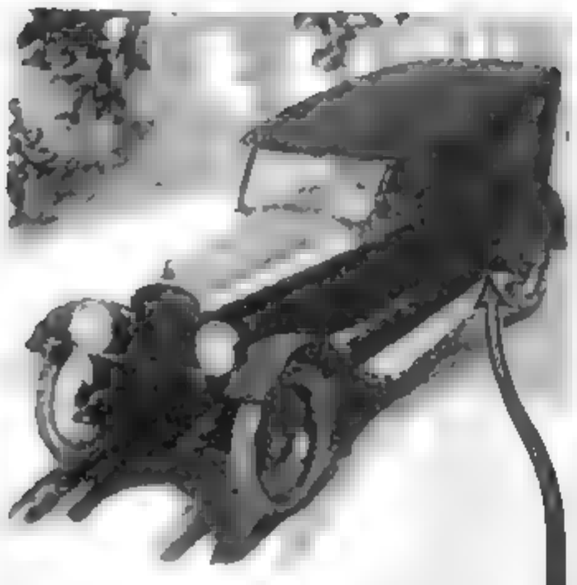
AND SO the search led back across the Atlantic, into the manor-houses of England, the chateaux of France, and the castles of Italy. Mr. Edison's designers made every Edison Cabinet a period cabinet out of the Golden Age of Furniture.



Chippendale

THOMAS A. EDISON, INC., Orange, N. J.

the phonograph with a soul The NEW EDISON



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(Continued from Page 117)

Well, I'll tell the world she certainly did succeed in her aim, because Ma Basket run more to hand-knit stockings, and I expect her lingerie was very similar to her bedspreads—strong and not necessary to dry-clean them, with crochet edges instead of picot. In fact I oncet said something about picot to her and she said she preferred English breakfast tea.

But say listen, Mabel. These two birds of fine feathers would bring up their dainty offerings in a candy box, but believe me they would go home with a borrowed suitcase full of stuff which could be eat. It was a real profiteerable investment, I admit it. And when they had collected the tax they would also collect themselves and me, and after they had urged the old folks to come on for a visit but yet not insisted exactly we would return to the big town, and Elmer would put his overalls into his patent-leather suitcase along with the touring lunch basket and vacuum bottle and drive the new flivver over to his almost daily toil.

Well, dear, this went on for about two years, and then President Wilson signed the armistice and ruined everything. . . . Whassat? Huh? Well, if it wasn't him it was someone; you know that as good as I do. And, the war being over, the munitions works was over too.

It seems this concern which had engaged the golden services of my brother-in-law had used to make brass beds before it commenced making knock-out powders for the Government and brass knuckles for the Allies. And anybody knows that any person which hasn't got a gray-painted wooden bed with a bunch of posies painted on it or a day one, only using it at night to make the room bigger, is entirely behind the times; and so I don't know did this cannon concern have to get new equipment in order to turn out a new line or what, but it seems that they reluctantly concluded to let Elmer go.

At least that's what he said, and got away with it for a while. He told me about it during a little family dinner up to Restlingwiber's, where they was having just a simple little planked steak and baked Alaska.

"Of course it's only temporary," says Elmer. "Things has got to get more or less readjusted, now the war is over. And a man which has been worth a hundred and twenty-five a week like I can undoubtedly get something even better in a little while. I don't want to work with my hands no more neither. I expect they will be glad to get a bright young superintendent some place, eh?"

"Well, I suppose you must have a pretty large bundle of rugs put away," I says, looking at the fifty-cent cigar he was picking out of the tray the girl brung round, "and can afford to wait until you get just the right thing."

"Well, I can't afford to take the wrong thing!" he says with a little laugh that wasn't quite healthy-sounding. "Just imagine, Mathews—that's the personnel man, as they call him—actually offered me fifty a week to go over to a canning factory they are starting."

"And you turned him down?" says Celeste, but not exactly with enthusiastic approval.

"Why, I merely laughed at him," says Elmer. "Picture us living on fifty berries a week!"

"You'd have to go back to the grocery department," I says to Celeste.

And you had ought to of seen her shudder.

Say listen, Mabel, when I got home to my room that night I got to thinking over how the world was certainly queer, because here was Elmer looking for work and afraid he'd find it, but me, who had given the munitions boom the once-over out of the corner of my eye and decided to stick by my job—why, here I was, still on the same job yet, and knowing my business pretty good by now, and Mr. Ginsberg over to the Paris Intime offering me more money to go there as head saleswoman. And of course, Mabel, I might be in a more patriotic business than silk underwear, but the principle of sticking on the job is the same and nobody could tell me Elmer had taken them high wages from patriotism alone, because he could of taken thirty dollars and his keep direct from Uncle Sam if that had been his idea, and I have as good a memory as any sister-in-law going. My Liberty Bonds was my bit, and yet no sacrifice to me; and here I was, ahead of the game although not getting the tall money he was, but a slow increase, and knew the line I had chosen more thorough every day. And what is further, Mabel, it's no small thing to learn a line like inserted combinations or batik negligées; and as to the selling end, I was commencing to learn sales making by tact, understanding and helpful suggestion instead of a hypnotic stare, contempt and main force; which believe me, Mabel, more girls in specialty shops sells goods by shaming the customer than by pleasing her, and then they wonder why they don't get more regulars. But I'll tell the world a customer which has been left go without taking away anything but a pleasant impression is more likely to come back than one which has been persuaded into buying something against their will.

Well, Mabel, I thought this over, see, and wondered weren't they a whole lot of people in the same place as Elmer and used to luxury now, only of course they ought by this time to be pretty chummy with the little old savings bank, and I grudged nobody their pile, although mine was only a molehill of about five hundred dollars. And I wondered what would happen to Elmer and Celeste now; and pretty soon things begun to.

Well, this year, just about the time the young man's fancy lightly takes two weeks with pay, in comes Celeste while I was looking over a line of dry-cleanable bathing suits for beach wear with Mr. Ginsberg, because I was working there by now and he says I got the most perfect taste of any girl in the shop and he'll train me to buy for the Paris Intime some day. And I had just made a selection of purple satins, three-piece, four flounces and knickers piped with yellow, and some blacks with a hula fringe in natural rope color to retail at forty-nine dollars and fifty cents each, when, as I says, in comes Celeste to see could I get her a mourning veil at a discount, but of course we don't carry any mourning, being stocked with a idea purely to the contrary. But of course I says what was the reason for this and she says that old man Basket had cashed in and they was going up to make sure of it and do the same with whatever he had neglected to take with him.

Of course y' understand, Mabel, she didn't use them words, but that was what registered, do you see, dear? She says Elmer was all broke up and that she supposed the dear old gentleman had been quite well-to-do. But I got her just the same. There was a sort of relief about her, and I says had Elmer got a job yet and she says no position had turned up yet that would pay sufficient for him to consider it, but she supposed it wouldn't matter now. And then she went off to look for her veil and I didn't see her for over a week.

Say listen, Mabel, was there a difference in her then? You tell her, savings bank, you got the change! Mad? Gee, she was mad! She come in at lunchtime and we went out together and to my surprise she left me lead her to the hash house without a peep.

"Pansy, I'm back at Lacey's," is the first thing she says as we started folding ourselfs round a couple of glasses of milk and some capital-P Pastry.

"You are!" I says. "Why, where is the berries which was raised on the farm?"

"I been misled!" she says, getting real angry. "I got fooled badly. Wouldn't you think they would be something coming from a bird with a place like that? Well, he didn't leave a thing but the farm and three thousand dollars insurance, and he left the both of them to Mrs. Basket!"

"Well, she was his wife, wasn't she?" I says. "What would you suppose?" I says.

"And that ain't the worst!" says Celeste. "She done her best to make Elmer stay on the farm! Watter you know about it? And of course he wouldn't, but he done his duty and asked her to come and live with us, but she was as stubborn as a mule and says the place ain't got a cent of mortgage on it and we hadn't ought to be paying rent with Elmer out of work. Of course she didn't even consider our lease or that Elmer is merely looking round. And so there you are!"

"And meanwhile until he gets through looking round you have gone back to work," I says.

"That's it—only temporary," says Celeste. "And Pansy, I wouldn't of believed how things has changed in three years. I'm in the canned goods the same as before, and the prices is something awful! You see we ain't bought a thing in that line since we was married, and believe me things has jumped over a hundred per cent—the old seventeen-cent stringless beans is thirty-two, just for one example, and stuff in glass, like Ma Basket puts up, is eighty-five and a dollar-ten!"

"Yeh!" was all I says—because, Mabel, what is the use in passing any remark on a blind man? But Celeste wasn't through.

"I was kind of thinking," she says, "that maybe with our spare bedroom you might like to come and share expenses. You'd be living a whole lot better'n you do now and it wouldn't cost you any more."

Well, Mabel, that nearly floored me, because nothing of the kind having been suggested by mutual consent up to date I knew they must be harder up than I had guessed. And so I never let on a thing but only says "Yes, maybe it would be a good idea," as if nothing was strange at all. Because you see, dear, I am always willing to save if possible and also to help her out, because if she is a lightweight she is my sister, and it's a funny thing but you just got to help a near relation even if you can't resist making them miserable as well when you do so.

Well, Mabel, that's how I come to give up my furnished room and my liberty and privacy, because while the blue velvet ten by eight was handsome it was shared. But in return I certainly got better eats, because the latest supplies from Ma Basket was still holding out good and since I was paying my board I put the nix on the delicatessen suppers.

"Gee, what a lot of things comes off a farm, or can come off it!" I says.

"Including all the live ones!" says Elmer, quick as a flash; but somehow there wasn't much pep in the laugh he got from his wife. Elmer was still turning down everything that resembled work, because the salaries seemed too much like a piece of change. He had tried out as floor manager at a silk mill, but resigned at the request of the boss at the end of one week, but it didn't matter, because it seems he was just going anyhow. Then he had taken a whirl at a brass foundry, but they all struck after a week and so the ten a day didn't hardly pay for the manicures he spoiled. By the time we was coming down to brass checks and living off what was left of the farm stuff and paying the rent out of my board and hadn't had a new jazz record in over a month, and Elmer had come to realize I wasn't going to part with any of my stack of flannel cakes to tide him over until he could pull down a couple of hundred a week for drinking champagne on somebody's yacht, he got a letter from his mother and it says she was about to hit the big town, or words to the same effect.

Say listen, Mabel, when that old lady come it was just like a scene in a play! She had a hat on her that was first wore by Mrs. Noah, and a suit on which the village dressmaker had done her darnedest—do you see, dear? But she had also a big basket of eats and, although this was only April, a real pretty bunch of wild flowers drooping on the top of it. Celeste and Elmer give her a hearty welcome and during dinner, which was got by Ma Basket and made up out of the stuff she had brought with her, I begun to realize that the glad hand hadn't been slipped her on account alone of their joy at seeing her but also because of they having a motive behind it.

You see, Mabel, the old lady got in on a Sunday morning so we was all at home, and after Mrs. Basket had shooed us to church and Elmer had actually went with us we took a ride in the flivver, and when we come back Ma Basket spieled the player piano and had several records put on the phonograph for her, and then she felt of the plush furniture and give the flat the once-over very careful, and then we had this dinner.

Well, when it was cleared away all but the dishes Elmer starts something.

"How about the insurance money, ma?" he says. "Have you got it yet?"

"I have," she says quietly, and then didn't say anything more.

"Well, was the farm clear?" says Elmer.

"It was, and is, and is going to stay that way," says his mother.

"Well, why not sell it and come and live with us?" says Elmer. "I could invest the money so's to bring in something pretty neat for all of us."

"Elmer Basket," says his mother, "why don't you come down and work the farm? You know how. You'd have rent free and

(Concluded on Page 123)

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IN countless homes, rich, pure Carnation satisfies every milk and cream purpose without waste. Use it in making salad dressings, meat and vegetable dishes, puddings and cakes. Use it undiluted on cereals and fruits and in coffee. Remember—Carnation is pure cows' milk evaporated to the consistency of cream and sterilized. Nothing is added—not even sugar. Buy it regularly from your grocer, the Carnation Milkman. Let us send you our free cook book, which contains one hundred choice recipes.

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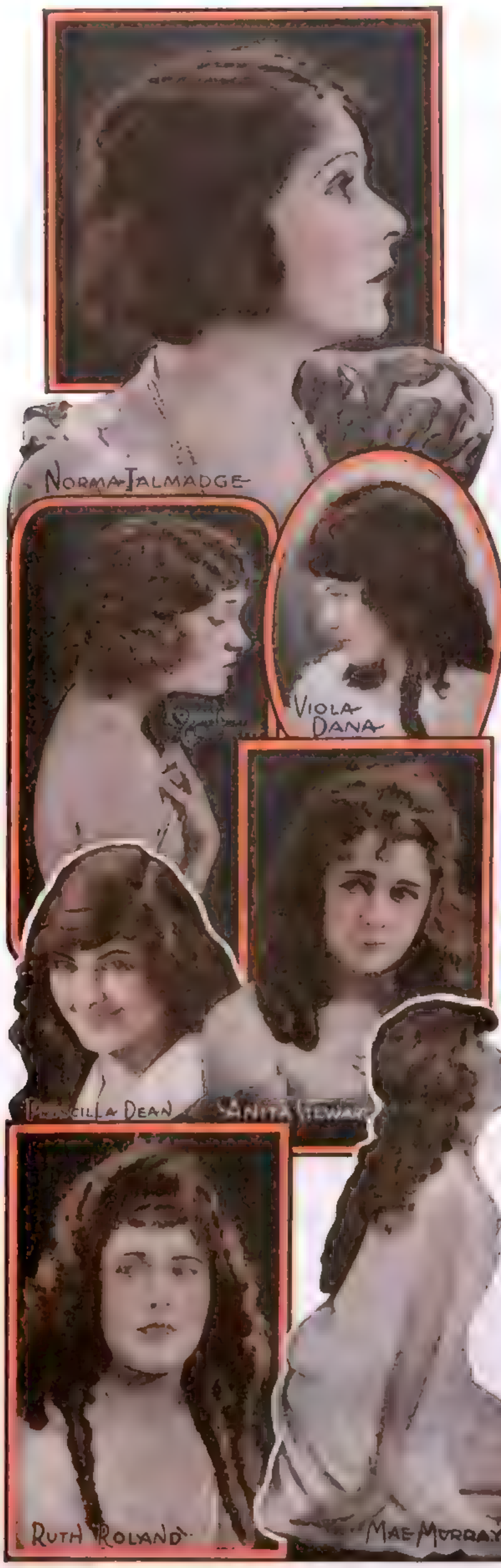


How To Keep Your Hair Beautiful

Without Beautiful, well kept Hair You can never be Really Attractive

STUDY the pictures of these beautiful women and you will see just how much their hair has to do with their appearance.

Beautiful hair is not just a matter of luck, it is simply a matter of care.

You, too, can have beautiful hair if you care for it properly. Beautiful hair depends almost entirely upon the care you give it.

Shampooing is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why leading motion picture stars and discriminating women use Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just

Follow This Simple Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then, apply a little Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Rub the Lather In Thoroughly

TWO or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

When you have done this, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly, using clear, fresh water. Then use another application of Mulsified.

Two waters are usually sufficient for washing the hair; but sometimes the third is necessary. You can easily tell, for when the hair is perfectly clean it will be soft and silky in the water, the strands will fall apart easily, each separate hair floating alone in the water; and the entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch, and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water. When you have rinsed the hair thoroughly, wring it as dry as you can; and finish by rubbing it with a turkish towel, shaking it and fluffing it until it is dry. Then, give it a good brushing.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage, and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months. Splendid for children.

WATKINS
MULSIFIED
COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

(Concluded from Page 120)

it could be made to pay. It always has. But I can't get any hired help. I've tried all over. Everybody down our way is having the same trouble. Help is awful scarce."

Elmer give that the big laugh.

"Why, ma!" he says. "After the tall money I been getting do you actually think I'm coming out and be your hired man? Not while I'm conscious!"

"But you ain't getting that money now," says she.

"That's only temporary," says Elmer, very up stage. "And I'm bound to find something I can afford to take pretty soon. In the meanwhile, though, I wisht you would leave me have a thousand of that insurance. I'm kind of low."

There was a little stage wait at this, because I tell you, Mabel, I really hadn't realized up to then that Elmer was broke. And it was a worse jar yet to Ma Basket.

"No, son," she says at last. "That money is every cent I have beside the farm. I'm going to need it. If you are short, why don't you sell your auttermobile?"

"I—I can't!" says Elmer. "I bought it on installments and it ain't paid for yet. The company's got a chattel mortgage."

Well, that was news to me, Mabel, and he had never told me that because I would of told him what I thought and I guess he suspected what it would be. But Ma Basket took it awful mild.

"Then part with your piano," she suggested.

"I can't do that either," he says. "Installment piano."

"Well, you got a phonygraft," she says. "But I suppose that is fixed the same?"

This mild manner of hers got Elmer's goat. You know the way it is, Mabel, in a family quarrel somebody has got to get mad, and if one don't—why, the other has to. So Elmer did a TNT.

"I'll say it is fixed the same!" he shouted. "And so is every damn thing in the house! There ain't a stick of furniture or carpets but that's on the installment plan! Our two fur coats is on the installment plan! And with the money I'm getting—or was getting and can get—I got a perfect right to undertake them! It won't be over a couple of years before I clean them up, and by then I'll —— Oh, damn it all, ma, you don't understand! Times has changed. People got different standards of living, they got more educated, more refined tastes! We can't live like a bunch of chinks or wops! We gotter have certain things."

"So the money I saved you you didn't save!" says Ma Basket.

"The money you saved me?" says Elmer, all excited. "What money was that, in heaven's name?"

"Well, I sent canned goods, and so forth," his mother pointed out. "And I thought it would help you to put away money. And all it's done was to leave you free to get into debt. This is a serious matter, son!"

"Serious, hell!" he says, furious. "I'm a grown man—I'm worth tall money—ain't I proved it? And if you wouldn't be so stubborn about a measly loan I'd show you again! I will anyways. It's only a matter of time. I'm gonner manage my own business, see? And I'm not gonner bury myself on no farm, neither!"

Well, Mabel, Elmer and Celeste went off to the pictures after that, but I stayed home and Ma Basket and me done the dishes. And while we done them her and I had a little talk. And did something come of it? You tell her, piano, you got the last installment!

"Would you give him that money, Pansy?" she asked me.

"I would not, Mrs. Basket!" I says. "You hang onto it, just! The trouble with Elmer is he's got out of the habit of working. He's a pretty fair semiskilled mechanic, but he's got it in his head somehow that he's a little Saint Peter on wheels, and the fellers he goes with keep kidding each other to that same effect. There's work for all of them, heaven knows, only the most of them is tied up with time payments on luxuries the same as he is and got fancy tastes and big heads, and it's gonner take a shock to get them down to earth!"

"I reckon you are about right," says the old lady. "But what am I to do? Here I got the farm. It's a real good farm an' we are the fourth generation to own it. But the best farm on earth won't work itself."

Suddenly I got a idea.

"Say, Mrs. Basket," I says, "how much wages do you pay your help?"

"Why, I hadn't ought to have to give over ten dollars a week and their keep," she says.

"And what kind of tools have you got for a man to work with?" I says. "Got a tractor and a power plant and all the latest dewdads?"

"Why, no," she says. "We got a couple of good horses and the usual things; my husband always claimed he could do more with his hoe than any two men with a cultivator."

"But was he right?" I says.

"Why, I dunno, really," she says.

"And how many hours a day do you expect a man to work with them old-fashioned things?" I says then.

"Why, that's hard to say," she says. "We never had no regular hours, exactly. It can't be done on a farm."

"Well, I suppose there's a good deal of amusement going on round your way?" I suggested. This made the old lady laugh. She was getting in deep but she knew it, and it interested her.

"Go along with you, child!" she says. "I see what you been drivin' at!"

"Well, put yourself in their place!" I says. "Ain't there a lot of improvements you'd like for your own work on the farm?"

"Well, I had thought some of electric dishwashers and clothes washers and a good cabinet in the kitchen," she admitted. "And I admit a movin'-picture house in the neighborhood would be nice."

"And shorter hours and more money for your effort," I added. "Say, Mrs. Basket, they ain't nothing criminal in wanting to work in a scientific way on stated hours with up-to-date tools at fair pay and get some decent amusement on the side. Why, we couldn't run the Paris Intime without modern lighting in the up-to-date show cases and the best sort of sliding racks in well-fitted wardrobes for the hanging goods!

"And the Paris Intime may seem a long ways from the farm, but believe me, modern business methods is just as necessary for the both of them!"

The old lady thought this over for a minute, and then she shook her head doubtfully.

"I've thought some of all that," she says. "And there's a lot of truth in it. Eventually we got to come to it, but in order to start, even, we got to get men to work the farms and help put in these improvements. The farms can't improve themselves. And what will bring the men back in the face of the competition of the city, I dunno, really."

"I do," I says grimly. "One thing—hunger!"

"Eh?" she says.

"Do you know the price of canned goods?" I says. "And of all the other eats? Well, when the cities get hungry enough the farmers will get help."

Well, about then Elmer and Celeste come home, because they didn't like the picture, and brought a big box of candy with them.

Say listen, Mabel, would you believe it, old Mrs. Basket didn't say a word more about the farm after that, but stayed a week as smooth as cold cream, and then she went back home, leaving only me to share the yappy home of Elmer and Celeste.

And for awhile I was pretty busy with my own business, because I modeled in negligées down to Atlantic City for a week and then we done over the Intime from white and rose to French gray with mirrors and a blue trim on the corset-fitting room, and I arranged the displays, with Mr. Ginsberg cheering me on and making me put things in the window which it's a wonder to me, dear, the police don't interfere with it at times.

And then I took my vacation and met my friend, Mr. J. Livingston Smith, which has that swell garage business, and commenced keeping steady company with him, and what with one thing and another I wasn't paying much attention to the flat what little times I was in it.

But I tell you, Mabel, Elmer was just as free from labor all this while as could be—work wasn't annoying him in the least! And all because he wouldn't take any reasonable offer. Celeste was looking pretty peaked when I come back in August, and after eating at home a few days I begun to see one reason why. The meals was on the fritz and the delicatessen had a good customer.

"Ma ain't sent nothing in a good while," says Elmer, kind of grouchy. "I don't know what ails the old girl!"

I didn't know either and anyways it was really none of my business, only except of course I was now paying good money for pretty poor board and you know how that would be, Mabel, especially in your own family, because of feeling free to pass remarks. It was about then I commenced to realize for the hundredth time that home is no place to live unless it is your own home, and even then it takes character to do it with any success, don't you think so?

Well Mabel, to shorten the agony, leave me tell you that Ma Basket didn't send anything but a few flowers all summer. And she didn't write and ask them to visit, neither, and this got Elmer sore so's he wouldn't go of his own account. Him and Celeste was both rags by September, and when the installment man took the phonograph she had hysterics and made Elmer pay off on the flivver and then sell it for half of what it was worth. It was rough, but it kept 'em going, and the most of it went for ham and eggs and canned goods.

Well, here it was coming along to Thanksgiving and still Ma Basket hadn't written, and I personally myself was disappointed at that, and so finally Elmer decided maybe he'd write and ask wasn't she going to write and ask us up to Thanksgiving dinner as per usual? And in a few days come a letter, and honest, Mabel, this is what it says—I seen it myself:

"*Dear son:* I will be delighted to have you three dear children for Thanksgiving and will expect you on the night before.

"Will you kindly bring a can of corn and a few cans of greens and a ham and a turkey, as having had no help this summer of course I have not these things this year? I still got a little mincemeat left over and can get a pumpkin from the neighbor where they oblige me with milk and eggs.

"Looking forward to seeing you, I am your loving MOTHER."

Say, Mabel, was that a knock-out? You tell her, rain, you got the drops! Elmer and Celeste just sat there and stared at each other with their mouths open. I guess that was the first moment they realized what it meant to have a live farm behind you.

But was that day of gladness anything to compare with Thanksgiving itself when we went down there? Don't mention it! And as for the dinner, which we mostly brought it ourselves, as requested! Believe me, dear, it was almost as good as a Thanksgiving special dollar and a quarter at a bum hotel, consisting of canned soup, canned oysters, cranberry-flavored gelatin, a roast chicken from the delicatessen—Celeste feeling turkey not in a position to be discussed, even—and canned vegetables topped off with two kinds of pie—perfectly grand pies, Mabel, but a sad reminder of the eats we used to get out there. But that wasn't the worst.

After this inferior brand of meal, which I will say Ma Basket took it real cheerful and resigned, we went out and give the farm the once-over. And such a pituful change, you could hardly believe it, dear! No horses, no cows, not a chicken in sight, leaving Celeste and me out of account, and all the equipment broken and run down—even a mere flat hunter like myself could see that. Even the wheelbarrow was broken, and by the wood pile, which there was hardly any wood in it, was a old baby carriage full of kindlings.

"I am using your old carriage, Elmer," says his mother cheerfully. "I got to have something to haul in my wood!"

Well, Elmer just couldn't say a word, and finally we went into the house. At least him and her and I done so, Celeste staying outside. And when we got in and was taking our ease in the parlor, that being about all there was to take, Elmer just sat there and looked at his mother sort of dull.

"How did it all happen, ma?" he says at last.

"Well," she says, "three thousand dollars ain't much to live on for the rest of my life," she says. "And so I thought I'd better sell the stock and the implements, and so on, before they become worthless from not bein' used."

"But ma!" says Elmer. "How you gonner live?"

"Oh, I shall manage some ways," she says, real cheerful. "The only thing I feel sorry about is, of course, I won't be able to send you children nothing! Canned goods and chickens don't fall in the raindrops the same as young frogs!"

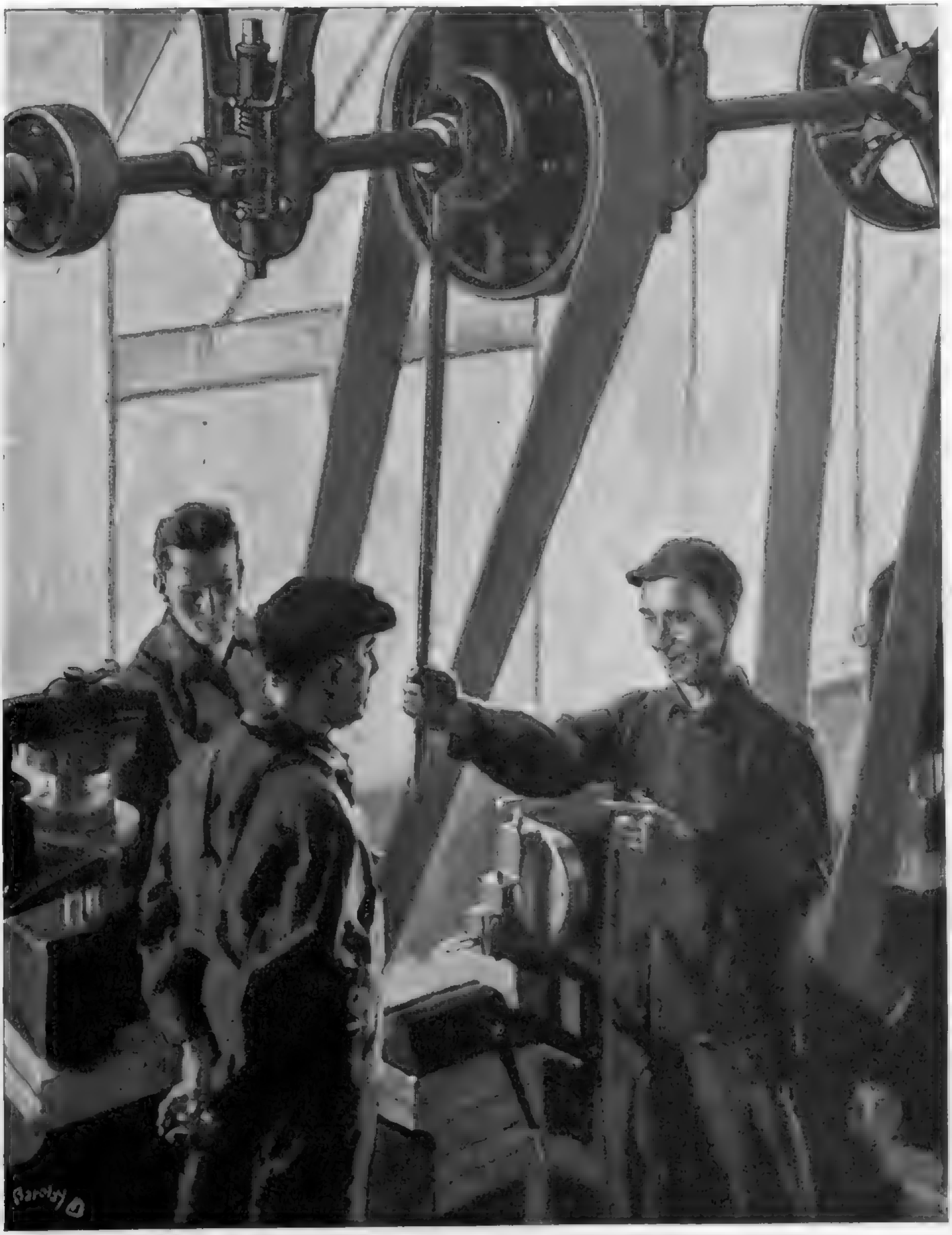
There was a little silence, and then Elmer done a surprising thing. He flung himself right at his mother and burst out crying in her lap regardless of his suit being just pressed and everything, and believe me, Mabel, I got up and got out. But not before I couldn't help hearing him say: "Oh, ma, I been a fool! Let me stay here and work the farm!"

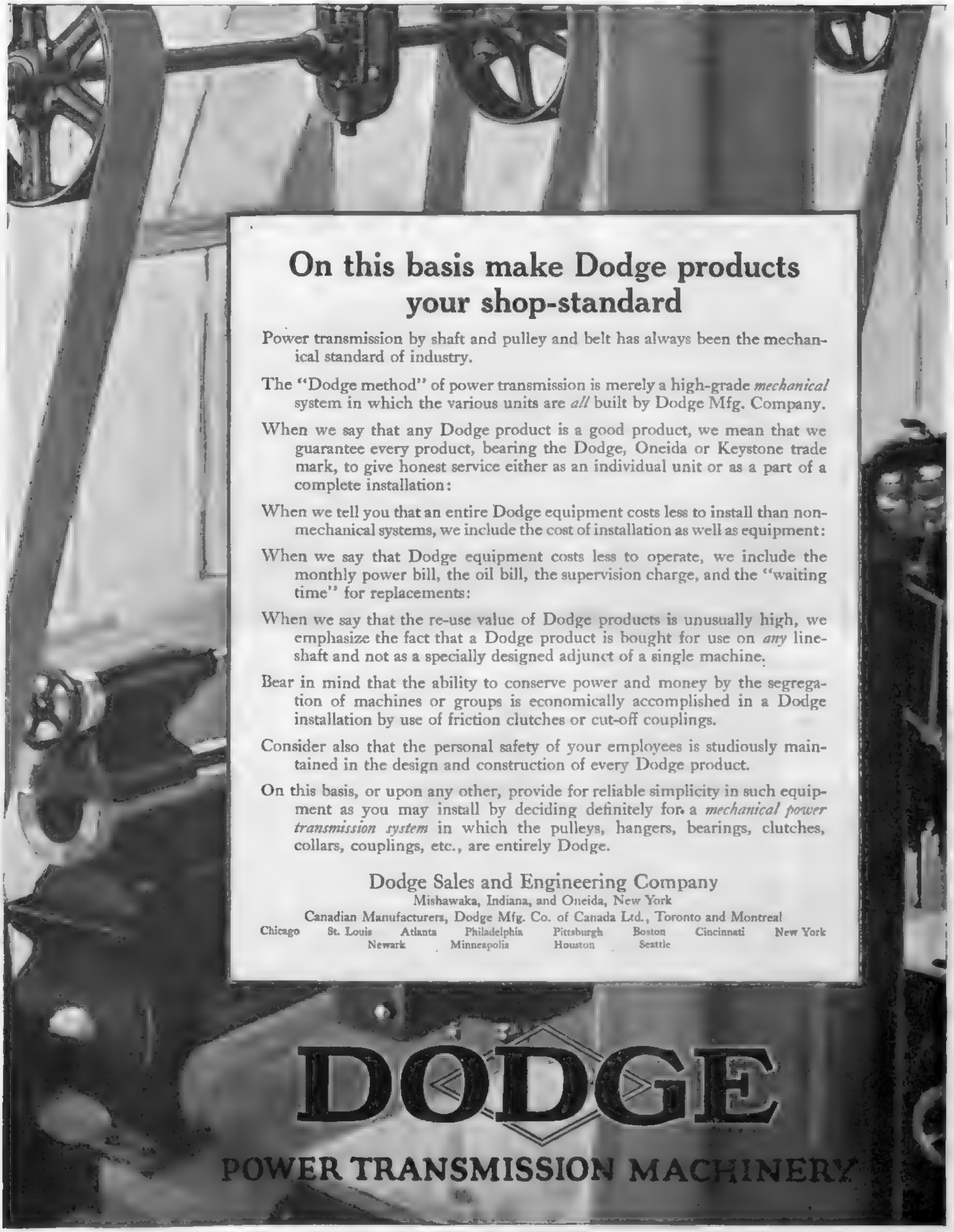
Well, Mabel, you can imagine that I beat it out into the yard, but much good it did me, because there was Celeste pulling the kindling wood out of that old baby carriage like a crazy woman, and when she spotted me she left off and commenced to cry on my shoulder and—well, y' understand me, dear? Don't mention it!

And what is further, Mabel, when they all come to their senses and had arranged to move right out, whatter you know? Ma Basket told us she'd had the best summer the farm had ever seen and the poverty stuff was all deliberately staged. Her preserve closet was fuller'n ever, and if the horses was gone, there was a tractor and all sorts of up-to-date junk! It seems she had been using her three thousand insurance money in modern business methods with two shifts of men and heaven knows what.

And that's how I come to give up living with my family, Mabel, and go back to the peace and quiet of a furnished room. But it won't be for long, I guess. You see there was the piano and all that furniture in the flat more than half paid for, and they never wanted to see it again, but it would be a crime to let it go. So me and my regular friend, Mr. J. Livingston Smith, has about decided to take it. Yeh! You see we can pay Elmer for it on the installment plan.

Moanalua Gardens in Honolulu





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(1C 3)

THE WHISKERED FOOTMAN

(Continued from Page 23)

seven to four in fivers that before we've been married a week I shall believe she's the only girl I ever loved."

"But it isn't all right! I never dreamed you'd make love to Poppy!" cried Mr. Bracket in a tone of the liveliest consternation.

"But what else is she there for? She's a pretty girl, isn't she?" said Antony in a tone of some bewilderment.

"If a man were to make love to every pretty girl ——" began Mr. Bracket solemnly.

"But I always do! That's what they're there for, isn't it?" cried Antony.

"Certainly not," said Mr. Bracket sternly. "I hold with those noble words of Lord Tennyson: 'To love one woman only, cleave to her.'"

"That's all very well. But suppose she won't let you cleave to her?" said Antony.

"It's better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all," said Mr. Bracket in an oily voice.

Antony stared at him suspiciously and said with a carelessness of grammar reprehensible in one who had been torn from Oxford to serve his country: "Who do you think you're getting at?"

"Getting at? That line is Lord Tennyson too," said Mr. Bracket.

"I know that," said Antony with yet greater suspicion. Then the puzzled frown cleared from his brow and he cried: "Why, hang it all, I believe you want to make love to her yourself!"

It would be inaccurate to say that Mr. Albert Bracket—he had been called Albert after the good Prince Albert, whose memory was still green in Bootle at the time of his birth—blushed. But he grew distinctly more mud colored.

"Oh—er—well, I wouldn't go so far as to say that," he said cautiously, shuffling his feet. "But—er—I was always attracted by Miss Briggs, even in the old days—at Bootle—in spite of my superior station."

"Your superior what?" said Antony in the tone of one who cannot quite believe his ears.

"Station," said Bracket.

"And you let your superior piffling station stand in the way of your making love to a pretty girl?" said Antony in the tone of a man quite unable to believe his ears.

Again Mr. Bracket shuffled his feet. When he had shuffled them sufficiently he said in a tone of informative superiority: "Bootle isn't like London. People are very particular in Bootle."

"Well, if you were as particular as all that about Miss Briggs in Bootle, I'm hanged if I see where you come in now," said Antony with decision, and his blue eyes bored into Mr. Bracket's slate-colored ones with a cold disfavor.

"Circumstances have changed," said Mr. Bracket with the firmness of a really rational man. "Mr. Briggs must be worth three millions if he's worth a penny."

"Splendid! Magnificent! I thought he was worth only two!" cried Antony with enthusiasm.

"I thought it was that," said Bracket uneasily.

"You thought what was what?"

"You're after Poppy's money."

"Poppy and her money," said Antony coldly. "What's wrong with that?"

"It's mercenary, that's what it is," said Mr. Bracket bitterly. "Since you've embarked on this—er matrimonial career you've grown more mercenary every day."

"I like that!" cried Antony indignantly. "You encouraged me to embark on it. When I put it to you that there I was—twenty-five years old, sound of wind and limb, amiable, good-looking, intelligent—a model husband in fact—and determined to devote my life to making some really rich girl happy, you said it was a top-hole scheme. You said it combined altruism with business in the most remarkable way."

"So it did. But how was I to know you'd go interfering between me and Poppy?" said Mr. Bracket morosely.

"You Owe Me a Hundred and Forty-Five Already," Moaned Mr. Bracket

"I'm not interfering in the least between you and Poppy. I don't believe you've a dog's chance with Poppy," said Antony coldly.

"But I have," asserted Mr. Bracket. "In the old days at Bootle I was much sought after by the ladies."

"These aren't the old days and this isn't Bootle," said Antony, coldly exact.

"But I made a great impression on Poppy; I know I did. And it's still there—I'm sure of it—and I was just beginning to make approaches."

"Insidious devil!" Antony broke in. "You kept them precious dark."

"I was making them in my own way—a dignified way. I don't rush at things—you know I don't," protested Bracket.

"You don't," said Antony.

"And I'd every prospect of success, for we Bootle people cling to one another," said Mr. Bracket.

"You let me catch you clinging to Poppy!" said Antony in a tone of vicious menace.

"And then you come along and spoil everything by making love to her yourself."

"Well, I look upon it purely as a matter of business," said Antony coldly—"and altruism of course," he added quickly. "And you told me yourself to be sure and not spoil things by any silly sentimentality."

"I spoke hastily. I didn't pause and consider. Besides, you already owed me forty pounds, you know. But I've thought it out since—at Monte Carlo—on the terrace of the Casino—and I've come to the conclusion that it isn't a career for a man. Haven't you ever thought of getting to work again—real work?"

"I've had enough of it," said Antony with decision. "There's no money in it."

"Tch! Tch! Tch!" said Mr. Bracket in sad protest. "I could find you work at Bootle."

"Honest work?" said Antony.

"Of course," said Mr. Bracket stiffly.

"Nothing doing! You can't support a mother and sister properly by honest work," said Antony.

"Ah, you don't know the feeling honest work gives you!" said Mr. Bracket with unctuous enthusiasm.

"Yes, I do; and you don't. You never did any, you bloated profiteer! All you ever did was to sit in an office and let the government throw money at you—a dozen cabinet ministers with twenty-four hands, all throwing as hard as they could throw."

"I did my bit," said Mr. Bracket with a quietly proud air.

"Come off it! All you ever did was the taxpayer," scoffed Antony. "And I'm not going to sacrifice a top-hole career to gratify your crawling sentimentality. It wouldn't be business, and you'd despise me if I did."

Mr. Bracket gazed at him with a heavy earnestness. Then in an almost tearful voice he said: "Is this the way to treat a comrade of the great war?"

"You're nothing of the kind," said Antony with cold conviction. "You were just lugged out of your fuggy office at the last moment and sent to an officers' training battalion, where the comrades of the great war gave you beans of the worst till I took pity on you and made them let up on it. It was a jolly good thing for you I had come home shell-shocked and was in command of the battalion. If I hadn't been they'd have just eaten you up—skin, bones, hair and all."

"I never denied it, did I?" said Mr. Bracket.

"On the top of that I became your social mentor and started you properly in the polite world. And goodness knows it's a tough job being the social mentor of a Bootle millionaire. And what's my reward? You come along and ask me to abandon a great career because you're feeling sentimental. It isn't business," said Antony, his voice rising in an aggrieved crescendo.

Mr. Bracket hesitated, gazing at him with dull, exploring eyes, and perspiring with a freedom there was no missing.

Then he said in a suddenly hopeful voice: "All right. Let's look at it purely from the business point of view. What will you take to stop interfering between me and Poppy? I'll give you a thousand."

The proposal came late. Antony's underlying obstinacy was fully roused. At the moment he felt that Poppy Briggs was the one thing in the world he wanted.

"I wouldn't give her up for five!" he cried.

Mr. Bracket moaned as only a millionaire in the act of being touched can moan. Then he said in a broken voice: "Five thousand pounds is a lot of money for a woman."

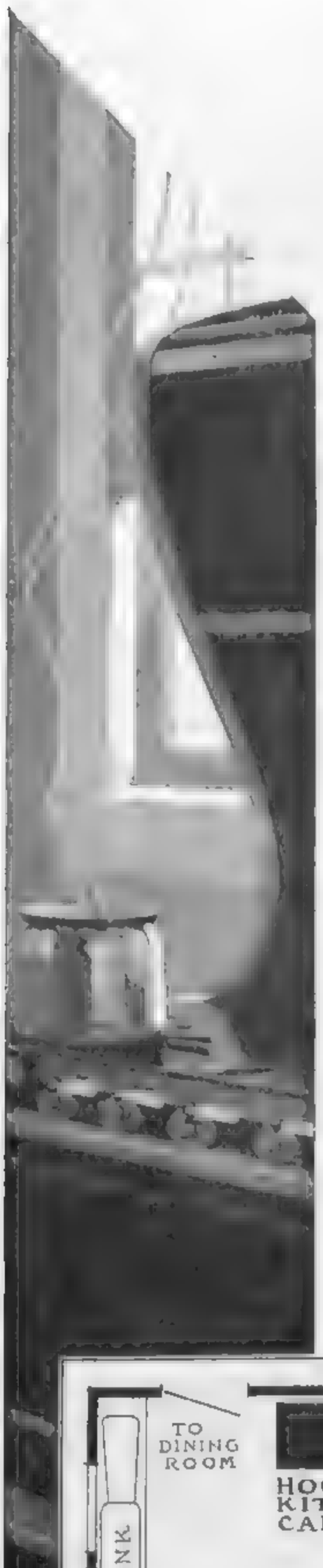
"Not for Poppy. Poppy's a jewel. One of these days she'll be worth three million," said Antony.

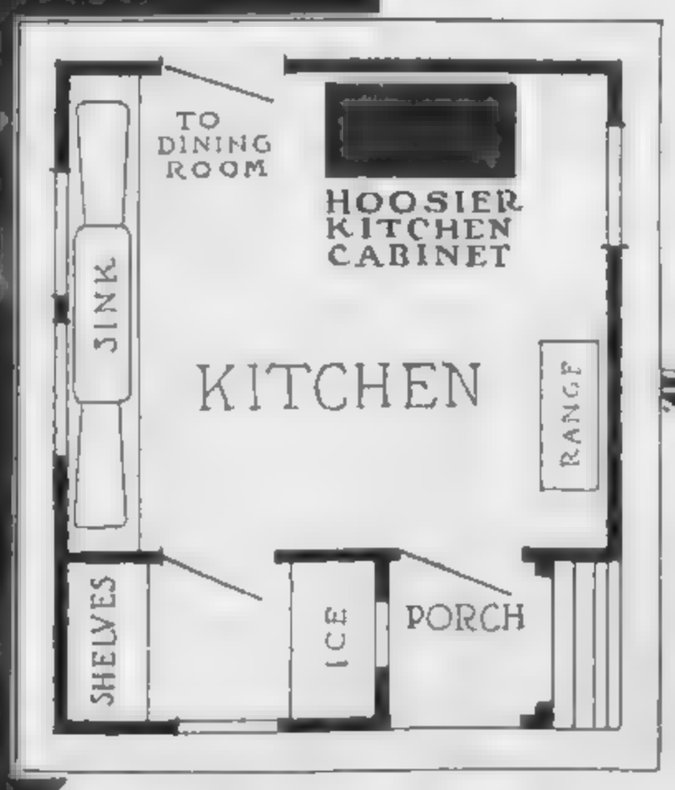
"Not to you. Her father will never hear of your marrying Poppy," said Mr. Bracket.

"He certainly won't hear of it till the deed is done. I've bought a special license, brave boy, and I always carry it about with me," said Antony, patting his

(Continued on Page 130)

HOOSIER





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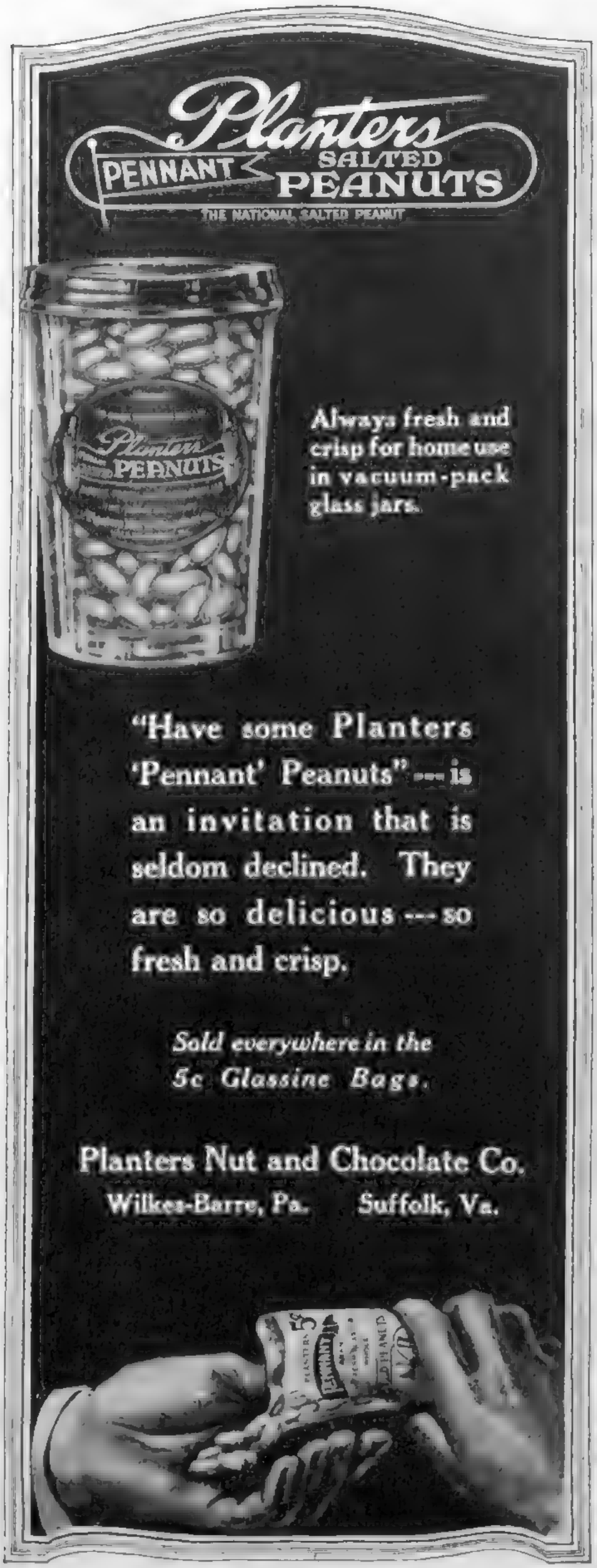
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(Continued from Page 127)

breast pocket. "Half an hour after she says yes over the top we go."

Mr. Bracket groaned.

"Oh, it's like that, is it?" he said in a tone of despair.

"It is. And now you'll really have to clear out. I'm expecting her to tea, I tell you. It may come off this very afternoon"

"It may—and again it may not," said Mr. Bracket somberly. "There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip."

He moved slowly toward the door.

"I know that," said Antony soberly. "But with a little luck I'll bring it off."

Mr. Bracket paused and turned

"You think over what I said about honest work earnestly."

"Not if I can help it," said Antony firmly.

"You'll come to it again one of these days, mark my words," said Mr. Bracket in the very accents of Cassandra.

"Bird of ill omen, avaunt!" cried Antony.

Mr. Bracket avaunted as far as the door, opened it and turned again.

"Fifteen hundred," he said in a desperate, moaning voice, as if the words were torn from him by torture.

"No!" roared Antony.

Mr. Bracket went through the door.

II

MR. ANTONY HAMBLETON'S blood was up, and his blue eyes were sparkling with the light of high emprise. He had been looking forward to his interview with Miss Poppy Briggs as an agreeable duty; now he was looking forward to it with the keenest expectation. This was owing to the fact that Mr. Bracket also wanted her. No true Englishman likes anyone else to have anything. He was sorry in moderation for Mr. Bracket. But there it was.

The bell of the flat rang. He stepped back on to the hearthrug and took his stand, facing the door with an air of acute expectancy and his sweetest smile.

Anderson came through the door on his left and said, "I suppose I'm to say you're not at home if anyone calls while the ladies are here, sir?"

"Of course," said Antony. "Are you giving that child a good tea?"

"I'm doing my best, sir. But Miss Priscilla would insist on my having tea with her, and eating fair, and those rich cakes are so indigestible, sir."

"You should be firm," said Antony

"It's all very well to say that, sir. But you know what Miss Priscilla is," said Anderson hopelessly.

"Then I can only advise you to suffer and be strong," said Antony.

"I shall certainly suffer, sir," said Anderson gloomily.

He crossed the room and went through the door into the hall. Antony stepped sharply to the door opening into the kitchen. Priscilla was taking a holiday from manners. Both her elbows were on the table; she was biting into a cake held in her left hand and holding a cup of tea in her right about four inches from her mouth. There could be no waste of time

"Eat those cakes yourself," said Antony. "Anderson hasn't your digestion of an ostrich."

"I'll do my best," said Priscilla, quickly removing her elbows from the table and assuming the upright position of a young lady. "I've eaten four already, and so has Anderson."

"Poor Anderson!" said Antony in a tone of genuine compassion.

"And there are five left. I don't think I shall be able to manage them all," she said, eying the five survivors doubtfully.

"You'll go very near it," said Antony with conviction.

He shut the door, sprang to the hearthrug and resumed his attitude and smile.

The door opened and Anderson ushered in a charming young lady, dressed simply, with admirable taste. Her eyes of a deep brown, under eyebrows of a deeper brown, seemed to gleam in their depths with a smoldering flame. Her nose was straight, with admirably modeled nostrils, her complexion of a creamy white. Her lips were set in a slightly mutinous air, which taken with that smoldering flame in her eyes promised a certain deviltry in her dealings with her fellow creatures; and her firm but rounded chin confirmed that promise.

"Miss Featherstone, sir," said Anderson, and went out.

His sweetest smile vanished from Antony's face, and he stared at his charming visitor with unbelieving, amazed eyes. She gazed at him with a defiance that showed her ill at ease.

"Pansy!" said Antony in a hushed, amazed and very moving voice. "Pansy!"

His eyes grew suddenly hungry and forlorn.

A tremor ran over Miss Featherstone, and she said quickly, with a kind of pleading imperiousness: "Don't speak and look at me like that, Tony!"

"Goodness, how the sight of you has set my heart jumping!" said Antony slowly, and his eyes were hungrier.

"It has no business to," she said. But her voice was not wholly firm and a delicate flush had warmed her creamy cheeks.

Antony recovered himself and smiled faintly. His eyes were no longer hungry—they were simply adoring.

"Where have you hidden yourself all these months? Why did you vanish without telling me that you were going, or where you were going? Why did you never write?" he said.

"I thought it best not to," she said.

"You thought it best to break my heart, you abominable little wretch!" he said, but he still smiled. "When you disappeared like that I was beside myself. Being shell-shocked was the merest joke to it. I hunted high and low for you. I couldn't find a trace of you."

"I didn't mean you to. What was the good? You've got your mother and Priscilla to keep," she said.

Her low musical voice was as delightful to the ear as her face to the eye.

"If there's one thing in this world I do hate it's prudence," said Antony.

"I know you do, and so somebody has to be prudent for you," she said quickly in a defensive tone.

"They get no thanks from me," he said firmly. "But where have you been? What have you been doing?"

"Making a living."

"Not an honest living? Don't say that!" he cried in a tone of earnest pleading.

"Of course it's an honest living!" she said

"Poor girl, you must have had a time of it!" he said pitifully.

"No, I've got a soft job. It doesn't seem to be work at all after those years of Red Cross work in France. The hours are light, the food is good and the pay is decent."

"Well, that's good hearing anyhow," he said.

His eyes wandered over her delightful figure, her linen frock of a creamy white relieved by one broad stripe of black which ran across it, over her left shoulder down to the hem of the skirt on the right, the small black hat, which looked to be the only hat she could possibly wear. He knew that they were of her own devising—probably of her own making—and saw that she had achieved a distinguished simplicity which few women could get for forty guineas, or give it its full effect when they had got it.

"And you're looking ripping—perfectly top-hole. You always did," he said.

She breathed a soft quick sigh of pleasure at his appreciation, and said, "I expected to find Miss Briggs already here."

"How on earth did you come to know Poppy Briggs?" he said.

"Oh, I've known her a long while," she said, and hesitated. Then she added: "I advise her about her dress. But she was to have been here at half past four."

"I'm glad she wasn't," said Antony with heartfelt decision. "Now that I've seen you again I've lost all interest in her. I'm only interested in you."

"You mustn't be then. It's no use whatever. You've got your way to make in the world. Your mother and Priscilla make it hard enough for you," she said sternly.

"Enough for three's enough for four," he said.

"No, the Little Tarkington days are over," she said firmly.

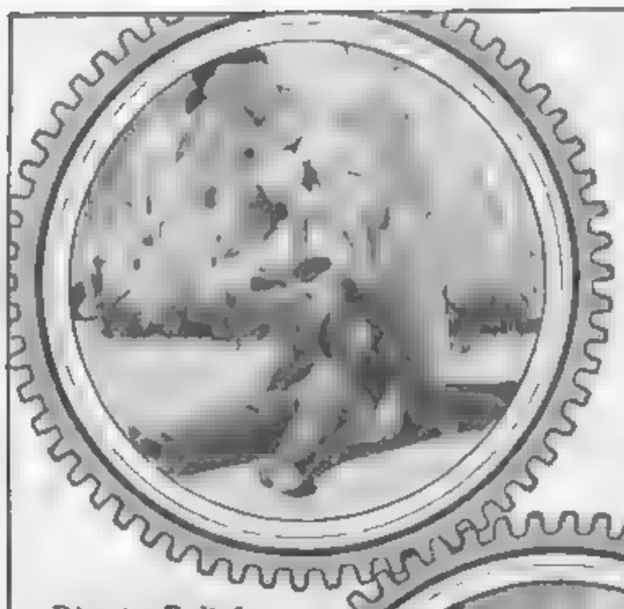
"And they were the best ever! It's jolly hard lines," he said quietly.

"It can't be helped," she said in an expressionless voice.

He let his arms fall limp against his sides in a movement of utter discouragement, walked to the window and gazed at the façade of the block of flats opposite, while there passed before his eyes a score of scenes in and about an English village in which Pansy was always the central figure. She sank into an easy-chair and looked at his broad back and well-shaped, lean head. A hunger had come into her eyes, but when he turned it vanished from them.

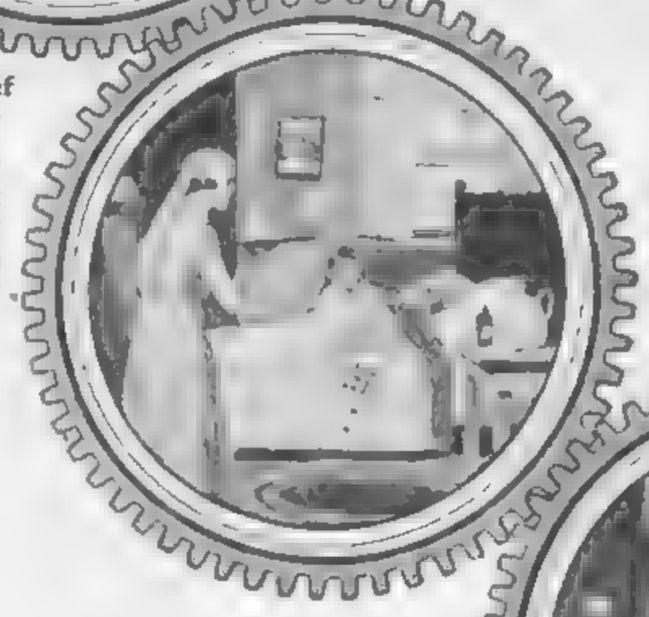
(Continued on Page 133)

"Your Red Cross Membership Keeps The Wheels of Mercy Moving" —at home and abroad.



Disaster Relief

Last year in the United States, your Red Cross aided more than 30,000 victims of flood, fire, tornado or other disaster in 150 stricken communities.

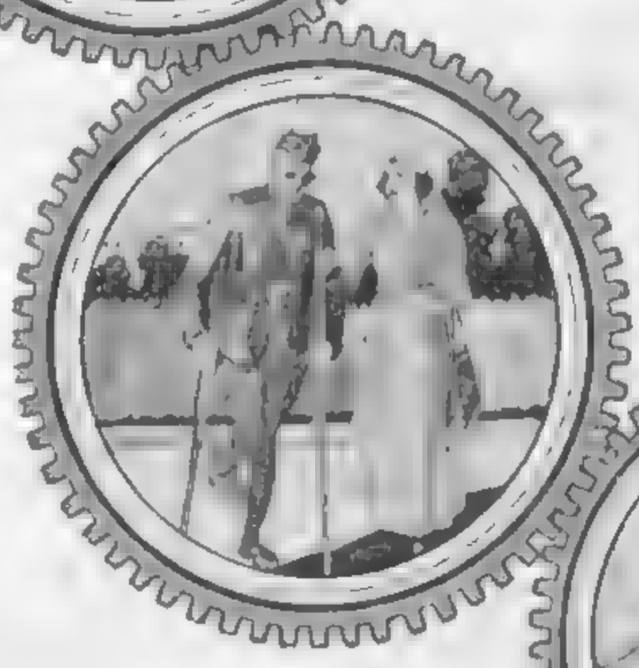


Health and Nursing Service

Last year 92,000 women and girls, under Red Cross instruction, completed courses in home care of the sick. The Red Cross Health Center teaches people how to keep well

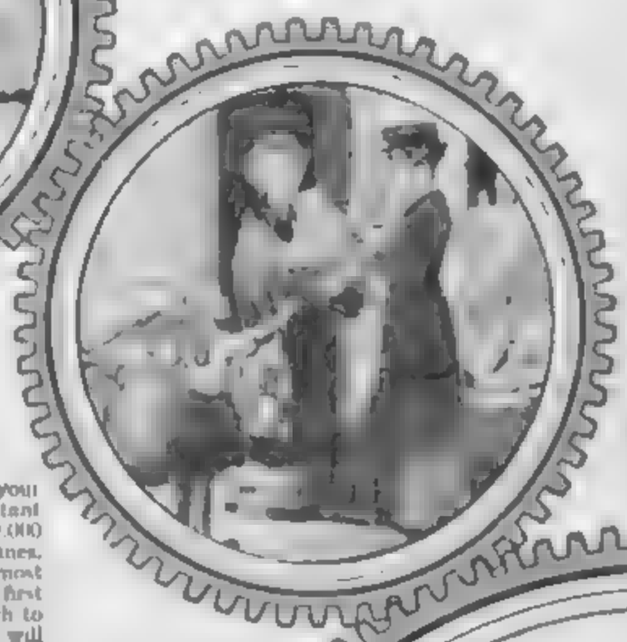
First Aid

Red Cross First Aid instruction courses have been taught to more than 1,000,000 persons in this country. Each one of these is a potential life-saver and many have been actual life-savers.



Military Relief

On July 1, 1920, there were still 26,414 men in the Army, Navy and Public Health hospitals in the United States receiving Red Cross ministrations.



Home Service

Ever since demobilization your Red Cross has kept in constant touch with the families of 800,000 soldiers and sailors and marines. This service has embraced almost everything from supplying first aid to seeing a man through to the best job his disabilities will permit

Tear off and send to your nearest Red Cross Chapter.

Join or renew your membership during the

RED CROSS
FOURTH
ROLL CALL
NOVEMBER 11-25, 1920

This advertisement is contributed by friends of the American Red Cross.

Enrollment Blank
The American Red Cross

In response to your appeal for members to carry on the humanitarian work of the RED CROSS, I enclose my membership dues of $.... and desire to be enrolled a member for 1921.

Chapter

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Annual--$1 Contributing--$5 Sustaining--$10
Life--$50 Patron--$100

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Louvain Pattern

The New Way to Buy Silverware

FOR many years, in selecting spoons, knives and forks, the choice in the great majority of cases has been "1847 Rogers Bros." because of the beauty of pattern and the wonderful durability of the ware. There is now another important reason for such a choice:

Today, it is possible to select *a pattern which grows*, so that you can now buy the Spoons, Knives and Forks, knowing that any time later you can purchase Tea and Coffee Sets, Meat and Vegetable Dishes, Trays, etc., in exactly the same pattern. In this way, a complete Silver Service can be collected without seriously interfering with the household budget.

The feature of harmony between all pieces in a silver service is distinctive with 1847 Rogers Bros. Silverware—made in one quality only, the best—and guaranteed always without qualification.

Sold by leading dealers. Write for folder "Y-90," illustrating other patterns, to the International Silver Co., Meriden, Conn.

The Family Plate for Seventy Years

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

(Continued from Page 130)

"Why on earth did you come back again? Why couldn't you go on letting me forget you?" he said heavily.

"I wish I hadn't—now," she said. "But Poppy Briggs made such a point of my coming that I couldn't very well refuse. She was absolutely set on it."

He looked at her earnestly. Then he said in a more cheerful tone: "Well, things being as they are, that's as it should be."

"Is it?" she said, looking hard at him, with a little frown. "Look here, you're not making a fool of her, are you? She's a very good-hearted girl, though she has a morbid passion for mauve."

"My intentions are strictly honorable and intensely immediate. I intend to marry her in haste the moment she'll let me," said Antony in a businesslike tone, returning briskly to the hearthrug.

"Without loving her?" cried Pansy.

"You can't love every girl you know at the same time, you know," said Antony. "Love will come after marriage. It always does. The whole of French domestic life is founded on that principle."

Pansy sat up rather stiffly in her chair. The hand which held the handle of her parasol gripped it very tight.

"I think it's perfectly horrid of you!" she cried, and the fire in the depths of her eyes was no longer smoldering.

"Nothing of the kind. It's altruism," said Antony firmly. "Her Bootle friend, Bracket, told me so; and he's an expert in that kind of thing. When you disappeared and I couldn't find you—at least about three months afterward—I decided to devote my life to making some really rich girl happy, and I'm going to do it."

"Not without being in love with her. It's perfectly rotten of you!" cried Pansy.

"I tell you that love will come after marriage," said Antony firmly. "It does in France. Besides, I can't help myself. I've spent the five hundred I borrowed from Uncle Egbert to finance my campaign among the really rich, and Poppy's my last chance."

"Do you mean to say there were others?" said Pansy rather breathlessly.

"Only two; and both of them were torn from me by their brutal, profiteering sires and married to the shipping industry."

"Well, I hope Mr. Briggs makes Poppy marry someone else," said Pansy with some heat.

"You've only got to say the word and I'll marry her to someone else myself. I've got a candidate," said Antony readily.

"I can't—and I won't," said Pansy, dropping back in the easy-chair. "It would be sheer lunacy."

"And what's the matter with lunacy?" said Antony.

He waited for an answer, and got none.

"Well, if you won't I've simply got to devote my life to making Poppy happy. You're the only girl in the world I could possibly work for," he said with profound conviction.

"I won't have anything to do with it!" cried Pansy.

"You're never going to be a nasty little cat in the manger and queer my last pitch?" he said.

"No, I shan't do that," said Pansy.

The bell of the flat rang.

Just the slightest spasm twisted her face for a moment, and she cried: "There she is! I'm not going to sit here and see you make love to her! I must hide!"

She moved toward the door which opened into the kitchen.

"Right you are! Priscilla will give you tea in the kitchen," said Antony. "Here you are! Take these cakes." He caught up another loaded plate from the table and handed it to her. "Priscilla will have eaten all the others. Poppy will have to go short. It can't be helped."

He opened the door, and as she went through it Pansy said, "Perhaps she'll go away at once when she finds I'm not here."

"Perhaps she won't!" said Antony, and he shut the door on her.

He returned to the hearthrug and again faced the door from the hall. But his sweetest smile was not on his face, and his air was dejected.

III

THE door opened and there came through it a tall gentleman of sixty-five, dressed with an uncommon spruceness in a tightly fitting gray frock coat, gray trousers, white spats and patent-leather boots. His cravat of blue silk with a galaxy of white spots on it was folded in the fashion known as the four-in-hand and adorned with a large gold horseshoe set with diamonds. He carried a white silk hat, a Malacca cane with a plain gold top, diffused a faint fragrance of soap and appeared to have stepped straight out of the spacious days when Edward the Peacemaker was Prince of Wales.

His face was hardly as noble as his garb. A dyspepsia of many years' standing had imprinted on it all the crimes of the Borgias, or at any rate of the more fretful Borgias; and he enjoyed the reputation among his contemporaries of having been a masher of the most terrible sort in the golden days of Connie Gilchrist. His white hair was still curly, and invested his head with a narrow but remarkable halo of lamb's wool. His eyebrows retained their pristine golden brown from a not infrequently renewed bottle whose label—inexplicably green—bore the legend, "Not to be Taken Internally."

As he came into the room, Anderson, from the doorway behind him, said in a gloomy voice, "His Lordship, sir."

Antony stepped briskly forward with a wholly false smile on his face, shook warmly the limp hand of the elderly gentleman and said in a tone of warm welcome, even falser, if that could be, than his smile: "How are you, Uncle Egbert? This is a pleasant surprise."

This was not true—it was politic. The visits of Lord Branksome, his grand-avuncular creditor, excited no astonishment in him, and even less pleasure.

"It ought not to be a surprise," said Lord Branksome in a fretful voice, wrinkling his nose—a habit he had even in the most fragrant surroundings. "I should have thought you'd have been expectin' me to be lookin' you up again to inquire how that five hundred pound I lent you is gettin' on."

"Now I come to think of it, I was. You're always coming round to inquire about it," said Antony in a tone of pleasant deference.

"I should think I was," said Lord Branksome. "Five hundred pound is five hundred pound—especially in these days."

"People are always telling me that it's only two hundred and fifty," said Antony.

"All the worse—all the worse," said Lord Branksome bitterly. "That five hundred is worryin' me worse than ever. For the first three months it was all very well."

"Yes, it stood the first three months splendidly," said Antony.

"But for the last three months it's been wearin'—very wearin'," said Lord Branksome in a very fretful tone. "When I lent it you I expected you to marry and settle down in four months at the latest. So did you. You told me you did. You were confident you would—quite confident."

"I'm always that," said Antony with quiet pride.

"But here we are. It's six months all but three days since I lent you that five hundred, and you're still a bachelor. How is that five hundred gettin' on?"

"It's in a poor way—on its last legs in fact. It looked a robust sum, you know, but it didn't wear well," said Antony sadly.

His great-uncle's pale-blue eyes gleamed fiercely, and he cried in a terrible voice: "But it's disgraceful! Bally well disgraceful! It's robbery! Bare-faced robbery!"

Antony was not deeply moved. His great-uncle looked and spoke so very like four generals he had met.

"It's not my fault," he said calmly. "I've worked like a nigger to make a success of the scheme, and I was quite open with you about it. When I came to you and told you that the only girl I ever loved had disappeared, and I had set my heart on making some really rich girl happy, you said it was a rippin' idea. Those were your very words. And when I suggested that you should finance it to the tune of five hundred—on condition, of course, that I paid you seven hundred and fifty when I came back from my honeymoon—you put up the money with a scream of joy."

"I did not!" Lord Branksome almost yelped. "I never screamed with joy in all my life. I'm not a bally Hottentot! You made me put up that five hundred. You bally well carried me off my feet."

"Did I?" said Antony in the tone and with the air of one trying to recall a forgotten incident.

"You bally well know you did!" cried his great-uncle. "Right off my feet!"

"I sometimes do carry people off their feet, I fancy," said Antony modestly, surveying his great-uncle's patent-leather boots with a new interest. "I get enthusiastic, you know."

"Enthusiastic be damned!" his great-uncle continued. "You said it was a magnificent scheme—a certainty—that the two hundred and fifty was as good as in my pocket."

"And you agreed with me. You said that I was the only one of the family who had any bally sense," said Antony. "Those were your words."

"I was wrong. I was mistaken in you," said Lord Branksome with less vehemence but no less bitterness. "When I was your age half the girls in society were more than ready to run away with me."

"But how nice!" said Antony with enthusiasm. Then he added thoughtfully, "But when you were my age you had a title and sixty thousand a year. I can't conceive of a father in Mayfair refusing to pay his eloping daughter's railway fare."

"Nonsense! It wasn't that at all!" said Lord Branksome sharply. "I had a way with women. I have still."

Antony looked at him and doubted. He was not disposed to dismiss the title and sixty thousand a year so lightly.

Then he said: "So have I—except with one woman. But nowadays it isn't so much a way with women one wants as a way with parents. Gwendolen Phipps would have run away with me, and so would Elaine Robinson. But Papa Phipps married Gwendolen to a ship broker and Papa Robinson married Elaine to a shipbuilder."

"Tut! Tut!" said Lord Branksome in the rich Victorian way. "You shouldn't have given them the chance. You should have run off with the girls before their fathers could interfere."

"Mine is not a bigamous nature," said Antony stiffly.

"I should hope not! If a nephew—a grand-nephew of mine committed bigamy it would be a pretty state of things. Run away with one of the girls, I mean," said Lord Branksome.

"I debated the matter carefully," said Antony gravely. "But I doubted that I could make a woman happy unless she was really rich. Both Papa Phipps and Papa Robinson were easy to peeve. It was only even money against their refusing to have anything more to do with Gwendolen and Elaine, and at least nine to four against their putting up enough to provide them with the luxury to which they had been accustomed."

"You should have chanced it," said Lord Branksome with decision.

"I was ready enough to chance it. But your five hundred kept me back. I couldn't bring myself to risk it. It would have been dreadful to come back from my honeymoon without a check for seven hundred and fifty written out ready for you," said Antony in a tone of almost reverent tenderness.

"H'm! I never thought of that," said Lord Branksome in an easier tone, and frowning. Then he added fretfully: "But after all it was better to take the chance than lose the money like this."

"Well, this time I'm going to take the chance. I've bought a special license," said Antony, patting his breast pocket.

"Oh, then there's still a chance?" said Lord Branksome eagerly, and his face grew considerably brighter.

"For your seven hundred and fifty? There is," said Antony. "A Miss Briggs."

"Not the daughter of that low ruffian I've let the Towers to?" cried Lord Branksome.

"That's the man," said Antony proudly.

"But he's worth two millions!" cried Lord Branksome in a rising excitement.

"Three millions. I have it on the authority of another Bootle millionaire."

"All the better! All the better!" cried Lord Branksome with enthusiasm.

"You think I shall be able to make Miss Briggs happy?" said Antony.

"Of course you will," said Lord Branksome confidently. "Any man can make any woman happy."

"I wish I could think that the converse was true," said Antony rather gloomily.

"Oh, you can't have everything, you know," said Lord Branksome with philosophic detachment. "But what about your chances? Are they good?"

"Do you think I should have spent thirty pounds on a special license if they weren't?" said Antony.

"Of course not! You've too much bally sense. But this is a relief, I can tell you. I shall sleep better to-night than I've slept for a fortnight. That five hundred was simply wearing me out."

"You ought to have had more confidence in me," said Antony reproachfully.

"Yes, but I was in the dark, don't you know?"

"Well, I wasn't going to buoy you up with false hopes," said Antony.

"Of course not! Bally sensible of you not to. Is there anything I can do in the way of lending you a hand?" said Lord Branksome heartily.

"Well, another fifty—on the same terms of course—would come in handy," said Antony with an engaging smile.

Lord Branksome froze before his eyes. On the instant he turned from a blithe and buoyant English nobleman into a chilled Borgia.

"No, no! It might be throwing good money after bad!" he cried with shrill determination.

"Also it might be uncommonly useful to oil the wheels of fortune's chariot as it rolls toward me," said Antony with a happy classical touch.

It was wasted on his great-uncle, who moving swiftly toward the door cried still more shrilly: "No! No! No! You put your back into it! Remember I'm relying on you!"

He opened the door, skipped through it and banged it behind him. It almost seemed as if he feared lest his favorite nephew, forgetting the reverence due to white hairs, would spring upon him and wrest the fifty pounds from him. Antony looked at the closed door a trifle malignantly.

Then he said, "Avaricious old sweep!"

It was really hard for him to understand how a man whose income was now close on seventy thousand a year, of which he boasted that he was saving forty, could let himself be kept awake at night by the fear of losing five hundred. Then he reflected that avarice, frequently complicated by the gout, is the last infirmity of sporting minds.

Then he laughed long and heartily. His great-uncle had done him good. He had swept from his mind the depression with which his meeting with Pansy, still resolved that he should follow the path of prudence, had filled it. He was debating whether the great-uncle's leg was elastic or merely so insensitive from senile gangrene that he was always unconscious of its being pulled, when the bell of the flat rang.

He stepped onto the hearthrug, and since the entertaining of Miss Briggs had once more assumed the complexion of an agreeable enterprise, he faced the door in an attitude of eager expectancy with his sweetest smile on his face.

IV

THE door opened and Anderson ushered in another pretty girl, blue-eyed, with fair hair brightened by many strands of veritable gold; clear-skinned, her cheeks warmed by a most becoming flush of nervousness, not unmingled with a pleasant expectation of being made love to; with a nose not disagreeably tip tilted, and very red lips; and of a plump figure of agreeable contours.

"Miss Briggs, sir," said Anderson in the tone of satisfaction of one who feels that he is at last filling a long-felt want, and he shut the door.

Antony stepped briskly to her, caught both her hands, and as he pressed them warmly said in accents of a manifest sincerity: "How are you? It's awfully good of you to take pity on a lonely bachelor and brighten his solitude like this."

"How do you do, Mr. Hambleton?" said Miss Briggs rather timidly, and the becoming flush deepened in her cheeks. "But I expected to find Feather—Miss Featherstone here."

"Oh, that's all right," said Antony, leading her toward the tea table. "She'll turn up in a minute or two—friends always do, worse luck! The longer she is about it the better I shall be pleased."

He guided her to a chair behind the little tea table, and as she sat down in it she said in a tone of no great conviction: "It would never do for me to have tea with a gentleman alone in his rooms. What they'd say in Bootle I can't think."

"It's a far cry to Bootle. They'll never know that you did anything so pleasant—for the gentleman," said Antony cheerfully.

"I don't know about that. It's wonderful how they find things out in Bootle," she said in an equable tone, as if the prospect did not greatly distress her.

"They won't find out from me," said Antony, and he drew up a chair to the

(Continued on Page 137)

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GLIDDEN

PAINTS - VARNISHES - COLORS - INSECTICIDES

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Tailors of stylish *good* clothes since 1849

Collegian Clothes
THEY KEEP YOU LOOKING YOUR BEST

(Continued from Page 133)

other side of the table and sat down in it, bending forward so as to look directly into her eyes.

The door from the kitchen opened, and Anderson entered bearing the teapot on a small tray. He set it on the table, paused for a moment above them with the air of a beneficent genius, and returned slowly to the kitchen.

"Oh, I'm sure you're far too much the gentleman to tell tales out of school, Mr. Hambleton," said Miss Briggs. "But what about him?"

She pointed with her left thumb over her shoulder at the kitchen door.

"Oh, Anderson is absolutely reliable," said Antony with cheerful confidence.

The gesture did not greatly ruffle his sensibilities. Miss Briggs' thumb was small, very white on one side and of a pleasant pink on the other.

"That's a relief," she said, and sighed softly.

Then she raised the lid of the teapot, examined its contents with an earnest eye and stirred them with her teaspoon. It was the act of a simple child of Nature, and to Antony it seemed probable that toward the end of their honeymoon—did they ever have a honeymoon—she would drink her tea out of her saucer. The prospect left him unmoved. The hard discipline of the trenches had implanted in him a firm conviction that it is not so much what is done that matters as who does it.

"You've no idea what a time I had of it in Bootle," she went on in a confidential tone. "All the old cats in the place seemed to have nothing to do but keep an eye on me."

Antony liked the soft bur of her northern voice.

"And all the men in the place—young and old—wanted to have nothing to do but keep both eyes on you always," he said gallantly.

He had not been so ready when he first set about the execution of his great scheme, but steady practice with Miss Phipps and Miss Robinson had made him quick to strike the right note. Moreover he found Poppy more stimulating than Gwendolen and Elaine. She was prettier.

Poppy bridled and smiled, flushed and cried in a tone of genuine pleasure, "How you do go, Mr. Hambleton!"

"Not at all. It's obvious that they did. Why, I'd bet fifty to one they called you the Rose of Bootle!" said Antony firmly.

"Then you'd lose your money," said Poppy, pouring out the tea. "The Bootle gentlemen don't say that sort of thing. It would never occur to them."

"Then it ought to have occurred to them!" said Antony with indignant warmth. "Why, when you walked down the Parade, or whatever they call the chief street ——"

"The High Street, Mr. Hambleton."

"The High Street—it must have seemed as if two suns were shining."

Again Poppy bridled and flushed and smiled.

"Ah, you're the one to tell the tale, Mr. Hambleton!" she said.

She held out a cup of tea to him.

"Not a bit of it!" said Antony bluffly. "I'm a plain, matter-of-fact kind of fellow, and I simply state the truth."

He held out the plate of cakes to her, and as she took one she looked at him earnestly.

"I wonder how many young ladies you've told that sort of truth to?" she said.

"Not any," said Antony firmly. He was no believer in half measures. "But scores of men must have told you that you were the prettiest girl in Bootle."

"They didn't do anything of the kind," she said.

"Blind idiots!" said Antony feelingly.

"Oh, no, the Bootle gentlemen aren't idiots!" cried Poppy in horrified protest. "They're very clever. Look at all the money they've made!"

"Then they can only see their moneybags," said Antony scornfully.

"No, it isn't that. The Bootle gentlemen don't hold with compliments and flattery," explained Poppy.

"Compliments? Flattery? There's no flattery about it. If they didn't see that you were the prettiest girl in Bootle they were blind idiots; and if they saw it and didn't tell you so it was a disgraceful suppression of the truth," cried Antony with indignant warmth.

Poppy seemed impressed by his fervor, but she said, "I expect you've told many a young lady that, Mr. Hambleton."

"Not a single one!" cried Antony.

It was true. She was the only girl from Bootle he had ever met.

He set down his empty teacup, and leaning yet more forward gazed into her eyes with a compelling earnestness and said: "Ah, Poppy—may I call you Poppy?—if you knew what it is to me to have you here pouring out tea for me in this—er—er—domestic way, how delightful it is to face you at the tea table and look into your beautiful eyes, you would understand what—the—the—enormous power of your beauty is and how it thrills me to the very marrow."

His musical voice had really moving notes in it, and Poppy thrilled to them. The flush had deepened in her cheeks; her eyes were shining as brightly and he was breathing as quickly. His eloquence had little less effect on him than it had on her.

"You do talk beautifully, Mr. Hambleton," she said in accents of the warmest admiration. "No gentleman ever talked to me like that in Bootle. I declare that it's just like when Lady Margaret went to the studio of Gerald Devereux in Love Knows No Rank."

"That was fiction. This is the real thing," said Antony with a superb air. "I shall never—if I live to be ——"

A thundering knock on the door of the flat, dealt apparently with a hammer, cut him short; and on it came a shower of blows and kicks on that hapless barrier.

Poppy sprang to her feet with an air of the liveliest consternation and cried, "That's pa! I know his knock!"

▼

ANTONY smothered a word he had been compelled—by the mental equipment of his platoon—to use frequently in Flanders, and ground his teeth with the fury of a musical genius interrupted in the composition of a masterpiece. Then in a breath he was his cool intrepid self again. "Never mind. He can't get in," he said in a calm, reassuring voice.

"You don't know pa! He'll have that door down in a couple of minutes," said Poppy in a tone of absolute certainty.

Antony looked at her pretty face, set in a positive scowl of resentment, and made up his mind that anger became her.

"Oh, well, you know him best," he said, and rose and pressed the button of the electric bell.

The knocking had at first seemed to be as violent as possible, but it had grown rather more violent. Anderson came through the door from the kitchen.

"I think there's someone at the door," said Antony.

"Yes, sir. Shall I say you're not at home, sir?" said Anderson, raising his voice above the din.

"It wouldn't be any use!" cried Poppy.

"No, let him in. Don't hurry," said Antony.

Anderson walked slowly to the door into the hall, went through it and shut it behind him. Antony slipped his arm round Poppy's waist, drew her to him and kissed her. She was of the class which attaches little importance to kisses, and made no attempt to evade it.

"Don't worry, dear. He won't bite" he said in a consoling tone, and he kissed her again. He decided that she was very nice to kiss.

"You don't know pa," she said

"I'll see that he doesn't," he said.

"What a bother he is!" she said, looking up at him, her pretty eyes swimming with tears of mortification. "It's always the way when I'm enjoying myself."

"Never mind," he said, and kissed her again.

"Oh, I don't mind for myself," she said. "I'm used to him. It's you I'm thinking about. I'm afraid you're going to get a proper telling off, Mr. Hambleton."

"I'm used to it. It's a way they had in the army," said Antony calmly.

He heard the door of the flat open, and there came the sound of a raucous voice, bawling, and Anderson's voice raised in staccato remonstrance. He pushed Poppy back into her chair, reached his own in one stride and dropped into it.

"This mustn't be the end," he said quickly. "We must meet again, soon—to-morrow!"

"I shan't get the chance!" wailed Poppy.

"I'll make the chance."

"Will you?" she said, and her pretty face brightened at the thought.

"You bet I will!" he said fervently.

On his words the door flew open, and in bounced Mr. Briggs, a small, small-eyed, red-faced man, with white whiskers running round under his chin in a Newgate fringe, wearing a morning coat, boldly checked trousers, patent-leather shoes, and on his head a brand-new silk hat. He stopped short, gibbering and shaking his fist at Antony with the air of an inarticulate but insane lobster, and jigged on his feet like a stiffly dancing marionette.

Antony rose to his feet with his sweetest smile, cried, "Why, it's Mr. Briggs!" stepped briskly to him, seized his clenched fist and shook it warmly.

Anderson, sedate, unmoved, expressionless, appeared in the doorway.

"You look quite hot," said Antony genially. "Have some tea."

"'Ot! 'Ot!" said the millionaire in a hoarse voice, tearing his fist from Antony's hearty grip.

"Warm then. A cup of tea will be the very thing for you," said Antony with a sunny smile. "Another cup, Anderson."

Anderson went to get it.

Mr. Briggs found his voice, and an uncommonly raucous voice it was. Also there was a good deal of it for so small a man.

"You scoundrel!" he cried, and again shook his fist at Antony. It appeared to be his favorite gesture. "You dirty, low-down scoundrel! So I've caught you, 'ave I? Just in the nick of time!" He turned sharply on Poppy. "And you, miss! 'Ow dare you behave like this? Comin' along to a young waster's flat all on your own without a chaperon. I've a good mind to give you ——"

"But you're quite mistaken, Mr. Briggs," broke in Antony in the carrying voice in which he had been wont to remonstrate with his platoon. "Miss Briggs was bringing a friend with her. We were expecting her every minute."

"A fine friend, I don't think!" said the millionaire in a tone of high scorn. "You can't kid me, me lad!"

"Nobody is kidding you, pa. I was expecting a friend. I expected to find her here," protested Poppy.

"I don't want any o' your lies, miss!" said the millionaire in a tone of profound sincerity. "You come alonger me—double-quick!"

"This is really quite absurd," said Antony. "You're making a mountain out of a molehill, Mr. Briggs."

The hot-blooded millionaire turned on him with the face of a Bengal tiger in convulsions, and snarled: "I am, am I? But I 'appen to know yer little game, me lad! You're after my money—that's what you are! And you thought that if you could get 'old of this blighted little idjit you'd git it before I knew where I was. But a little bird come along and whispered in my ear what you was up to."

He sneered hideously.

"By jove, the little Bracket bird!" cried Antony.

"Never you mind wot little bird it was! The game's up," snarled the millionaire. "You ain't the first blighter by a long chalk as thought 'e was goin' to get away with Ben Briggs' brass an' found it didn't come orf. An' you won't be the last—I'll lay you won't. But I know all about you, me lad. This swell flat and those fine duds o' yours are a bleedin' sham. You're impecoonious! That's wot you are—impecoonious!"

He trumpeted forth the injurious word with a high and malevolent scorn.

Antony's serene and lofty temper had a way on occasion of suddenly going. It went now. He stepped up to the millionaire and said very distinctly: "Now my man, I've had enough of this. You keep a civil tongue in your head or I'll throw you out of the flat."

He looked so threatening, towering over her snarling sire, that Poppy cried, "Oh, don't hurt him, Mr. Hambleton!"

Mr. Briggs started back, put up his arm to ward off a blow and said in a much gentler voice, "You lay a finger on me an' I'll 'ave the lor of you!"

Antony stepped back, turned to Poppy and said with grim politeness, "Well, as you ask me not to, Poppy, I won't. All the same a lesson in manners would do him a world of good."

Poppy looked at his eyes, which were bluer than ever in his grim face, and they impressed her. This was not at all the amiable and polite young gentleman whose romantic love-making she found so refreshing after the bald discourse of the bloods of Bootle.

He looked much older, able and very dangerous. He frightened her in a rather fascinating way. She found herself decidedly in the realm of romance.

"A lesson in manners, hey?" cried her father, again hectoring, since he felt safe under Poppy's wing. "Do me good, would it? And 'Poppy!'—'Poppy!'" His voice rose shrill. "You're calling her Poppy, are you?"

"I am! To me she is Poppy, and always will be—the flower of my heart," said Antony, reverting to his enterprise and looking fondly into her eyes.

Mr. Briggs gasped, jigged again, turned savagely on his daughter and cried furiously "Look 'ere, miss! You come alonger me this minute or, s'welp me, I'll give yer what for! 'Ere I am lavishin' lavishin' money on yer, an' all the return I gets is these goin's on be'ind me back. You oughter be ashamed of yerself, you ought—carryin' on with an impecoonious young waster like this when you might be marryin' a man rollin' in money."

Poppy had had enough of it. Used as she was to the strenuous life which always burgeoned lushly round her active and vociferous sire, she was too deeply mortified to endure any more of it at the moment. She moved toward the door with her head high and an air of considerable dignity.

"Good-by, Mr. Hambleton," she said. "I'm sorry pa has carried on like this."

"Not at all," said Antony quickly. "Whatever Mr. Briggs says or does, I'm quite unchanged."

"I'm sure you're always the perfect gentleman, Mr. Hambleton," said Poppy in a grateful voice. "Good-by."

"Not good-by—au revoir," said Antony cheerfully as he opened the door for her. "We shall meet again soon."

She went through the door with her head high.

As he followed her Mr. Briggs snarled viciously. "I'm damned if you will! She's coming alonger me to Branksome Towers by the first train to-morrer mornin'!"

He went through the door, snatched at the handle, and before Antony could go through it to open the door of the flat he banged it behind him.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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STANDARD
Printing Papers

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Do you make him your partner or your victim?

BRAINY men—men whose abilities would net them greater profits in other industries—spend their lives as printers because each day they learn something new about the work they love.

These printers, just as other notable men in other professions, are sometimes very timid. This may be because of their complicated subject, which they fear the buyer of printing does not clearly understand. Whatever the reason is, many buyers of printing construe it as an opportunity to force their opinions on the printer.

What is the result? Very often it is poor printing, a dissatisfied buyer, and a disliked printer.

Why should the printer, of all persons, be the craftsman whom everybody feels qualified to tell how to run his business?

Why will many buyers of printing continue to think that printing is philanthropy? "You can't get something for nothing" is as true in printing as in any other business. And it is more evident, because nothing shows its cheapness quicker than cheap printing.

But if a printer does turn out a good job, even in face of difficulties, what is his reward? Isn't it often only an opportunity to hand in a competitive bid on the next job?

Why is the printer so seldom allowed to feel a spirit of partnership with the buyer—to feel that he is working *with* him instead of *for* him? Why is the spectre of a rejected order or a lost account hung ever before his eyes?

Buyers of printing, remember this: The first step toward better printing is to make your printer your partner.

We can make this plea for the printer because of our intimate knowledge of the situation. Just a step away, we get a true viewpoint on both the printer and you.

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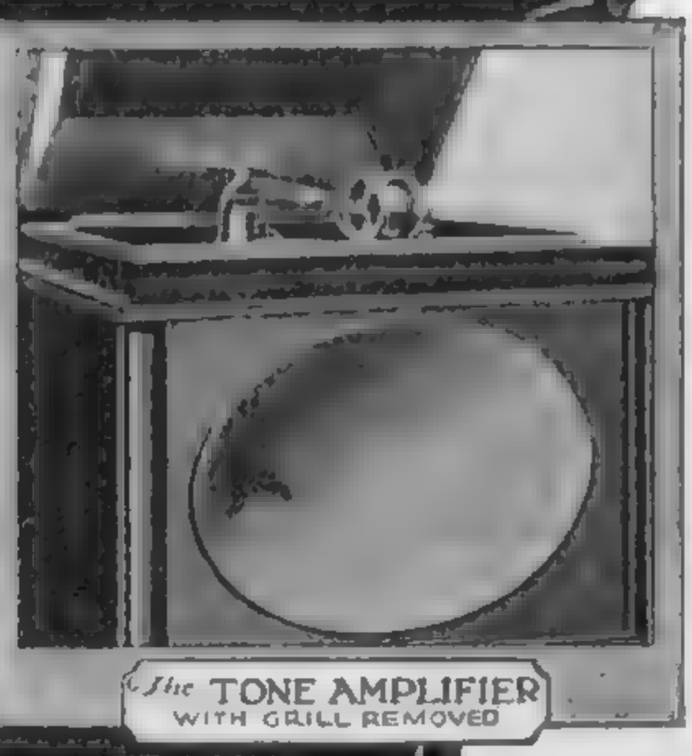

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How can you judge tone

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Hear The Brunswick and understand the advantages of the Brunswick Method of Reproduction. See if you agree with the critical thousands that we have brought great refinements into phonographic reproduction.

Examine the several features of the Brunswick Method of Reproduction. The Ultona, for instance. Here is an all-record reproducer that is entirely different. It not only plays all makes of records better, merely at a turn of the hand, but it is the only counter balanced reproducer obtainable.

By proper suspension, all surface noises are diminished.

Note also the many other features. A phonograph that has won the artistic rank of The Brunswick challenges your consideration. And Brunswick cabinets are finer examples of cabinet work. To buy a lesser phonograph is to suffer disappointment.

A Brunswick Dealer will be glad to play this instrument for you and to explain the Brunswick Method of Reproduction. Ask also to hear Brunswick Records, which can be played on any phonograph with steel or fibre needles.

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PHONOGRAPHS AND RECORDS

NEEDLES AND PINS

(Continued from Page 9)

"You can't budge Horace on that point, old chap."

Indeed to all intents and purposes it may be said that for both of them the progress of the world had stopped about the beginning of the twentieth century. They continued to use, exclusively, the views, the ideas and the vocabulary which they had brought with them to The Lodge. They hummed the same airs and wore the same-shaped clothes and dreamed the same dreams that they had hummed and worn and dreamed in the brave days of Victoria.

Whenever an aëroplane flew over their lawn Horace always said ferociously, "Hope he'll break his neck!"

Horace was tall and stoutish, and in feature would undoubtedly have borne a strong resemblance to a sunburned Napoleon if he had shaved off his mustache. Ernest was of average height, slightly less than average bulk, considerably less than average beauty. He had, however, a very winning and conciliating smile, and a far larger quantity of hair than Horace, who was all but bald. Ernest's upper lip was clean shaven. For nearly twenty years he had meditated at intervals the growing of a mustache. But his mother had once said that his winning smile was his solitary charm, and he had been unable to persuade himself to disguise it. Not that he had ever hoped anything of his smile. Ernest had always seen quite clearly that he was not intended for romantic adventure. But naturally one hesitated to conceal one's solitary talent beneath a bushel.

The confirmed bachelordom of Ernest appeared to everyone who set eyes on him and to himself perfectly natural and probable. That of his comparatively dashing and bold and handsome brother required, however, plainly some less obvious explanation; and this explanation brings us back to that Alice whose husband had been the unfortunate Mr. Louis S. Baxter.

Alice had once been twenty-one and so fair and good that, though Aunt Emma's death lay then still six years ahead, Horace had proposed three times to her. Shortly after the third proposal, however, she had married Mr. Baxter, a picturesque but impecunious young man of literary propensities, whose classical profile and passionate fervor had swept her, within a month from their first meeting, with brutal violence out of Horace's life, but not from his heart. Horace's heart had never, even in the recollection of Alice's unwisdom, forgotten her fairness and her goodness. Never had it faltered in its allegiance or sought elsewhere—as it might very excusably have done—consolation for its bitter hurt. In that heart, in a locked chamber whose key had been lost forever, Alice remained enshrined, eternally fair and good, eternally adored.

To Ernest alone had Horace revealed the existence of that secret shrine. Ernest, too, had admired Alice's goodness and fairness—humbly, as one admires a star. Once in a year, perhaps, on some dreary evening when the wind howled about the corners of the bungalow, Horace opened his heart and pointed to that ever-locked door in some abstracted, melancholy phrase; without morbidity, without unmanliness, of course; with the brave simplicity of the brave, simple country gentleman. There seemed to Ernest something very fine, very spiritual, very ennobling in Horace's constancy to his youth's only love. It made Ernest feel a better man.

From time to time tidings of the Baxters reached The Lodge. The unwisdom of Alice in preferring Baxter became steadily more apparent. Literature, it appeared, was not agreeing with the Baxters. The brilliant future which various eminent critics had predicted for the author of The Market Place failed to come to their rescue. They disappeared for long intervals, reappeared a little more hard up and unhappy than before, were swallowed up once more in the foggy maw of London. The brothers learned that Baxter drank—not absolutely, but too much; that he had abandoned literature for an obscure agency; that he had abandoned the agency for a small clerkship; that he had abandoned the clerkship for nothing whatever. After that they had heard nothing of Baxter for several years. It appeared to them perfectly consistent with Baxter's previous performances that the last of them should surpass all the others in folly and misfortune.

III

THE nominal luncheon hour at The Lodge was half past one. At a quarter past one that afternoon Dowson took down from a nail beside the kitchen range a gleaming bugle, on which he then performed, through the open scullery door, a call of intricate and prolonged violence. This operation he repeated at intervals of exactly five minutes until twenty-seven minutes to two, when he dispatched his subordinate, Blumphill, to observe the results. Blumphill, an ex-marine, returned to report stoically that there were none. Whereupon Dowson blew an ear-splitting blast through the kitchen door into the interior of the house. A faint, distant movement was audible from the direction of Mr. Ernest's bedroom.

"That's got 'em!" said Dowson, and proceeded to fill the soup tureen.

Some four minutes later Ernest opened the door of the sitting room. Horace sat at the writing table biting an ivory penholder viciously, and remained unaware of his brother's entry. The carpet in the neighborhood of the writing table was strewn with torn sheets of expensive note paper.

"I think lunch is ready, Horace," said Ernest mildly.

"Don't wait for me, Ernest," said Horace. "I'm not hungry. I don't want anything."

Mechanically he rent a sheet of azure paper, cast it to the floor and seized another. Ernest withdrew discreetly. He had reached the sweet when Horace emerged from the study, worn looking but triumphant.

"How will this do, old chap?" he asked, handing to his brother the result of his two hours of travail. "Just read it aloud, will you? I want to see how it goes, you know."

"'My dear friend,'" began Ernest with solemnity.

"Dear Mrs. Baxter sounds too stiff," explained Horace. "I think—I meant—well, hang it all—you know!"

Ernest's nod conveyed that of all possible methods of addressing Alice under the circumstances his brother had chosen the happiest. He proceeded with much expression:

"I have just learned, by the merest accident, of your loss. Believe me, I know what that loss means to you, and it is with the utmost diffidence that I venture to write to you in the hour of your great sorrow. I shall not weary you with ——"

"Should that be 'I shall not weary you' or 'I will not weary you,'" interrupted Horace anxiously. For some little time the brothers murmured both variants experimentally, growing at each repetition more doubtful. "I'm sure that what you have written is right," said Ernest. He continued:

"I shall not weary you with professions of sympathy which can only appear to you futile and empty. At such a time the words of even the sincerest friend must seem so. But I write simply to place at your disposal any help or counsel that you may need—in business affairs, for instance—and to assure you of my eagerness to lighten in any way the heavy burden that has been cast upon you. If there is any urgent matter in which I can be of the slightest assistance, do not hesitate to let me know. I can reach Braymouth in two and a half hours from here.

"In what I have written my brother Ernest joins me.

"Yours very sincerely,

"HORACE ENTHWHISTLE."

"You don't think the ending is too abrupt, do you?" asked Horace. "I mean—in a letter of that kind—one abandons any attempt at style or anything of that sort. One writes simply, without hesitation, just what comes into one's mind—just as one feels. Don't you think?"

Did Ernest's mind wander to that strewn carpet? Did he remember that Horace had spent two hours upon the composition of that simple, unhesitating, straight-off, impulsive message? Not he! He handed the letter back to his brother with emotion.

"I don't think I have ever read anything more beautiful," he said; "beautiful so kind—so unselfish—so spontaneous."

Recovering his self-control, he rang for Horace's lunch, to which Horace seated himself with rediscovered appetite. It was then five minutes past two.

"Record!" said Dowson, indicating the fact to his colleague.

"That blinkin' bugle's no good!" said Blumphill. "Steam siren's wot Mr. 'Orace wants. Steam siren an' a blawstin' chawge under his chair, simultaneous."

IV

SORELY indeed did Alice need Horace's aid; unspeakable relief shone through the sweet, tearful reluctance with which she accepted it. He learned from her to his horror three days later, in the lounge of Braymouth's Royal Hotel, that not merely the paralysis of grief bound her to the scene of her life's catastrophe. The shocking fact emerged that she was unable to leave it because she was unable to pay her hotel bill. With tender masterfulness Horace paid it, and defrayed the further expenses of her sorrowful return to London. He asked for no explanations and received none. He obtained, however, her London

(Continued on Page 144)

"There's No Necessity to Say Anything to Your Mother About This—This Little—er—April Shower," Said Horace Somewhat Uneasily, "Is There, Dear?"

HYATT

Nine to One They Have Hyatt Bearings

CHECK over the motor cars and trucks you use or meet in your daily travel—in congested city streets, on highways and on cross roads and nine times out of ten you will find that they are at least partially equipped with Hyatt Roller Bearings.

In the same proportion are farm tractors, the implements drawn by tractors and agricultural machines likewise equipped.

Factory men ride in cabs of cranes and industrial locomotives—on factory and warehouse trucks—miners ride on ore cars—which are equipped with Hyatt Roller Bearings.

Railroad section men speed to their daily work of maintaining the tracks in safe condition on hand cars and section cars running on Hyatt Bearings.

Behind this dominance lies a vital reason. For twenty years Hyatt Bearings have proven that their use in automotive vehicles means greater dependability—better service and permanence without adjustment.

That's why when you ride on motor car or motor truck—on tractor—crane or mine car—it's nine to one they are equipped with Hyatt Roller Bearings.

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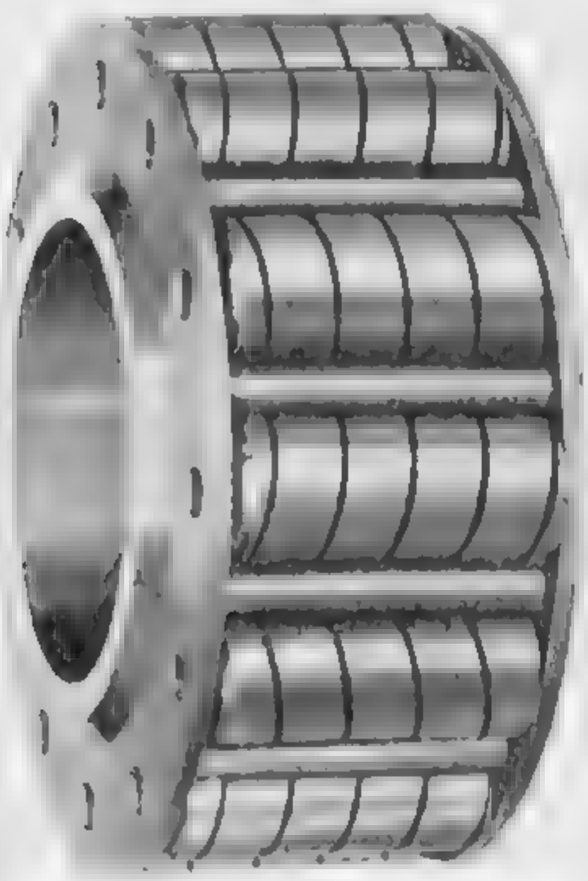
Hyatt Roller Bearings carry the load, automatically keeping themselves in line, distributing and cushioning the loads and shocks and constantly maintaining proper lubrication over the entire bearing surface. The result is carefree service and permanent satisfaction.



ROLLER BEARINGS

Thank Nature for this Roof Beauty

YOU'LL find a peculiar charm in the natural color-beauty of roofing surfaced with Sta-so laminated slate. There's a verdancy to Sta-so's cool sage green, a warmth and richness to Sta-so's deep Indian-red, which attract the eye, with refreshing relief, from the lack-lustre roofs that you usually see.

But the secret of Sta-so's color beauty is revealed not alone in its naturally distinctive color tones, which the painter's brush can only imitate. It is Sta-so's eternal brightness, the naturally *indelible* qualities of Sta-so's colors, that make Sta-so'd roofing ever-beautiful.

Indelible—the sun can't fade Sta-so. *Indelible*—even Time's slow destruction can't fade it.

Three Questions You'll Want Answered

First, is Sta-so'd roofing fire-resisting? The low rate of insurance it takes says "Yes."

Second, is Sta-so'd roofing expensive? On the contrary, it costs but a fraction of tile or solid slate; no more than the best wood shingles.

Third, how can you protect yourself from slates that fade, or imitation slates that trade on the reputation of genuine, fade-proof Sta-so'd roofing? Look for and find the Sta-so label—on the bundles of slate-surfaced shingles and on the rolls of slate-surfaced roofing of the manufacturers listed below:

Keystone Roofing Mfg Co., York, Pa.
McHenry Millhouse Mfg. Co.
South Bend, Ind.
National Rfg. Co., Tonawanda, N.Y.

Minneapolis, Minn
Rayed Shingle Co.
Grand Rapids, Mich.

The illustration above shows a dwelling at Winchester, Mass., covered with shingles surfaced with Sta-so laminated slate. An actual photographic reproduction of Sta-so's texture forms the border of this advertisement and surrounds the house.

(Continued from Page 141)

address, and, as the carriage slid away from the platform, a sweet, wan, grateful smile.

An engrossing and revealing correspondence ensued. At forty-three Alice found herself, long estranged from her own surviving relatives by her disastrous marriage, and from those of her husband by his monotonous appeals for financial assistance, with five hundred pounds between her and destitution. In obedience to a solitary instinct of prudence Baxter had maintained the life-insurance policy which he had taken out two days before his marriage. Five hundred pounds was obviously not a magnificent provision for a possible future of twenty-five years or so. But its possession rendered the present at least more tolerable. A note of hope—almost of cheerfulness—began to tinkle faintly in the black-edged communications which Horace read aloud, twice a week, at the breakfast table.

In the autumn following that fatal June, Alice came to live at Stretton, at a distance of some three hundred yards from The Lodge's drive gates. It is unnecessary to say that this move was almost entirely of Horace's devising and engineering. He claimed, however, no merit for it whatever. There was a small bungalow named The Doll's House to be let, furnished, at a moderate rent. Horace took it—and wrote to inform Alice that he had taken it—for her. Naturally, if one is weary of living, widowed and lonely, in a poky flat in an undistinguished suburb of London, one might as well live in a pretty country bungalow amid charming surroundings and close to at least one tried old friend—if one could do so without additional expense. Horace was quite clear that there would be no additional expense. Alice became the mistress of The Doll's House, and promptly altered its name to The Chalet. The brothers, consulted hesitatingly, agreed profoundly with the good taste of this detail of her installation.

After some months a most affecting and gratifying reconciliation took place between Alice and her mother. Mrs. Tredgold arrived at The Chalet for a fortnight's visit and remained there permanently. She was a tall, thin, chilly, indigestive woman with a disconcertingly steady eye, and Ernest from the first dreaded her greatly. But her presence made possible the interchange of pleasant little hospitalities, at which Alice presided with delicious womanliness. She had grown in those twenty-two years of matrimony wonderfully little older, the brothers agreed. In many ways she was still quite a girl, with all a girl's pretty, gentle imperiousnesses, and upon fitting occasion an extraordinarily delightful girlish laugh. It was only to be expected that her figure should have matured a little, and that in a very strong light some slight scribblings of time should make themselves apparent on her fairness. But after a very little time Horace and Ernest learned to face the light when they spoke to her.

Often when Alice and her mother had gone away Horace endeavored to explain to Ernest the effect which the presence of her half amused, half disapproving, wholly curious femininity amidst the masculine ruggednesses of The Lodge produced upon him. Amusement, disapproval and curiosity were words much too crude to express so subtle a charmingness with any satisfactory definition. It must be admitted that Horace never succeeded in expressing it with any satisfactory definition. But from the inflections of Horace's rich barytone, aided by his own private emotions, Ernest gathered the effect of it generally. It was the effect of the invasion of a Bret-Hartian backwoodsmanly shanty by a Henry-Harlandish heroine—the invasion of primitive maleness by *fin-de-siècle* femaleness—something like that.

There is no doubt that about this period Horace accentuated the simple, virile, hardihood of his nature, its indifference to inclement weather and fatigue and religion and things of that sort, its untidiness, its unpunctuality at meal times. He developed abruptly a habit of striding, merely for the pleasure to be derived from moderating the strides to the tripping of Alice's dainty little feet. As he did not moderate them when he and Ernest walked alone Ernest was compelled in self-defense to take to striding too in a small, hurried way, three of his strides serving to keep him level with two of Horace's. Their progress by this revised mode of locomotion, viewed from behind, was extremely striking, and roused much speculation in the minds of the native inhabitants of the village.

Alice adopted presently a delightful little way of addressing them as naughty boys.

"Naughty boys, sitting up all night with their naughty old friends," she would say: or: "Naughty boys, playing golf on Sunday," or: "Cruel naughty boys, killing poor little birds," or more intimately to Horace: "Why don't you cut off that horrid old mustache, you naughty boy?"

Ernest's pipes were dirty old pipes. Horace's cigarettes were horrid old cigarettes. She considered it very naughty of both of them to smoke in bed, an iniquity which Horace revealed shockingly and in the chiding of which Alice blushed divinely. Horace openly reveled in his naughtiness. Ernest, in loyal support, endeavored as far as possible to revel in it too. But one night, having partaken recklessly of a third whisky and soda, he contradicted Horace flatly in the presence of Billy Waterman and Billy Leech. Fortunately Horace did not hear the contradiction, being just then preoccupied with the extermination of a dog fight. But its effect upon the two Billys, who had known Ernest all his life, was so painfully visible that Ernest at once withdrew it and retired to bed. From that evening the abandon of his naughtiness declined noticeably.

Gradually, indeed, as time went by, an unfamiliar anxiety, not untinged with dejection, began to envelop Ernest; an anxiety not for his own sake, it is unnecessary to say, but for Horace's. You have, of course, already foreseen the ending toward which Horace was hurrying. It was the inevitable ending. It was the ending which the faithful soul of Horace pined for; the ending to which Alice had already begun to display symptoms of resigning herself. But upon Ernest, as he watched it loom more and more clearly out of the mists of destiny, it cast an unmistakable gloom.

For the first time a doubt as to Horace's ability to perform any task which he might undertake assailed him. Deeply and respectfully as he admired Alice, confident as he was of Horace's competence to any other need, he was quite unable, despite his best efforts, to believe that Horace could be successfully transplanted at fifty-four into the parterre of matrimony. It was one thing to preserve the ashes of an unhappy love affair; it was quite another thing to attempt to use them for ordinary domestic warming purposes.

Ernest was well aware of Horace's strength of character and will, his marked individuality, his clear, logically reasoned views about things. He did not—he could not—see Horace revising and adapting himself and republishing himself, expurgated and curtailed, in a conjugal edition. He did not think that as the husband of Alice—and the son-in-law of Mrs. Tredgold—Horace's original personality would have sufficient scope. He divined somehow that that steady eye of Mrs. Tredgold's might play a formidable part in the limiting of her second son-in-law. He had observed it at odd moments boring into Horace's unconscious profile coldly, when Horace was absorbed in Alice's modestly sparkling conversation or her graceful manipulation of the afternoon teapot. The inevitable happened, however, in the second October of Alice's widowhood.

"Well, my dear fellow," said Horace, as they walked homeward from The Chalet in a frosty twilight, "I have some news for you. I suppose you guess what it is. Alice is going to marry me. I am going to be the happiest man on earth."

His rich barytone quivered with conviction in the dimness. Ernest swallowed heroically.

"My heartiest congratulations to both of you," he said. "I am sure you will make one another very happy."

And then his affection for Horace, his loyalty to him, his fears for him, stripped from Ernest the hypocrisy, the treachery of approval. To Horace's amazement he found the fleshy part of his left arm grasped passionately and rather painfully by Ernest's fingers, and heard Ernest's voice cry in a wally shout: "No, no! I can't help it! It's not the truth! That isn't what I believe! I don't believe you'll be happy, Horace. I don't believe you'll be happy."

His voice died away lamentably. Horace released his left arm and rubbed it.

"Perhaps you will explain yourself, Ernest," he said coldly.

But Ernest, already aghast at that unconsidered, intemperate outburst, remained

(Continued on Page 146)

Allen A

You Alone can Settle the Underwear Situation

HOW many men have ever made plain to their dealers the kind of service they expect in Underwear?

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Black Cat Reinforced Hosiery

The Allen A Company
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"This cold north room never was so comfortable before. Aren't you glad mother got you this

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Many a pound of coal will be saved (think of that!) because it won't be necessary to keep the furnace heat pumping to rooms when they are not in use. The Welsbach Gas Heater will be ready at an instant's notice to pour out its volume of glowing radiant heat.

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The Welsbach Gas Heater gives the maximum heat for every foot of gas burned, and gives it in the pleasantest way. Before you buy a room heater

Be sure to see the "Welsbach" At Your Dealer's, or the Gas Company

THE WELSBACH COMPANY
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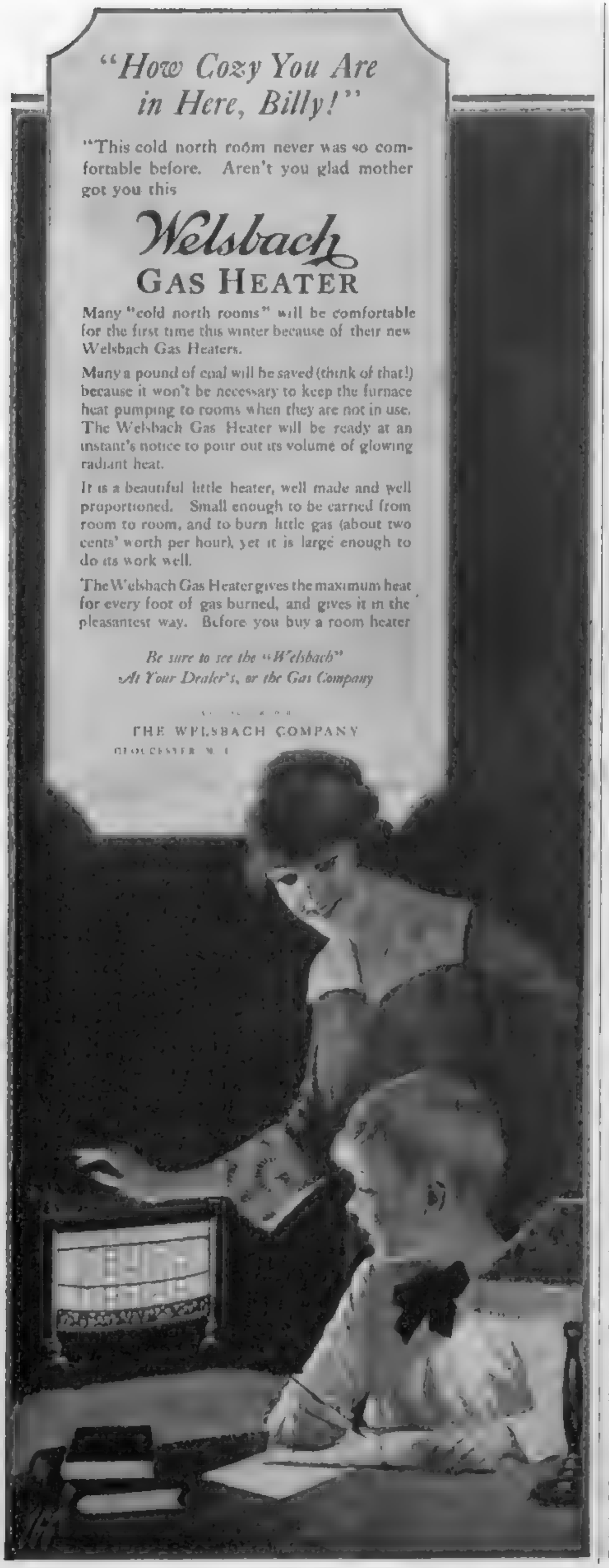


(Continued from Page 144)

miserably mute. With dignity Horace turned away and strode onward into the gloom. They did not speak to one another again until dinnertime. But when Blumphill had withdrawn for a space Horace said magnanimously, "Now let's have this out, Ernest."

Ernest hesitated.

"I don't want you to think that it's jealousy on my part, old chap—or selfishness or anything of that sort," he murmured.

"Well, let's have it out, old fellow," repeated Horace.

They had it out, with intervals of awkward silence, until one o'clock next morning. After an unsatisfactory night's repose they resumed it at breakfast.

"It's absurd," said Horace, "to take such pessimistic views about things that you have no experience of. You have never been married. You know nothing about it. Your views are views drawn merely from trashy, morbid, would-be-cynical modern novels."

"Well, but my dear fellow," said Ernest, "you have never been married either."

"That is a very feeble retort, Ernest," said Horace—"childish. I have eyes and ears and a certain amount of common sense, I hope. Take any of our friends who are married — Billy Waterman — Billy Leech—Jack Carvill—don't you think they are perfectly happy?"

"I do not," said Ernest with desperate bravery.

"You don't think they are much happier than they would have been if they hadn't married?"

"I do not," repeated Ernest doggedly.

"Well, we can easily settle that point," said Horace confidently. "Mind you, my dear fellow," he added liberally, "I am perfectly prepared to listen to advice from you or anyone else. I realize that marriage is a serious step. I don't say for a moment that all marriages are a success. Alice's first marriage is a case in point. But given two people who are so entirely suited to one another, so entirely sensible ——"

He helped himself a third time to salt.

"Let us have Waterman and Leech up this week-end and see what they've got to say about it."

"Oh, well, of course, if you tell them that you're going to be married ——" said Ernest.

"We won't tell them," said Horace. "When we have heard what they have got to say about their own experiences, then we'll tell them."

Toward midnight on the following Saturday Mr. William Waterman was standing before the sitting-room fire, one hand in his trousers pocket jingling fourteen shillings which he had just won and the other holding a glass which he raised to his lips at intervals. Facing him sat his hosts and the other Billy. This is what he was saying:

"Well, my boy, since you ask me—of course, we're all old friends here—what we say we say amongst ourselves ——"

"Go ahead," said Horace.

"Well, it's like this," said Mr. Waterman. "I've been lucky. I've been damn lucky. I've got the best wife in the world, bar none. My girls are good girls. My boys are good boys—awful good boys. I've been married now for twenty-seven years, and everything has gone smoothly and happily, thank God, for every day of them. I don't suppose there is a more united or happier family in England, so far as that goes. I've got a house you could lose this little shebang of yours in half a dozen times over. I don't know what your income is, my boy, but I expect it's not a tenth of mine. My turnover for last year was ——"

"Don't bother about that," said Horace. "Keep to the point."

"I am keeping to the point," said Mr. Waterman, emerging with increased candor from his glass. "My point is this: If I could come and settle down in a snug little place like this, with a tenth part of my present income, and as a bachelor, as my own master, with a bit of shooting and fishing for my friends and no responsibilities—no social nonsense—if I could do that"—he paused, fixed Horace with a defiant eye, and ended melodramatically "I'd chuck the whole lot to-morrow."

He drained his glass and retired to his chair amid a sensational silence. Horace coughed noticeably.

"Yes," said Mr. Waterman, excited by his own defiance, "I'd chuck the whole lot to-morrow." He turned to Mr. Leech for support. "What?"

Mr. Leech grinned a little shamefacedly.

"Well, it's about the same here," he said. "I've got used to it and I can't get out of it. But if I could ——"

Again Horace coughed. There could be no doubt now that his first cough had been a protest. The two Billys turned toward him dubiously.

"I may remark," he said a little stiffly and nervously, "that I think of getting married myself shortly."

"Wha-a-at?" exclaimed Mr. Waterman.

"You?" exclaimed Mr. Leech.

They turned to Ernest for confirmation. He nodded timidly.

"Well!" said Mr. Waterman and Mr. Leech simultaneously.

Recovering from that first consternation they did what they could. They strove for exultation, achieved mere hollow noisiness. The night ended there flatly. Horace, for the first time in The Lodge's memory, forgot to suggest that last little 'un, and for long afterward he was heard moving about his bedroom with undue violence.

In the following month he was married to Alice in Stretton Church. Ernest, in a profuse perspiration, was best man. When the happy pair had departed for Scotland he returned to The Lodge desolately and found Blumphill and Dowson endeavoring to cheer up the disconsolate dogs on the tennis lawn.

"Got the 'ump bad, they 'ave, sir," said Dowson gloomily. "Wise as 'umans them dogs, sir." He indicated his aid with a dejected thumb. "S'pose our numbers is up, sir."

"I expect all our numbers are up, Dowson," said Mr. Ernest, and passed in sadly.

■

A WEEK later Horace wrote announcing that after consultation with Alice some important adjustments had appeared to him advisable. In future Mrs. Tredgold would live at The Lodge, and Ernest would transfer himself to The Chalet as soon as might be convenient to him. Blumphill, in whose place Mrs. Tredgold had undertaken to engage a suitable maid, was to accompany Ernest.

Mrs. Tredgold would also very kindly take charge of the necessary preparations for Alice's return. The wisdom of these alterations was obvious. In a week they had been carried out.

In the last days of November the honeymooners arrived. Alice retired at once to her room, accompanied by her mother. Horace and Ernest strolled forth to inspect the garden. At the end of November and three weeks of continuous rain the garden was a forlorn puddle. They drifted back to the house, and in accordance with the old habit of that hour Ernest strayed to the dining-room sideboard and took the stopper out of the whisky decanter. Horace appeared hastily at the dining-room door behind him.

"Not for me, old chap," he said with a somewhat forced smile. "I find I do better without anything before dinner now."

Ernest restoppered the decanter.

"Oh, yes," he said politely.

"You quite comfortable at The Chalet?" asked Horace, after a long silence, when they had reseated themselves in the sitting room.

"Quite, old chap, thanks. I—er—I must have a talk with you about things one day, Horace. I mean—er—now that you've got a wife to look after, I don't propose that you should be saddled with me as well. I—er—I think of looking out for something to do."

"Humbug!" said Horace.

"Well, but ——"

"Humbug!" repeated Horace.

The heartiness of that humbug was a great relief to Ernest

"I think I'll just have a little one," he said. "It's such a cold, beastly day."

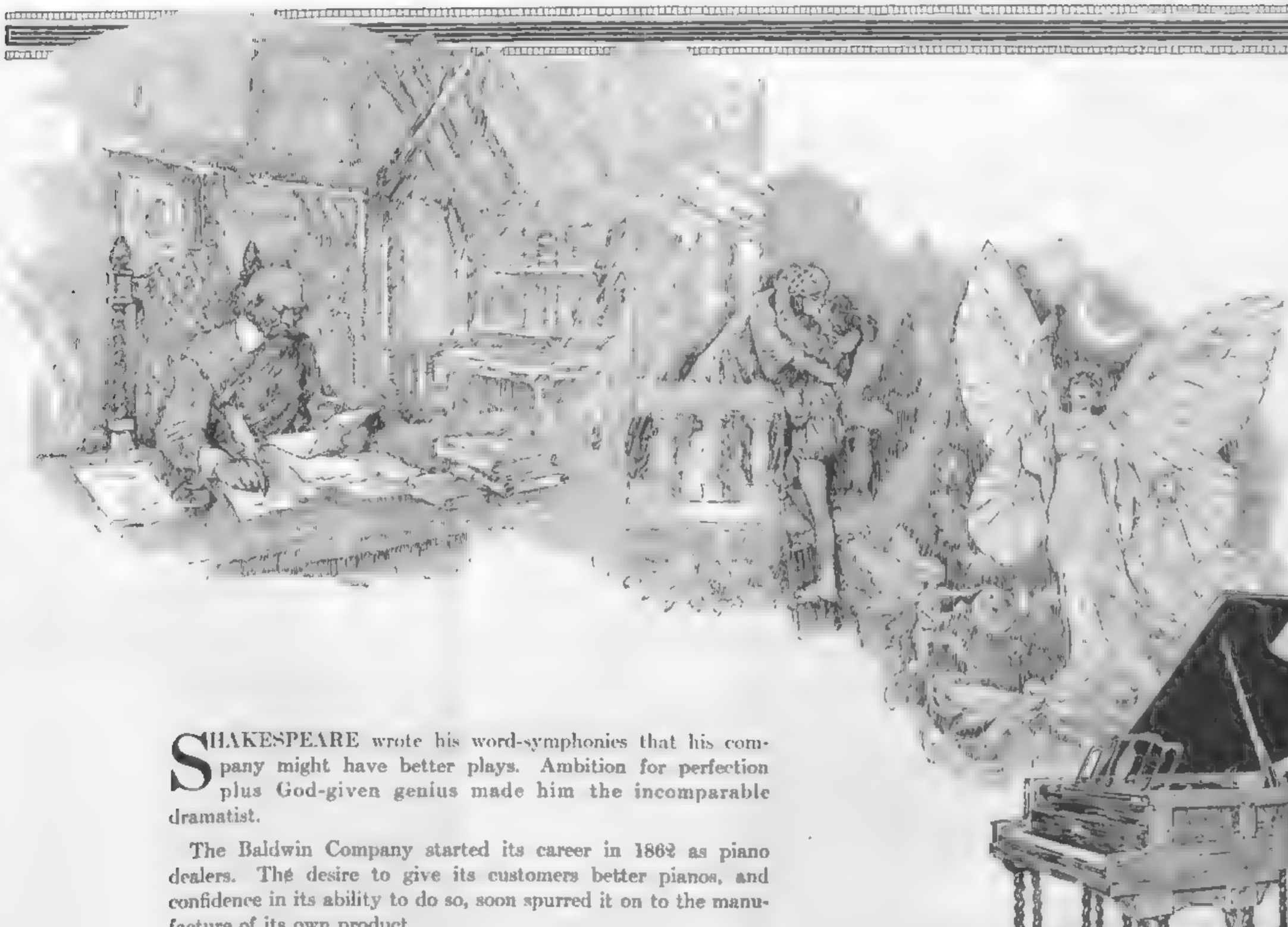
Alice and her mother returned to the sitting room as he emerged from the dining room, glass in hand. They stopped with alarming abruptness at sight of him.

"What is that, Ernest?" asked Alice with icy distinctness.

Ernest made cowed noises for some moments. His glass careened unnoticed and a portion of its contents trickled down his waistcoat and trousers to the carpet. While Mrs. Tredgold's steady eye followed the trickle's progress Alice turned to Horace tragically.

"Is this the way you keep your promises, Horace? Is this the first thing I am to see when I enter the house?"

(Continued on Page 149)



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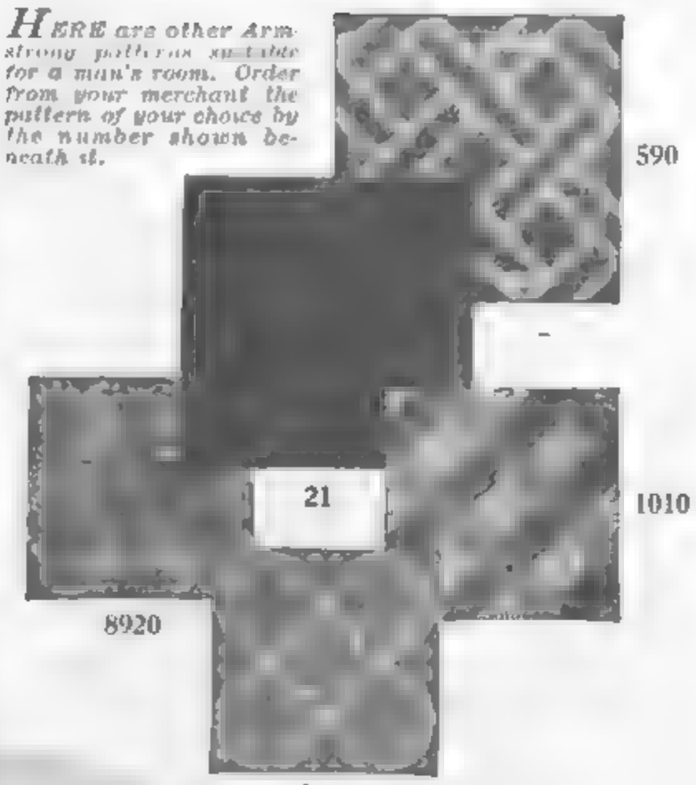


(Continued from Page 146)

Horace rose, took the glass from his brother's hand and laid it upon the card table.

"You don't want that, old chap," he said gently. "You're much better without it."

"Now, please understand, Ernest," said Alice. "In this house you must not expect to find drink in any shape or form—I mean spirits. On that point I am adamant. I have known only too intimately the terrible results that follow from it. Horace has given me a solemn promise that he will never, under any circumstances, touch spirits again. Elsewhere—well, elsewhere you are your own master. You must choose for yourself. But here"—she indicated the glass with a gesture of abhorrence—"that sort of thing is at an end forever."

"I'm very sorry, Alice," said Ernest mildly. "I hadn't the faintest idea ——"

The blast of Dowson's bugle announcing tea interrupted his confused mumblings.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Alice. "Go and tell that man to stop that ridiculous performance, Horace!"

"But I thought you liked it, my dear," said Horace, moving obediently toward the door. "You always said you did."

"My dear Horace, it was all very well for a bachelor bear garden. But you must see that in a civilized household—please go and stop him at once."

Horace retired and reappeared with the bugle, which he handed to Ernest.

"You'd better take that across to The Chalet," he said a little grimly. "You'll want something to round you up for meals."

Ernest seated himself, holding the bugle precisely as he would have held a newborn infant. In accordance with Horace's wishes, one of the four easy-chairs of the sitting room—there were no others—had been removed to The Chalet. As Horace and Ernest now occupied, entirely unconsciously, two of the three that remained, Mrs. Tredgold advanced to the middle of the room, looked at them with a thin-lipped smile, and then glanced at her daughter with uplifted eyebrows.

"Sit here, mother," said Alice, indicating the third chair. "I will get another chair from the dining room."

Horace and Ernest sprang in horror to their feet and rushed toward the dining-room door, where they all but collided with the maid, who at that moment emerged from it with the tea tray. If there had been anything upon earth of which Horace had always professed a passionate dislike and distrust—until that moment—it was the female domestic servant. But before the reproving haughtiness of the tall, beribboned young damsel who now swept him from her path he made way almost obsequiously.

"Thenk you," she said superbly.

Horace perceived too late that he had committed a fatal error of judgment. As Ernest was now returning with a dining-room chair, he reseated himself and, folding his hands across his stomach, twiddled his thumbs and smiled in a strained, feeble way until he perceived that Alice and her mother were watching the thumbs in a curious way, when he concealed them uneasily in his trousers pockets.

"Smart-looking girl, that," he said when the maid had retired. "Hope she and Dowson will get on all right."

There was a little silence.

"Winifred is not remaining," said Alice dryly. "Mother merely engaged her temporarily. But she is much too young."

"I'm afraid Dowson is going to be rather a difficulty," said Mrs. Tredgold. "Servants of different sexes always are a difficulty in a small house. I rather think you will find it necessary to have two maids."

"But in any case," said Alice firmly, "Winifred is too young; much too young. She strikes me as being a flighty sort of girl."

"Dowson is an excellent fellow," said Horace. "I shouldn't like to part with Dowson. He has been with me for fourteen years."

"Too long," said Mrs. Tredgold decisively. "Old menservants become impossible to deal with. They get into a rut and they refuse to come out of it. I have had occasion to speak very sharply to Dowson once or twice during the last two weeks. For one thing, my dear, I certainly should not allow him to smoke in the kitchen. I don't think it is healthy to have the kitchen perpetually reeking with tobacco."

"Oh, no!" said Alice. "He mustn't smoke in the kitchen. You must speak to him about that, Horace, afterward."

"And his manner is peculiar," said Mrs. Tredgold. "He has been spoiled. I had the utmost difficulty in getting him to tidy up this room. He said that his orders were that nothing in this room was to be disturbed."

"Where has he put the gun cases and things?" asked Horace.

"In the coach house," said Mrs. Tredgold. "Everything that has been taken from this room is in the coach house."

"You really can't have guns and fishing tackle and waders and things of that sort in a sitting room, Horace," said Alice. She looked about her. "We shall have to get this room and the dining room repapered, mother."

"The bedrooms really ought to be done too, dear," said Mrs. Tredgold.

"Those curtains must come down," said Alice.

"And I'm afraid you will want new carpets," said Mrs. Tredgold.

Ernest, after some unsuccessful attempts, rose from his chair.

"Well," he murmured, "I'm sure you have many things to talk over ——"

"Won't you stay for tea?" asked Alice with obvious relief. "But these domesticities must be very boring for you. Come across some day soon, won't you—next week?" She dismissed him with a formal little smile.

"I'll toddle round to The Chalet for a powwow by and by," said Horace in the porch. But he said it in a cautious undertone and with an odd, guilty half turn of his head toward the sitting room.

Some five minutes later Blumphill stood toying with Dowson's bugle while he watched Mr. Ernest absorbing a whisky and soda with melancholy gusto.

"Needles an' pins, sir," he said with a respectful grin. "Needles an' pins. When a man marries, sir, that's when 'e puts the blinkin' tin 'at on it."

VI

A RAPID succession of middle-aged maids of varying degrees of unloveliness replaced the haughty Winifred. It was not until the New Year that Alice found herself in a position to banish Dowson, who accepted a month's wages in lieu of notice with unfeigned relief. Horace took his hand at parting and slipped a five-pound note into it.

"Horace!" called at that moment a clear, firm voice from upstairs.

"Yes, my dear, coming." He wrung Dowson's hand warmly. "Good luck," he said and hastened toward the call.

Alice was lying down. She and Mrs. Tredgold lay down every afternoon from three o'clock until tea time.

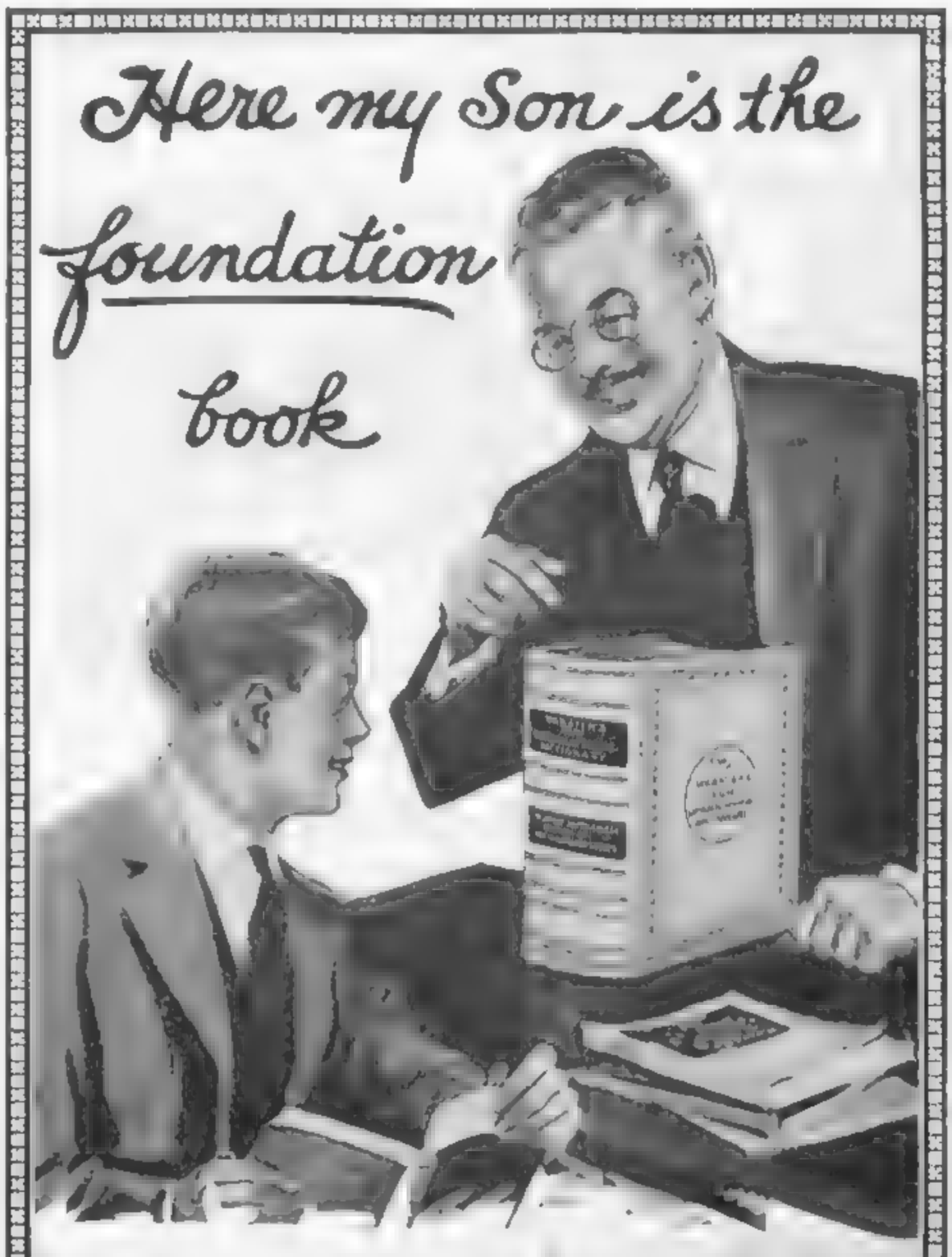
"I left my keys downstairs somewhere," she said when Horace stood by the eider down beneath which she lay. "Do you mind looking for them and bringing them up to me?"

"Yes, my dear," said Horace.

No longer was Ernest's eager affection ever at hand for those constant small services that were so trying when one had grown accustomed to someone else's performance of them. Not only had Horace to find his own mislaid property now; the number of times that he trotted up and down stairs daily in quest of small articles of Alice's was something stupendous. Alice's keys alone lost themselves on an average once in every two hours. As she insisted upon the injustice of exposing servants to temptation by leaving keys about, the amount of time and energy expended by Horace in searching for them was very considerable. He was an extremely bad hand at looking for things, and disliked looking for them enormously. On this particular occasion he discovered the keys, after a search of twenty minutes, in the greenhouse—an unreasonable place to lose keys in. He went upstairs again, determined upon protest—protest gentle, good-humored, even slightly jocose, but fundamentally resolute. Though he had gone upstairs quietly, he noticed to his surprise as he turned the handle of the bedroom door that his heart was beating with great rapidity and that he was breathing in a short, puffy way.

"Have you found my keys, dear?" inquired a drowsy voice from beneath the eider down.

"Yes," said Horace. "I found them in the greenhouse—after searching for them for nearly half an hour."



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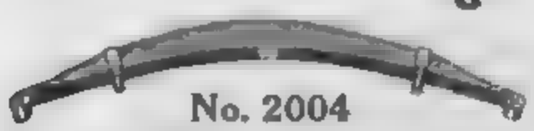

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Alice yawned faintly.

"Leave them on my dressing table, will you, dear?"

"I wish my dear," said Horace, standing in the middle of the room, "that you would be a little more careful about your keys. Really, I—er—really—I -er ——"

He contemplated the eider down for a little time hesitatingly. It did not move. The puffiness which he had observed on the landing had now become quite distressing. He coughed.

"You see, my dear, a very little foresight would really save an enormous amount of trouble and wear and tear. If you wore a little chain, or a little strap, or something, and attached your keys to it—er—then there would not be this constant—er—anxiety about them."

Still the eider down stirred not.

"I don't think, perhaps, that you realize that it is I, as a rule—in fact I might even say, practically always it is I who have to look for them. I—I don't think it is quite considerate of you, dear. I really haven't got time ——"

With startling abruptness Alice sat bolt upright, with flushed cheeks and outraged eyes.

"Not quite considerate?" she repeated wonderingly. "What do you mean, Horace? Not quite considerate—because I ask you to bring my keys up to me—when I am resting?"

"But—you left them in the greenhouse," said Horace, wagging a playful forefinger at her. "That's the point. Now how could I guess they were in the greenhouse? You see? That's the point, my dear. And besides, why leave them anywhere? That's the real point. Why leave them anywhere, you bad, careless girl." He wagged the playful forefinger again.

Alice sprang from the bed to the floor—bounced from it rather—and inserted her feet into her slippers violently. Gathering her dressing gown about her, she passed the amazed Horace tumultuously, and seizing the door handle threw back at him a glance of annihilating scorn and fury. She then went out to the landing and called—faintly, "Mother!"

"Alice," said Horace, recovering from his stupefaction and hastening out to her—"Alice, what on earth is the matter?"

Alice covered her eyes with her hands.

"Oh!" she said, and after a moment again, "Oh!"

Then she ran back into the bedroom, flung herself face downward on the bed and burst into passionate tears.

"Alice," said Horace helplessly, following her—"Alice, what is the matter?"

"Don't speak to me! Don't speak to me! Oh!

"Why did I marry you?" she burst forth after some sobbing moments. "Oh, why did I marry you? I might have known! I might have known that all men are just the same! Oh, why didn't I take mother's warning? Oh! Oh! Oh!"

"Alice!" implored Horace. "Alice, darling, what is it? What have I said?"

"What have you said? You know very well what you said! Don't touch me! Don't touch me!"

"But what did I say?" urged Horace.

"You said—you said—I—was incon—incon o-o-oh!"

"I was only joking, darling. You know I was only ——"

"And we've only been married two months—two m-months! Oh!"

"But you know I was only joking, darling. Come, look at me and tell me that you know that! Look at me—look at your own old Horace!"

"O-o-oh!" Alice said again.

But a few minutes later the storm had passed and she was tidying her hair before her mirror. Horace sat on the edge of the bed watching her tenderly.

"I don't know what mother will say when she sees my eyes like this," said Alice. "It would break her heart if she thought"—she paused and turned toward the window—"if she thought that you were going to be like Louis."

"Oh, there's no necessity to say anything to your mother about this—this little er—April shower," said Horace somewhat uneasily, "is there, dear?"

Alice's lips tightened slightly.

"We must not have any more April showers, Horace," she said decisively.

VII

IN THREE months The Lodge had been transformed into the most refined and orderly daintiness. New wall papers, new paint, new curtains, new carpets, new pictures, and a good deal of new furniture had made of it a bower of fresh brightness whose spotlessness was renewed each morning under the personal supervision of Alice and her mother. A great deal of the manual labor connected with these changes had been performed by Horace, aided by Blumphill, who, though nominally Ernest's henchman at The Chalet, spent most of his time at The Lodge, where he attended to the needs of the horses and the hens. This arrangement, which had been decided upon by Alice before Dowson's departure, was a little inconvenient for Ernest. But, as Alice pointed out, Ernest had nothing whatever to do, and was quite capable of performing a little household work occasionally for himself.

Her circle of acquaintances began to extend itself, and callers of increasing social distinction began to arrive at The Lodge of afternoons. Horace learned to make himself useful in the handing of teacups and cake trays, and not to yawn when nobody took any notice of him for prolonged periods. As many of these new friends lived at a considerable distance, the returning of their visits—a formality in which Horace always participated—in a horse-drawn vehicle was a slow and lengthy proceeding. Alice began to refer with greater and greater enthusiasm to the advantages of the motor car.

On Sunday morning Horace went now regularly to church with his wife. Sunday afternoon, a favorite afternoon for calling and being called upon, was absorbed in social duties. Once only since his marriage had he attempted Sunday golf. Alice had nipped that feeble irreverence in the bud with relentless promptness.

Physically those three months of matrimony had effected a visible improvement in Horace. Regular hours, strict sobriety and a greatly diminished tobacco consumption had freshened his color and to a certain degree rejuvenated his figure. His face, too, looked more youthful now, for Alice had induced him to abolish his untidy and aging mustache. His resemblance to Napoleon was now quite distinct.

Alice was a most admirable and economical house manager. The Lodge, under the new régime, cost Horace just half what it had cost him in the old days. She was also a cultured, well-read and highly intelligent woman, and of her devotion to Horace's well-being and comfort he had at every moment of the day overwhelming proof. If it rained upon Horace ever so slightly she insisted upon his changing every article of clothing from head to foot. If he sat near an open window she insisted upon his getting up and shutting it or going to sit somewhere else. If he read she insisted upon knowing what he read. If he wrote letters she insisted upon knowing to whom he wrote them. If he did nothing she insisted on his doing something, because it was not good for him to do nothing. If he sneezed she insisted upon his inhaling eucalyptus. If he coughed she insisted upon rubbing his chest with liniment. If he arranged to go out shooting with Ernest she disarranged all her own plans to be able to take him for a walk instead. Short walks suited him much better than the long fatigues and exposures of shooting. In a word, there was no thought, no kindness, no self-sacrifice which she was not willing to provide for his happiness and health. From morning until night she advised him, watched over him, worried about him, enveloped him in solicitude. And if, a little ungratefully and peevishly, he protested sometimes that he had always been able to take care of himself, she had ever in readiness a weapon to silence his pettishness. This weapon was Louis.

The dread of Alice, the skeleton in the cupboard of The Lodge, was the terrible possibility that Horace might become as Louis had been. It was clear to her that only by the firmest handling could Horace be prevented from becoming like Louis. She did not conceal this possibility from Horace; nay rather she held it steadily and persistently before his eyes. And how dreadful a possibility it was she was at pains to impress upon him in sinister detail.

Louis, too, in the first days had been loving and gentle and kind. Then without warning he had grown indifferent and rude and in every way unpleasant. Louis had indulged in alcohol. Louis had been untidy, unpunctual, irreligious. Louis had been careless about changing wet socks and sitting in drafts. Louis would never

(Continued on Page 153)

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This button on a man's coat lapel tells him as a member with whom to be associated in "earning."

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If we tried to reprint even quotations from the thousands of letters received from students who have found LaSalle training the quick way—the short cut—to more pay, it would take an entire issue of this publication. And we'd have to use mighty small type at that.

But—here's something that tells more than even a volume of letters could possibly impart.

For three months we kept track of communications from LaSalle men, telling of direct benefits received.

Two thousand and ninety-seven letters came in telling of progress and satisfaction; 1,129 of these told of assured promotion and greater opportunities already in sight; 968 letters definitely reported important promotion and salary increases.

The combined earnings of the 968 students at the commencement of their training was $1,234,200. Their present annual pay averages $1,807,256. Practically six hundred thousand dollars in increased salaries, which the recipients attribute directly to LaSalle training.

And look where LaSalle men are to see what they have made themselves thru training. The Standard Oil Company—the American Telephone and Telegraph Company—all the railroads—the public utility companies—every great corporation in America has LaSalle trained men in positions any man would be glad to hold.

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(Continued from Page 150)

take medicine. Louis had been fond of reading unpleasant books. Louis had been in the habit of indulging in secret correspondences with most undesirable people. Louis, in fact, had exhibited in full blossom those flowers of evil whose buds in Horace required such vigilant pruning. Louis had dragged her down into penniless unhappiness, and had died at forty-eight, deplorably. Louis had been an awful warning. No wonder that Alice trembled for her poor weak Horace.

To Mrs. Tredgold, too, the dangers of Horace's weaknesses were apparent, and she supported her daughter's treatment of them enthusiastically. A conviction of his own inherent viciousness and vacillation was gradually forcing itself upon Horace beneath this allied suspicion. He observed with uneasiness the growth within him of a curious restlessness, an ingratitude to Alice, a chilling of that tender warmth that had for so many years suffused all his thoughts of her. He began to ask himself if indeed he was deceiving Alice; if he had been deceived in himself. Horace disliked introspection. Thinking about himself bored and depressed him. Deliberately he strove to avert his eyes from his ungracious and ungrateful interior. But within him doubt gnawed furtively. As he spent a great deal of time waiting to be told by Alice what he was to do next, the corners of his mouth began to acquire a pensive droop.

VIII

IT WAS upon the last day of January, at lunch, that Alice opened up the subject of Ernest. She opened it up thoroughly. She thought that Ernest ought to find something to do. She did not think that Ernest ought to live a life of complete idleness—perhaps worse—at Horace's expense. The expense was a very serious one, including as it did the rent and upkeep of The Chalet, in addition to Ernest's feeding and clothing. It was not merely that. But Ernest spent a great deal of Horace's money entertaining, quite unnecessarily, Mr. Waterman and Mr. Leech and Mr. Carvill and Mr. Hargreaves and several other gentlemen of whom Alice, on the whole, disapproved gravely.

Sport did not appeal to Alice—at all events the kind of sport in which these gentlemen indulged at Horace's expense. If they had contented themselves with killing helpless and harmless birds and rabbits and hares she would not, perhaps, have minded so much. But they didn't. The most deplorable dissipation took place at The Chalet—it was notorious—on Saturday and Sunday nights. Sunday nights! Worse, Ernest and his friends had made constant endeavors to seduce Horace into complicity in their orgies. For every reason she thought it much better that Ernest should endeavor to obtain some occupation—the farther away from Stretton the better. Mrs. Tredgold agreed with her daughter in this view absolutely. It became clear that they had discussed it exhaustively beforehand.

Horace had learned by this time the futility of attempting to interrupt Alice in the saying of anything that she had made up her mind to say. He listened to her in gratifying silence; he continued to listen in silence while Mrs. Tredgold, pithily and with some delicate references to the possibilities of the future, recapitulated the main points of her daughter's argument. But when they had both subsided into expectant exhaustion, to their intense surprise, he rose and walked out of the room. A moment later the hall door shut with a bang. At the bang Alice sprang to her feet convulsively, then sat down again. Mother and daughter exchanged a long, significant look.

When Horace returned toward four o'clock Alice was lying down. Finding that the door of the bedroom was locked, he knocked, but obtained no response. He descended to the sitting room, and drifting to the window gazed out gloomily at the darkening and rain-swept landscape. His clothes were wet—wet to the skin—for he had walked for two hours in that persistent downpour without a raincoat. But he did not care. He was glad.

When he had gazed for nearly a quarter of an hour he sneezed, and as he sneezed he became aware of a vague, dark form hovering indecisively in the little drive. He was just in the mood for dealing vigorously with a tramp, and he had no doubt whatever that the hoverer was one. He took his hands out of his trousers pockets, moved rapidly to the front door and opened it. The hoverer turned at sight of him as if to withdraw, changed his mind and stood irresolutely. Horace approached him, and though the light was poor perceived to his disappointment that he was a perfectly respectable looking middle-aged gentleman.

"Er—can I do anything for you?" he inquired courteously.

"Well," said the hoverer—he came a step closer and stared at Horace intently—"er—Enthwhistle, isn't it?"

"My name is Enthwhistle," said Horace, and stared too. "Baxter!" he gasped incredulously. "You!"

Mr. Baxter smiled uncertainly.

"Sh!" he said uneasily. "Don't shout! Where is she—Alice?"

"Upstairs lying down," replied Horace mechanically. "But—but ——"

"Where can we talk?" asked Baxter—"I mean without any risk of her seeing me."

"But," said Horace—"but—you—you weren't—you ——"

Mr. Baxter laughed.

"No, I wasn't drowned."

"Then why ——"

"Why did I disappear? Well, chiefly because I thought it was about the best thing I could do. Don't look so scared and so shocked. I'll tell you how it was—if you've got any place we can talk quietly in."

Horace, moving as a man in a dream, led the way to the coach house. They seated themselves on packing cases and when Mr. Baxter had lighted a cigarette he explained—explained with the most transparent and convincing candor.

He had been dead tired of the whole thing, he said, for a long time; so dead tired that finally he had decided to cut it. But he had wanted to do the square thing by Alice, and only one way of doing the square thing had been open to him. Five hundred pounds would give her a decent start, and five hundred pounds she should have. He had decided upon Braymouth as the scene of his exit because of the dangerous reputation of the bathing there. Everything had gone off quite well. He had bought, secondhand, a complete new outfit for the adventure. Into this he had changed on the rocks of The Spike, walked across country to a distant station, and traveled by the first available train to London. For a little time he had been a bit nervous, and had grown a beard. But the nervousness and the beard had been discarded when he had learned discreetly that the insurance company had paid up. He had obtained employment as clerk in a money lender's office, had succeeded in selling some stuff, and had subsequently started a literary agency. Everything had seemed comfortably and happily settled for everyone concerned.

And then he had learned that Alice had remarried. He hadn't quite known what to do about that. He didn't quite know yet what to do about it. In fact, he had come there that afternoon to discuss with Horace what he was going to do about it.

"But, good heavens," exclaimed Horace, amazed at the calmness of these revelations, "there is only one possible thing to do!"

"Oh, I'm not so sure about that!" said Mr. Baxter with a curious smile.

"Now—the first thing is—what do you want to do? Or rather, what do you want not to do? You don't want Alice—and yourself—to be the central figures in a scandal. I'm pretty certain of that. Now, do you?"

Horace made no reply. He eyed Mr. Baxter with an attentiveness beneath which that gentleman displayed visible symptoms of uneasiness.

"I'm sure you don't," he continued after a little silence, withdrawing farther into the gloom of the coach house. "I take it—er—I take it that you would wish, if possible, to avoid anything of the sort." A note of irritability crept into his voice. "Am I right or am I wrong?" he demanded.

"I want to hear what you have got to say," said Horace. "After that we can discuss the best course to follow."

"The best course? The best course is the simplest course, the obvious course; and that is that things should continue as they stand now. Certainly, so far as I am concerned, I should offer no obstacle to their continuing as they are."

"Wouldn't you?" commented Horace.

"Certainly not! Why should I? Why should I disturb the happiness of two people to make three people miserable? Come, let us look at it broadly, as men of the world. Isn't that what it would

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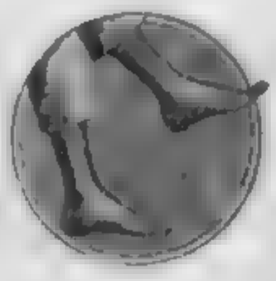

amount to—if Alice returned to me? Of course it is! I admit that on conventional grounds, perhaps—purely conventional grounds—Alice's position may be a little unusual. . . . But—you're sure there's no chance of her coming along here?"

"No chance whatever," said Horace calmly.

"Well now, look here, Enthwhistle," said Mr. Baxter with great candor, "I will be quite frank with you. You're a wealthy man, comparatively speaking, at any rate. I'm a poor one. I've got a chance of going into a good thing. I'm not at liberty to divulge what it is, but it's a real, solid good thing. If I can put a thousand pounds into it my fortune is made. See?"

"I see," said Horace. "Well?"

"Well, look here now! If you'll lend me a thousand pounds—mind, lend it to me—and undertake to keep your mouth shut, I'll undertake to keep mine shut. See? Alice need never know. In fact it is much better she shouldn't know. Ten to one she'd make a fuss. What do you say?"

"I say," said Horace, "that you're the coolest and most brazen-faced blackguard that I've ever come across. That's what I say, Baxter."

With extraordinary agility he moved to the door of the coach house. But Mr. Baxter reached it first. He sprinted at top speed for the drive gate. At top speed Horace pursued him, and unhampered by a raincoat overtook him and pulled him down just outside the dining-room windows.

"Let me go!" said Mr. Baxter, making a vicious attempt to kick Horace in the stomach.

"Not likely!" said Horace, and sat down on him.

IX

AT EIGHT o'clock that evening Horace and Ernest sat in the sitting room at The Chalet facing one another across a cheerfully blazing fire. Every now and then they turned toward the window, then renewed their thoughtful contemplation of the logs.

"Listen!" said Horace suddenly.

They held their breaths and listened. Distinctly the southwest wind carried to them the sound of two wheeled vehicles descending slowly the road from The Lodge. The sound drew nearer, quickened, faded, died away.

Horace rose and looked at Ernest. Ernest rose too. In silence they walked through the rain to The Lodge and passed into the dining room. On the table lay the keys that had been Alice's. Horace looked at them for a long time solemnly.

"Well," he said, "perhaps it is better so." He sighed and handed the keys to Ernest. "There's a little brandy in a medicine bottle in the right-hand cupboard, old chap. I think I'll have a little drink."

A Defense of Statesmen

THIS is a defense of statesmen. They are too frequently vilified, abused and scolded by persons no better than themselves. While there is government by the people there will be government by political parties; and while there is government by political parties there will of necessity be government by politicians. A politician may or may not be a statesman, but a statesman must be a politician. Statesmanship consists in achieving something for the state; politics consists in achieving something for oneself by achieving something for the party. One cannot achieve great things for the state unless he holds a place of power, and he cannot win or hold a place of power unless he is a master of the game of getting and holding votes.

Once in office the politician is confronted by certain problems. While endeavoring to solve them he is swayed by five desires—a desire to serve the state, a desire to please the people, a desire to obey his party, a desire to hold his job, and a desire to follow his own judgment. Guided by these desires, frequently conflicting, he finds a solution and fashions a policy that is a compromise, neither wholly right nor wholly wrong, neither wholly wise nor wholly foolish. His own party will see only the wisdom, and praise it; and the opposition will see only the folly, and condemn it; and only time will reveal how much of folly or wisdom his policy contains.

People voted him into office because as partisans in a heated conflict their enthusiasm taught them to think him a superior being. The dignity of the office itself enhances this seeming of greatness, and the people demand a miracle to demonstrate the wisdom of their faith.

The politician in office cannot perform miracles. True, he has great power, and the dignity of the office lends weight to his word. But he is a mere man for all that, and his mind functions as do the minds of those who elected him. His wisdom is no greater than theirs. Though his intentions be guileless and his purpose pure, he will err as men err in private life. If he does not trust his own judgment and appeals to those whose business it is to advise him he is in little better case, for they also are prone to err. Mortals in high places are mortals still, and not one has yet walked without wavering in the paths of wisdom.

Select four statesmen at random and put to them a fundamental question of national policy. Select also a dentist, a traveling man, a retailer and a brick mason, and ask them to decide the same question. Nine times in ten the decision reached by the group having less of dignity will be as wise as the decision reached by the other. One is grossly unfair who demands in statesmen a greater degree of wisdom than he finds in his business friends.

Concerning many matters statesmen are guided by history and experience, but each decade brings new problems born of new conditions. Where shall they find an infallible guide?

We have a railroad problem. The roads are in bad condition. They need capital for repairs, replacement and expansion. The workers demand shorter hours and greater pay. How shall the money for the roads be provided without imposing additional burdens on a sorely taxed people? How shall the desires of the workers be met or curbed without increasing rates and thus increasing prices or making a general mess of things? Do you know? Does anyone of your acquaintance know? There are theories in plenty, but they remain to be tried. If you have no wise solution, and the sensible business men of your acquaintance can agree concerning none, what leads you to hope that your congressman can find a wise solution? He is no worker of miracles. He is but a man.

There is the treaty. It also is the work of mortals, and no sane man contends that it is wholly just or wholly wise. There are statesmen who would accept it, statesmen who would change it and statesmen who would reject it. It is reasonable to suppose that each is honest in his opinion, as men in private life are honest in their opinions concerning it. When it is adopted in some form it will lead the world into uncharted seas. Neither statesman nor private citizen of this generation can justly measure its wisdom or folly. It will be buffeted by changing conditions, changing ideals and changing ambitions. There is a wise course to pursue, but lacking divine inspiration the statesman will not find it more quickly than the private citizen.

What of profiteers? Would you solve the problem quickly by limiting the profit of manufacturers to ten per cent? Small concerns with a limited output would go at once into bankruptcy.

The present tax laws are admittedly vicious. Have you a substitute that will get the money necessary for public business without imposing unfair burdens or encouraging the practice of extortion? If you have not, why expect great things from your representative or your senator? Heaven gave them no greater wit than yours.

Our fault is that we have been trying to make this a government by elected officials instead of a government by the people. We have gone about our little affairs and left our representatives to handle great affairs, pausing only occasionally to scold because they have not made six of two and two and found a paved highway to Utopia.

Problems will be solved when citizens accept responsibility, learn to think, and coöperate heartily and endlessly with the set of statesmen that happens to be in office. Statesmen have not dodged responsibility more frequently than citizens, and their measure of blame for failure is no greater than that of citizens who have left them unaided to fight battles for which they have no adequate equipment.

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Different men need different razors. A man with light beard and tender skin should shave with a medium-weight, full-concave blade. One with a wiry beard and rugged skin needs a heavier blade, ground half-concave. Every individual ought to use a razor of the proper size, weight and grind for his particular beard and skin.

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A. L. Grey, Gen. Mgr.
Longacre Building, New York

This picture now being released by United Artists

PICTURES

THE RETURN OF A REBEL

(Continued from Page 7)

and excitement. Not a soul was looking at Olga Ivanova in her Russian dance. Even the orchestra was overwhelmed by this clamor of voices.

A number of Russians, men and women, had thrust their way through the crowd close to the officer who had first denounced Kovalevsky. The women were in their evening frocks, with bare arms and a glitter of jewels in their hair.

One of them screamed in Russian, so that her voice rang above the loud murmur in the hall: "Kill him! Kill him like a dog! Kill the traitor Kovalevsky!"

In our box Sergius Kovalevsky stood leaning against the wooden wall without any look of fear, smiling contemptuously. Vera Ivanova was pulling at his sleeve and imploring him to escape, but I do not think he heard her. He spoke to the crowd in a clear, cold voice, which those nearest to us must have heard:

"Yes, it is I, Kovalevsky. So you want to kill me? It is good to see you have enough virility even for murder. I should have thought that here in Constantinople, in this loathsome Pera, with its night life, you would have lost even that amount of courage and desire. The aristocracy of Russia is here! A noble sight, which you believe perhaps would inspire admiration in the Russian masses away there on Russian soil who have been fighting on all fronts against armies paid for by your intrigues in foreign capitals. They are starving, stricken by disease, steeped in misery, but at least they have not fallen so low as the depths of shamelessness in which you wallow here—beggars to England, slaves of money lenders, merchants of your women's beauty, enemies of your own race. You call me traitor! I tried to lead our people to peace. It was your folly which led them to the terror. You are the traitors and the runaways!"

Through this speech Vera said: "Hush, hush! Go, Sergius! Go before they kill you!"

But in his emotion, controlled under an icy mask, he did not hear her. I do not think many of the Russians heard his words. They only heard his voice above the tumult in the hall, which was now general, as all the Greeks and Armenians and English and Americans were denouncing this Russian brawl, this noisy interruption of their music and show.

But those nearest to our box heard, and one of them, the officer who had first denounced the traitor, drew his revolver and took deliberate aim at Kovalevsky. The weapon was knocked clean out of his hand by an English seaman.

"None of that!" growled the sailor. "If you want to fight do it cleanly; with your fists—and begin on me! It would brighten up this show. I find it dull."

Another Russian made a jump and put his leg over the side of our box, and would have flung himself on Kovalevsky if Vera Ivanova had not struck him in the face with the back of her hand. It was a light blow, for she had no strength; but it made him lose his balance so that he fell heavily among the other Russians below him, to the great joy of the English sailor, who laughed loudly.

From Russian voices I heard the words "Kovalevsky!" and "Death!"

"Fools!" said Kovalevsky, still white but calm.

I grasped him roughly by the arm and spoke so that he was forced to hear me.

"Look here, this is a stupid business, and you must clear out! This is our box, and if you want to get murdered let them make a mess of you somewhere else. Vera Ivanova does not want to be in the middle of a dog fight. Remember her!"

It brought him to his senses.

"You're right!" he said. "I'll go!"

He kissed the girl on the shoulder and then made a movement to leap out of the box to the crowd below, that hungry crowd of Russians baying below him like hounds. I pulled him back and swore at him.

"You fool! Come round to the back! There'll only just be time to slip away."

I pushed him through the door of the box, and half dragging him ran with him down the corridor. We came face to face with Golitzin, the Cossack general, who seemed startled and savage.

"What's all this tumult?" he asked. "Olga is in tears. I'll shoot the devils who are making this riot."

I did not answer him, but ran past, still clutching Kovalevsky, alarmed lest Golitzin should recognize this man.

We came outside the theater, where a small crowd of Turks had collected, hearing the shouts inside. By good luck there was a Turkish carriage outside the gate of the Petits Champs, and I pushed Kovalevsky in, and then standing on the step shouted "Taxim!" to the driver.

It was not too soon. Four Russian officers rushed through the gate after us as the carriage started. I heard a pistol shot and the snap of the bullet abominably close to my head. The Turkish driver heard it, too, and it put the fear of Allah into his soul. He lashed his horses and we went at full gallop past the British embassy and swung round toward the Gardens at Taxim.

At this hour the streets were almost deserted. A few British soldiers slouched along the sidewalks, singing a music-hall song. They stopped to stare at our carriage with its galloping horses. A party of Ottoman gypsies in tattered robes prowled about a rubbish heap at the corner of a narrow street going down toward the Bosphorus, and they fled with shrill cries as our horses nearly ran them down. I stood up in the carriage and touched the driver.

"Stop!" I shouted to him.

He pulled up with a tug at the reins, and I saw that he was still scared by the thought of that bullet which had nearly made a hole in his head. The horses were wet with sweat, and I remember the picture of our carriage under the light of a street lamp by the side of a white wall, with the tall figure of Sergius Kovalevsky lighting a cigarette so that the flame of the match glowed on his pale face. It was not really dark there, except under the wall. In this Turkish night the sky was like a curtain of blue silk spangled with stars. A crescent moon was just rising above the black spearheads of cypress trees in a Turkish cemetery behind a barracklike building—a hospital—in the narrow lane where we stood.

"Where are we going?" asked Kovalevsky, when I had thrust some paper money into our driver's hands and signed him to go back.

I told him I had a lodging at the end of the lane, with an English servant whom I could trust. It would be a safe place for him.

"For a while," he said. "But they're sure to find me, and that will get you into trouble. I'd better play a lone hand again."

I believe he would have gone off then and there if I had not taken his arm and led him down the lane. We went past the hospital, a lonely place with a ghostly look about its burned-out wing, where moonlight filtered through frameless windows. Almost opposite were the lodgings I had in a little old Turkish house, built of wood like all of them, behind another high wall. I had the key of an iron gate, which I shut and locked again after Kovalevsky had passed through. The dog of the old imam, or priest—who lived in the lower part of the house close to a little mosque into whose minaret he climbed five times a day for the call to prayer—came and sniffed at us, but wagged his tail when he recognized me as a housemate.

"A good hiding place if a fellow wants to hide," said Kovalevsky.

"None better," I answered. "As long as you stay close you will be safe here."

The trouble was that after a couple of days my friend did not want to stay close, but was as restless as a caged eagle. He was a fellow of extraordinary moods, feminine almost in variability and emotion, though he was virile enough in many ways, and reckless of personal danger. One thing which kept him quiet for a while was my collection of English books, in which he found old friends with a kind of boyish delight. He buried himself in a volume of Shakspere, and though I left him for two hours sitting on my balcony overlooking the Bosphorus, where some of our battleships were lying, mirrored in the unruffled, sun-swept waters, he had hardly stirred when I came back, and was sitting back in a cane chair, with his long legs tucked up and a lock of black hair over his forehead and a smile about his lips.

"Wonderful stuff!" he said. "As You Like It takes me clean back to the English countryside, which I loved so as a boy. I can smell the moist earth again, and see the green glint of English woods. It was a good

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old world when Shakspere lived, joyous and laughter-loving. And yet he does not hide the cruelty which was there too. Man is a cruel animal, all through the ages."

For a time he refused to talk about Russia and his part in the revolution. He talked a lot about our old school days and the fellows he had known, but he dropped that with a groan when I had to tell him that so many had been killed in the war.

It was on the second night of his stay with me that he revealed himself rather passionately. After supper he had paced up and down the balcony outside just like a caged animal, coming to a halt now and then to stare at the scene below the garden, beyond the little white mosque with its minaret to the wide sweep of the Bosphorus, where the ships lay quiet. The stars came out before the blue faded out of the sky, and lights glimmered on the warships. Beyond, the Asiatic shore stretched away, with the lights of Scutari clustered at the water's edge below the slopes of Bulgurlu, and clear-cut against the pale sky rose the tall white minarets of Buyuk Djamia, the great mosque built in honor of Mirimah, the daughter of Suleiman the Magnificent.

A band was playing on one of the British battleships, and its music came faintly up to us. When it ceased there was a great silence round us, except for the flutter of bats skimming about our balcony. Into this silence came a long, wailing cry, rising and falling in an Oriental scale. It was the voice of the muezzin, the old imam dwelling in my wooden house, who had mounted to the turret of the little minaret in the neighboring garden to call the faithful to prayer. We could see his figure like a dark shadow there against the whiteness of the tower. Faintly he was answered from distant minarets, and the spirit of the East and of Islam was in those voices intoning the Koran above this city of Constantine.

Kovalevsky had stood quite still after his restless walking up and down, up and down, until the last notes of the chant wailed into the stillness of the night.

Then he turned and called out in a tragic way: "O God, if you have any love for men, give us peace! Have mercy on Russia! Have pity on our women and children!"

That night I sat with him on the balcony almost until dawn, and he talked and talked under the stars, while I smoked many cigarettes and listened, and said hardly a word. He described his days in the war on the Russian front and the horrors of all that mass of human suffering. The soldiers of his regiment, all simple peasant fellows, were often short of ammunition under the flail of German fire, and were ill fed and ill clad, so that they starved and shivered in the rigors of a Russian winter. The living dwelt among their dead, the wounded lay out until they died. There were no hospital arrangements, no anæsthetics, no comfort for the souls or bodies of men. There were unspeakable and unprintable horrors of men who went mad and did terrible things, of suicides, of boys seized with the delirium of religious ecstasy and homicidal mania.

Kovalevsky, not more than a boy himself, had watched all this—tried to find some purpose in it, some divine purpose, and for a time was nearly mad himself. Then he revolted from it, was fired by a revolutionary faith which made him denounce his own caste as the cause of all this tragedy. He discovered the gift of words, and it was this power of his which led to desertion and mutiny of troops.

"I wanted peace," he said. "I wanted this massacre to end. I believed that out of all this agony mankind might learn the meaning of brotherhood, so that Germans and Russians should cease from mutual slaughter and march together in a victory for democracy and human fellowship."

He gave me glimpses of his first triumphs, his life in Petrograd after the fall of the czar, his desperate endeavors to avert the spreading anarchy of Russia and lead the people to a bloodless revolution in which all force should be renounced.

I thought I detected a touch of vanity in some of his words describing the magic effect of his speeches in the early days and the hero worship that came to him. He was fired by those memories, and his voice rang out as he spoke some of the burning phrases which had inflamed the spirit of great crowds. Then I saw how a shadow had fallen on him, and how his soul had walked in darkness, as gradually his leadership was overwhelmed by mob passion, by the cruelty of masses long brutalized and now made animals in their savage instincts of revenge. His idealism now seemed to them weakness—was weakness, as he admitted. It had no strength at all against the tide of passion which overwhelmed all laws.

He had clung to the outward show of leadership in the vain hope of winning back authority long after all power had passed from him. He had compromised with cruelty in the hope of checking it. Yet all his faith was against cruelty, every fiber of his instinct revolted against that, and when the atrocities spread he raised his voice against them, preaching charity with a desperate passion which he knew, even then, was futile. Those who had acclaimed him as a patriot denounced him as a traitor. So it had been with Danton and Camille Desmoulins in the French Revolution, so with all moderate men who stood halfway in the torrent of popular revolt against old tyrannies. Then Lenine came, with his cold, relentless logic, his inhuman indifference to the bloodshed by which his theories of government could be secured. Kovalevsky went down before Lenine.

"What kind of man is this Lenine?" I asked.

"He is a brain without a heart," said Kovalevsky. "A scientist to whom the world is a chemical laboratory in which he works out the great experiment of analysis and synthesis. Human suffering is no more to him than the sensations of inoculated rats to a bacteriologist in search of a new serum."

Kovalevsky went on with his narrative, mostly psychological, not detailed in its relation of personal adventure. He had escaped from the revolutionary tribunals which had sentenced him to death, had wandered into Southern Russia, working as a peasant, often recognized when he felt most safe, escaping again, hiding again, and all this time searching his soul for its weakness and the cause of failure. I think he had reached a philosophy of blank pessimism.

"One can do nothing with human nature," he said. "It is incurable in stupidity and in cruelty. The higher instincts of men go down always before the onrush of the baser passions—fear, greed, hatred, revenge, lust. Only here and there are individuals so sensitive to the call of conscience, so masterful over their lower natures, that they may remain faithful to a spiritual life based upon the law of love and service, whatever might be the passion of the surrounding mobs. Those men," said Kovalevsky, "are the poets and philosophers, but they are fools, also, if they believe they can influence the boisterous tides with their ebb and flow of human folly."

The people he blamed most for the misery of Russia—the depths of the misery of many millions, starved, fever-stricken, hopeless, he told me in dreadful words—were those Russians, like these in Constantinople, who had declared war against their own race and had duped the enemies of Bolshevism into the belief that they could destroy the power of Lenine and sweep across Russia as armies of liberation.

"Sick as they might be of terror," said Kovalevsky, "the Russian peasants will fight to the death against armies led by the officers of czardom, and by all that rabble of reactionaries who have prevented peace with the world and have nailed Russia to the cross."

Yet even here he weakened a little and found excuses.

"I understand them," he said. "I belong to their caste and blood, though I have renounced their faith. They are blinded by tradition, made cruel by fear and dishonored by a false view of honor."

Once he wept with his face in his hands when he spoke of the sufferings of women and children. Yet a little later he laughed at his own misery when in Southern Russia he had almost starved to death and for a whole month had eaten nothing but raw turnips. A strange man, in whom I found only lingering traces of the boy who was my schoolmate during two years of youth when the world was at peace.

On the third day of his stay with me he tired of his confinement in this old Turkish house, tired of reading and talking, and desired feverishly to go out into the streets of Pera and to call at the restaurant where Vera Ivanova was working as a waitress.

"She is the only soul in the world who understands me," he said. "She understands because she loves. It is wonderful, that! She does not shrink from me, but all

(Continued on Page 161)

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Photo by M. Rosenfeld, N. Y.

(Continued from Page 158)

her eyes are filled with love, just as when we walked hand in hand together in the days before the war. For a time I forgot her, and put her out of my mind. Now she is the only human being who makes life worth living to me. I am going to see Vera Ivanova, my heart's dearest, my beloved!"

I told him the folly of this. Did he want another scene like that in the theater, this time in the restaurant where Vera worked? Not pleasant for Vera Ivanova! If he loved her with any unselfishness he would spare her from a brawl in which he might be killed at her side. He was not afraid of death? No, but Vera Ivanova might not like his blood over her white apron. He raged up and down the room, swearing that he would go mad unless he could see Vera, and I calmed him down only by promising to go myself and fix up a rendezvous where he might talk to his heart's content.

"Here," he said. "Why not here?"

But there were a dozen reasons why Vera Ivanova should not come to my house to meet him, and the decisive one was the position of General Golitzin's house—you remember that Cossack's name?—at the corner of the lane leading to the military hospital and my iron gate. Golitzin, who had a covetous eye on Vera, must have heard all about the tumult in the theater and Kovalevsky's presence and escape. He must have heard from Olga of the love that was between Vera and Sergius Kovalevsky before the war. Cossack jealousy would not give Vera a safe passage down the lane if Golitzin saw her pass. It would lead most certainly to the discovery of this hiding place.

"If Golitzin meets you in the dark—or daylight—look out!" I said. "He's as strong as an ox and as cunning as a red Indian."

"He's a Cossack," said Kovalevsky, as though that told all.

I went alone to the Russian restaurant down a side street off the Grande Rue de Pera. It was the luncheon hour, and the place was filled with Russian men and women, as always at this time. Vera caught sight of me at once and came quickly to my table with that grace which had first attracted my eyes to her. The white apron she wore above a plain black dress did not disguise her patrician look, her charming figure and spiritual face.

I ordered a plate of borsch, as usual, and while she bent over the big menu sheet I whispered to her: "Sergius dies to see you. Can you meet me to-morrow at Stamboul by the Suleiman Mosque?"

She nodded and asked: "What time?"

I suggested three o'clock in the afternoon, when all Europeans would be indoors for the siesta.

"That will do," said Vera.

She answered calmly, but I could see that she was hiding great emotion. She went away, and then returned with my plate of borsch, and afterward brushed some crumbs off the table.

"Golitzin swears he will kill him," she said in a low voice, "and me—if I see him again."

At the next table a Russian officer called for her and rose to kiss her hand before he ordered his meal. I did not have a chance of speaking to her again in any private way, for two Russians took places at my table—two Russian girls with quick eyes and ears. I thought hard while I ate my luncheon, and decided that this threat of Golitzin was serious. Kovalevsky might take what risks he liked, but it was another thing about Vera Ivanova.

When she brought my bill I examined it carefully, and then wrote on it the words "Don't come."

"There is a little mistake here," I said. "You have not charged me enough."

She examined the bill with grave eyes, and said: "Yes, that is so," and then wrote on it: "I will come."

I could not argue with her. She left my table, and I had a call to make at the British embassy. At five o'clock, when I went to my little Turkish house and told Kovalevsky of the proposed rendezvous, and of my fears about it, he was excited with gladness and pooh-poohed any thought of danger.

"Nobody will see us in Stamboul," he said. "Once across Galata Bridge, it is as safe as in Central Asia."

That evening he sang old Russian songs, love songs, touching the keys of my piano and bringing out more music from it than I knew it held since I bought it in Baker's warehouse and had it carried to my lodging by a Kurdish porter, who bore it on his back as though it weighed no more than a hand bag. Then he went to the balcony when the moon rose, and listened to the call of the muezzin, and was standing there motionless, deep in thought, with the soft moonlight of a Turkish night touching him on the shoulder as he leaned against the door post, when I left him and went to bed.

I do not think he slept at all that night, for I wakened twice, and each time I heard him pacing up and down the balcony, and the second time I heard him it was nearly dawn.

At breakfast he was cheerful, and told me the reason.

"Thank heaven I shall see the outside world—and Vera!"

"I hope to heaven," I said, "that nothing tragic will come of it!"

"You will be with us," said Kovalevsky, "and two men like us will be knights enough to guard a little princess."

He laughed at this idea and said he liked the romance of the thought. But I didn't.

"Look here," I said; "you have seen enough reality of life to know that romance is an outworn game. I'm not looking for it."

"Nor I," said Kovalevsky. "I was jesting. Blood and hatred are the ingredients of what the world calls romance, and I'm sick of both. But love remains, and this love that Vera has for me is the one gift that the gods have left a man broken and stripped."

I pitied him when he said those words, for they rang true with the truth of bitterness. Perhaps, also, I had a sneaking faith in romance in spite of my words. I made a careful plan and time-table of our meeting with Vera Ivanova. My plan was to go alone to meet her at the Mosque of Suleiman. Kovalevsky would follow fifteen minutes later, and then if all things were well, we would take a caique and row up the Golden Horn to the village of Eyoub or the Sweet Waters of Europe. It would be quiet there, and no Russians were likely to be on that side of Constantinople. In the dusk we could row back to Pera, and I would take Vera Ivanova to her flat close to the Tower of Galata, while Kovalevsky could make his way back alone. My object was to prevent Vera's being seen in the company of Kovalevsky anywhere in the European quarters. Kovalevsky was grateful to me and expressed his thanks emotionally.

"Your friendship takes the bitterness out of my heart," he said. "For many months I have been brooding on the falsity of life, knowing that every man's hand is against me in my own country and that the people who once kissed my boots would now pluck my eyes out and trample me to death. And I have outraged my family and caste! I hold to one gleam of light, steered my soul by it—the remembrance of the love which Vera Ivanova had given me and might give me again. Now I have found not only my woman but my friend."

He grasped my hand and drew it toward his heart and held it there in his Russian way.

"What is your plan about Vera?" I asked, and at that he was troubled.

"I dare not ask her to join me. They are bound to kill me sometime and somehow. But the knowledge of her love will keep me happy until then—happy in spite of unhappiness. It will stanch this bleeding heart of mine, until the last wound strikes me."

"They will forget you," I said, "if you stay in hiding long enough."

He shook his head.

"Never! I am doomed—by one side or the other!"

Before I left him he gave me a message for Vera, though he would see her soon again.

"Tell her that I come to kiss her hands and her eyes. Tell her that in my darkness she was my light."

"Do not be late," I said, "and look behind you, lest you are followed."

So I set out first for that strange rendezvous with a sense of adventure, with a foolish sense of romance because I was a messenger of this tragic love. Tragic because I felt that Kovalevsky was right, and that somewhere and somewhen he would fall a victim to the revolution which he had helped to create.

I walked up the lane and took a carriage from the stand outside the British embassy as far as the foot of Galata Bridge, where I dismissed it and bought one of the copper coins for the four old Turks who take their toll from all that cross the bridge—this span which is the link between the Western and the Eastern worlds and the roadway

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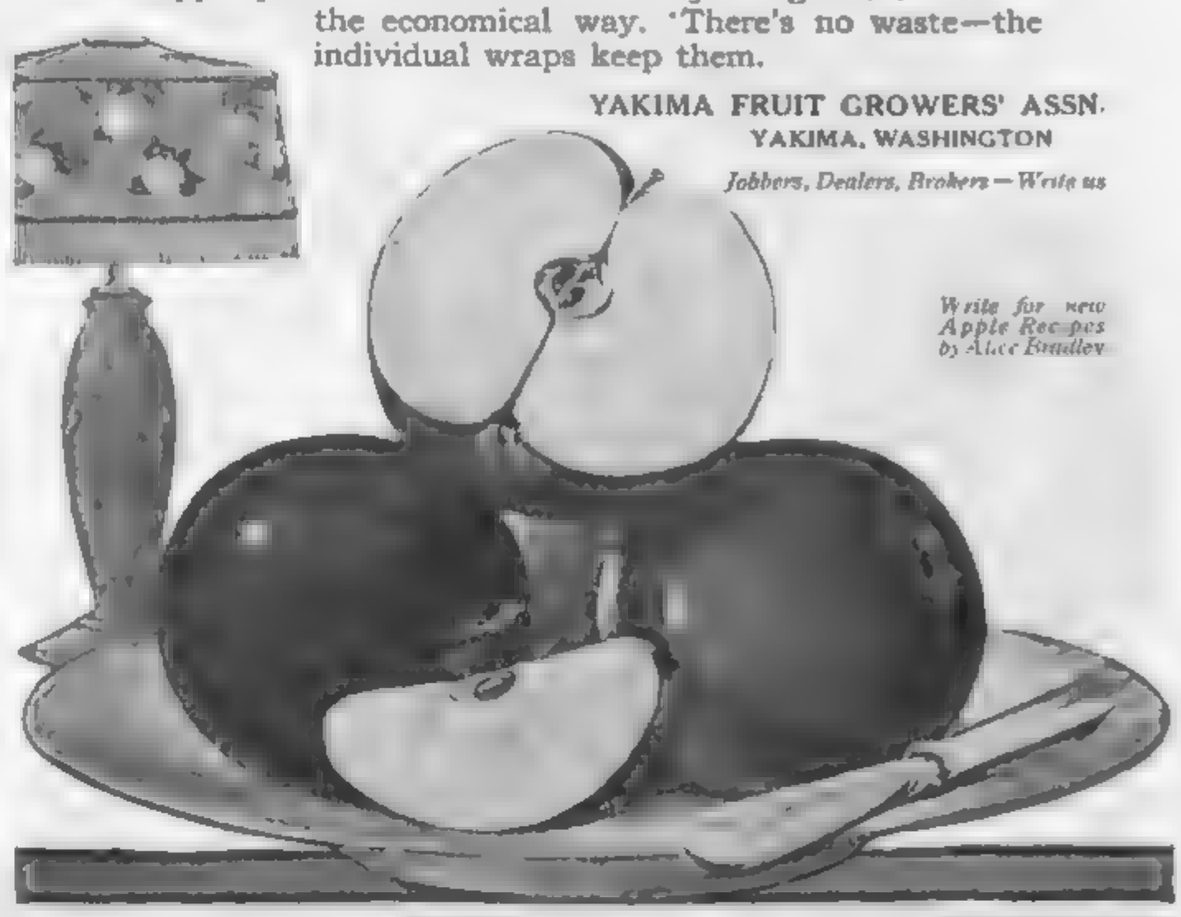

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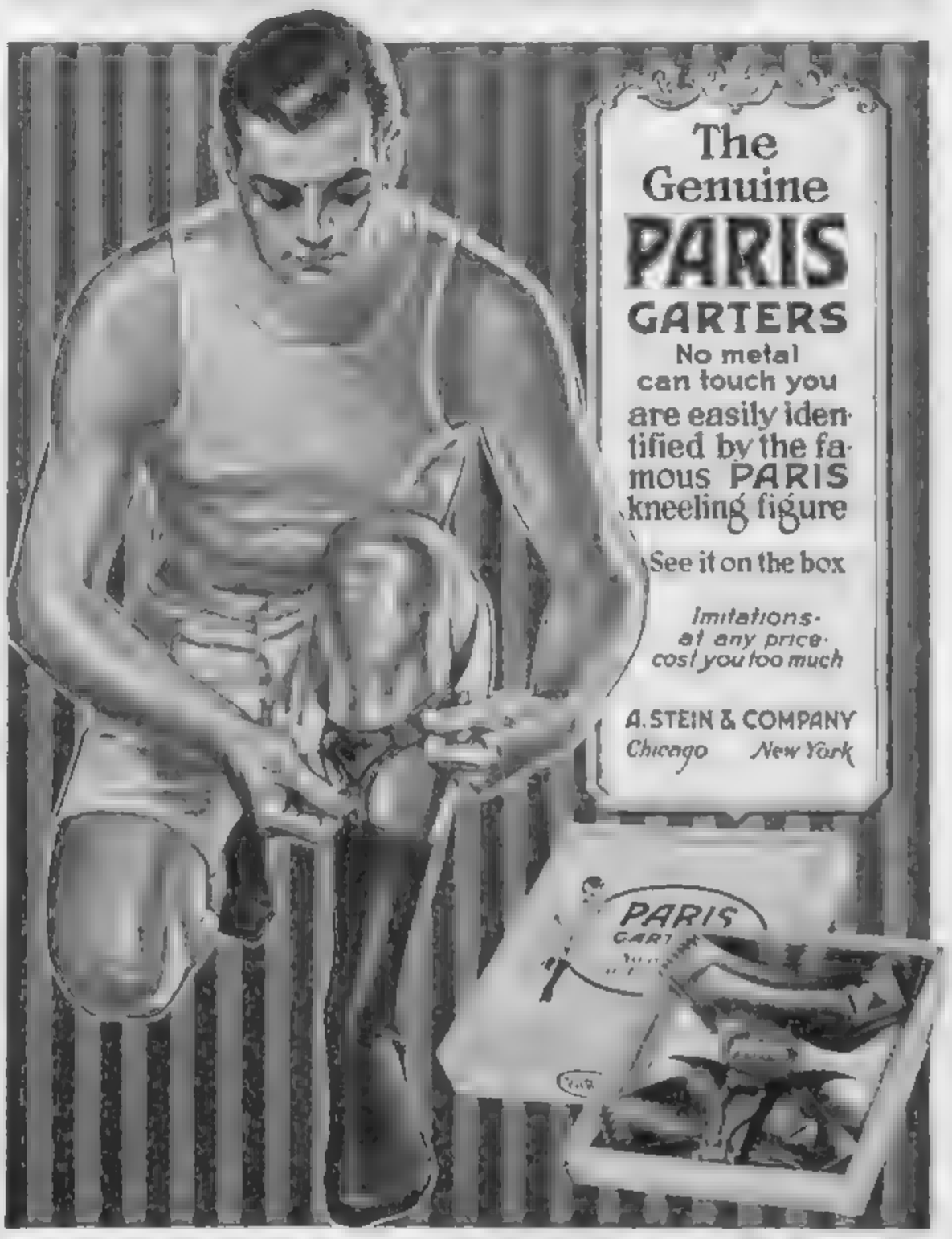

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of a hundred races. The sun was hot and glittering on the water of the Golden Horn, where a crowd of ships lay close to the bridge—one big steamer bound for Venice rising with high white decks above the smokestacks of small steamers. Turks, Persians, Circassians, Armenians, Jews, Arabs plodded slowly across the bridge. Turkish women, closely veiled, went to do their shopping in the covered bazaars. Gypsy women, like tattered Cleopatras, came to dance in the low haunts of Pera There were few Europeans at this hour, and I saw none on the Stamboul side of Galata Bridge until I was in a narrow passage close to the covered bazaars, from which came the usual complicated smells of moist sugar, Persian carpets, figs, Manchester cotton goods, oil, dates, Turkish sweetmeats and Oriental spices.

Then, ahead of me, the tallest man in a crowd of Turks, I saw a Russian officer, or rather a Cossack general, whom I knew at once by his figure, by the slant of his astrakhan cap, by the indefinable things that make a personality, to be the last man on earth I wanted to see—Count Golitzin. What was he doing at this hour on the Stamboul side of Constantinople? A sudden fear took hold of me, and I turned sharply into the bazaars, and then ran down one of the covered alleys toward the entrance gate not far from the Mosque of Suleiman.

It was only afterward that I remembered having knocked down a tray of trinkets, thereby rousing the anger of an old Turk, who cursed me in the name of Allah and of Mohammed, his prophet.

What was Golitzin doing? Had he followed Vera Ivanova, and lost his trail a while?

The forecourt of the Mosque of Suleiman was almost deserted. Only one or two old Turks were washing their feet at the fountains outside. I hurried toward the low doorways of that great pile of black-and-white marble, grander in many ways than St. Sophia, rising to a dome which was like a snow-white cloud under the deep-blue heaven of that day when I went to meet Princess Ivanova. I could not see Vera Ivanova until I heard a slight rustle of a woman's dress and saw her move from behind a pillar of porphyry. She was very pale and looked frightened.

"I have been followed," she said at once. "Golitzin crossed Galata Bridge behind me. I lost him in the Grand Bazaar."

"What's his idea?" I asked in a low voice.

"He has heard about Sergius. He must have kept watch on me. I am afraid."

"Afraid of what?"

"I dare not say," she answered, and then swayed a little as though she would fall. I put my arm about her and drew her behind one of the great piers.

"What right has this Cossack to spy on you?" I asked. "If you stay here I will go and meet him and tell him to mind his own business."

I spoke bravely, but I knew that if it came to a quarrel between Golitzin and me I had no strength to back up bold words. The man was a great beast, with the strength of a gorilla and the temper of a devil.

It was then that Vera Ivanova spoke words which turned me quite cold, as though every drop of blood had left my body.

"I ought to have told you," she said. "Golitzin is going to marry me next week unless I kill myself first. It was the family who arranged it, and I yielded at last. He has a power over women."

I thought of the woman he had flogged in a night club, but I thought more of Sergius Kovalevsky coming to meet this dream woman of his.

"Tell her," he said, "that I come to kiss her hands and her eyes. Tell her that in my darkness she was my light."

"When Sergius knows that," I said cruelly enough, "I think he'll go mad!"

"Oh, my poor comrade!" she said. "My boy lover!"

A dark figure stood in the doorway of the mosque, and I thought it was Kovalevsky, who was due to come. But it was Golitzin, who stooped to put on the slippers and then came forward with a long, shuffling stride. He started when he came near us, as though greatly surprised to find us there. Then he took Vera's hand and kissed it, and whispered loudly to her.

"How strange that you should be here! I often come for quietude and meditation which one cannot get in Pera. In the silence of this great old mosque one gets to know one's own soul."

He held out his left hand to me and said: "You are a good guide, I am sure."

It was perfectly done.

We wandered round the mosque with him, and he translated the words of the Koran written in golden letters on oval shields and chatted about the history of Suleiman the Conqueror, for whom this mosque was built. Many times I glanced at the doorway, afraid of seeing Kovalevsky, but no shadow came between the sun and the white threshold there. Kovalevsky was late, or perhaps had seen us and was keeping away.

Golitzin led us outside—I dreaded lest Kovalevsky should meet us face to face—and walked with us to the turbeh, or tomb, of Roxalana, the Russian girl who was Suleiman's captive, slave and wife.

"A strange tale!" said Golitzin. "The Conqueror was tamed and enslaved by that woman of his. Never before had a consort of a sultan received the title of wife and queen. Roxalana obtained complete power over old Suleiman, and after his death murdered her stepson Mustapha to secure the succession of her own son Selim—Selim the Sot, as he was called."

He turned to Vera Ivanova with a smile.

"You see how the strongest of men are weak in the hands of women! They put a spell upon us. We are but clay in their hands."

She did not answer him.

"Let us go back to Pera in a caïque," said Golitzin, and I agreed with him quickly. If we could get away before Kovalevsky came a tragic scene would be averted. For Golitzin's courtesy did not deceive me. Beneath that smile of his were the temper of a beast and the jealousy of a Turkish sultan. We walked down to the Golden Horn above old Galata Bridge, and found a caïque there. Golitzin gave Vera his hand to help her into the boat, and sat close to her under the silken awning. Before the Kurdish boatman rowed away from the shore Golitzin's eyes roved up and down, and I guessed that he was on the watch for Kovalevsky. But only some Turkish boys with their donkeys could be seen below the Mosque of Suleiman.

So we were rowed back to Pera, and I remember the magic beauty of the scene that afternoon, when the domes and minarets, palaces and gardens of old Stamboul, and of Pera on the other shore, were all glamorous in golden sunlight, with black shadows cutting deeply between white walls and the tall cypress trees of Turkish cemeteries rising like black spears into the cloudless blue.

I sat alone, facing Golitzin and the Russian girl, and during that voyage on the Golden Horn when many little caïques passed us with Turkish ladies and Greek girls, I thought only of Kovalevsky and the ending of his love story. It would break the last link which made life worth while to him. That Vera had yielded to Golitzin—I thought of her words, "He has a power over women"—would seem to him the ultimate revelation of life's cruelty and of his own wretchedness. How bitterly he would laugh before he wept.

I left the Cossack and Vera Ivanova at the Tophaneh landing stage, and went back to my little old Turkish house. I guessed that Kovalevsky would come back later, having missed his way and the rendezvous.

But I guessed wrong. My friend had not left the house since I parted from him. He was there still, lying dead, with a bullet through his brain, by the bookcase. A piece of paper was pinned to his breast, and in Russian handwriting, which I made out afterward, were the words: "A traitor's death."

From the old imam who attended the little mosque in the garden near by I learned that two Russians had knocked at the gate and asked for me. He had directed them upstairs, believing that I was still in the house. He had heard no pistol shot, nor had he seen the Russians go out again.

I had a queer sense of gladness that they had killed him before Vera Ivanova told him about the Cossack. At least he had died in the belief that she was faithful in her love of him. In a way she was faithful, for I am sure she still loved this man whom she had called once "My poor comrade, my boy lover!" Some fear had made her promise herself to Golitzin.

I did not go to her wedding with him, which I am told was a ceremony of some splendor in the Pera Palace Hotel.

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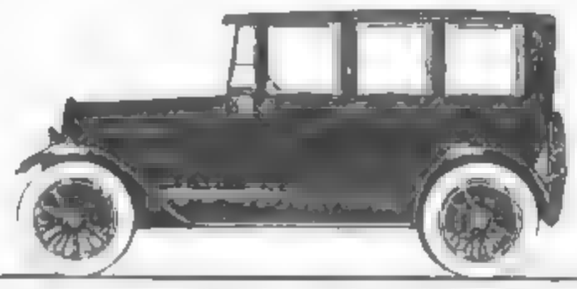

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THE LIQUIDATION OF THE SILK SHIRT

(Continued from Page 16)

feminine wear, a staple that nothing can replace in the long run. But for the present, womankind seems passionately set upon not having any of it.

A new curse has appeared in the New York needle industry. "I wish you had a million yards of Georgette!" is the current expression of ill will.

A New York garment manufacturer's attention was attracted by a replica of Rodin's pondering statue, The Thinker.

"I bet you got some Georgettes too!" he said sympathetically.

In one of the New Jersey silk towns a storekeeper who had financed small weavers was left with thousands of yards of the material on his hands. He advertised it at bargain prices in the newspapers, saying: "My experience in weaving silks has taught me to stick to the furniture business!"

There are various terms for describing what happened to silk—speculation, pyramiding, profiteering, substitution, counterfeiting, mushroom growth, the buying craze. But there is a shorter word. Silk simply suffered an attack of cooties, an accompaniment of war. What happened to silk happened to many other industries. Silk is interesting because it was almost the first industry to begin getting rid of its parasites, and what it has lately gone through will be experienced in other lines.

Our silk industry was originally a war baby. The business started about 1840, but did not grow until given tariff protection to help pay off the Civil War debt. Since then it has grown steadily in the Atlantic Seaboard States from Massachusetts to Virginia, with some development in Illinois and California.

Half a century ago a New England silk mill was destroyed by flood. To this day farmers plowing on the flats below the old mill site frequently turn up spools of silk. The wood has rotted away, but the silk thread underneath the first few layers is as strong and lustrous as ever. This is a staple story of the silk industry, often told to symbolize its solidity. Pure cultivated silk, well spun and woven, exceeds all other textile fibers for strength, durability, lightness, softness, fineness and beauty. Pure silk will wear for years, is the strongest of all textile fibers, having about one-third the strength of the best iron wire before its gum is removed, and it may be stretched one-seventh to one-fourth of its length. Combined with fineness and lightness, this durability makes it possible to weave fabrics of an airy daintiness characteristic of no other fiber. Its luster and transparency make it the most beautiful of fibers.

Boom Days in the Silk Trade

But it is also the most costly fiber, both raw and in its manufacturing processes. For that reason substitutes are constantly being sought, and adulteration is resorted to. Laboratory tests are the only assurance of good silk. Demand for silk effects at economical prices is constant. For many purposes cheapened silk is quite as economical as more expensive grades, as with cravats, ribbons, military accessories and other things worn but a few months. For the fabrics purchased for long wear the public must depend upon manufacturers with so many years of integrity and such values in goodwill at stake that nothing could persuade them to take advantage of temporary demand for shoddy goods. Integrity is the real corner stone of the industry, and it endures and grows upon its ability to survive periods of hysteria like the buying craze of last year.

The silk industry has passed through more than one boom, but nothing like the years from 1915 to 1919. Demand in the United States began with the first munitions prosperity of 1915. Raw silk then averaged $3.25 a pound and we were importing about 25,000,000 pounds annually. By the end of 1919 our imports were approximately 45,000,000 pounds a year, or almost double; while the price had risen to an average of ten dollars a pound for different grades of the raw fiber from different countries, with a peak price of seventeen dollars a pound during the height of the peace spending craze.

"That was when the mill hand wore a silk shirt to work," said a manufacturer, "while the shopgirl was wearing what only our most daring novelists would be capable of describing."

New capital was put into silk industries, new buildings erected, new machinery installed, and the capacity of throwsters, weavers and knitters strained to meet the unprecedented demand. Production of raw silk rose in Japan and China, the boom year of 1919 beginning with over 10,000,000 pounds of the material in sight, thirty per cent increase over the previous year. Demand dropped slightly while we ourselves were at war. Uncle Sam took silk for the cartridge cloth used to hold charges of explosive for big guns. This material is woven from silk in the gum, and burns away completely, where other fibers leave a residue. The Government to-day has a large silk surplus on hand, and the trade is trying to find uses for the fabric. Made of silk in the gum, cartridge cloth holds unsightly wrinkles, and is therefore not suitable for garments, but will probably be utilized for draperies.

Japanese Speculators

In choosing silk during the war, even at high prices, the consumer showed considerable sense. Wool, cotton and linen were needed for military purposes, and silk relieved the pressure upon these fibers. It was actually cheaper than cotton or wool for many purposes, when first cost was measured against durability and beauty. One proposed war economy for women was the old-fashioned gingham dress. It looked thrifty, not to say winsome, upon the pretty girl absorbed in war work. But women soon discovered that the gingham dress cost fifty cents to a dollar every time it was washed. It had to be washed after two or three days' wear. Several gingham dresses were needed, whereas one good silk gown could be worn constantly with an occasional dry cleaning. Silk waists and undergarments can be washed every night by the wearer, and are fresh next morning.

In boom times outsiders always materialize in the silk business. Though its products aggregate hundreds of millions of dollars yearly, many of the mills are small, and the industry is scattered. Raw material comes from foreign countries, through middlemen. By far the largest proportion of its products are sold to the public, not through retail stores but to the endlessly diversified garment industry, which also embodies many small concerns. So boom times bring their invasion of silk men, who own no looms or factories, produce no fabrics or garments, possess not a single pound of raw material when they enter the business, and have no knowledge of silk whatever. The invasion of 1915–19 was the worst ever known—so extensive and costly that the real silk industry is taking steps for its own protection in the future.

It began with the raw material in Japan. Normally raw silk is collected from the cocoon raisers and reelers, sorted, graded, sold and shipped by concerns connected with the trade and steadily working to improve output and quality. During the height of the boom last year a commission of Japanese silk men visited the United States to study ways of improving their staple through better reeling and grading, to facilitate manufacturing in our mills. American silk houses also contributed to a fund to improve silk culture and reeling in China.

When raw silk rose to five and six dollars a pound in Japan parasitic middlemen sprang up over there like mushrooms. The wily Jap with an eye on speculation might have no money at all. He didn't need any. A quotation was sufficient capital for starting in business. Cabling his cousin in America, or a New York silk concern, he offered a certain grade of raw fiber that he didn't own, asking for a price. Securing a quotation he canvassed the silk district of Tokio or Yokohama, and got a selling quotation. If the deal showed a profit he stepped in as intermediary. On a rising market fat profits could often be added. Presently he possessed sufficient capital to become an exporter. This sort of speculation was facilitated by distance, by the number of small silk concerns in the United States, and by rising prices. The larger

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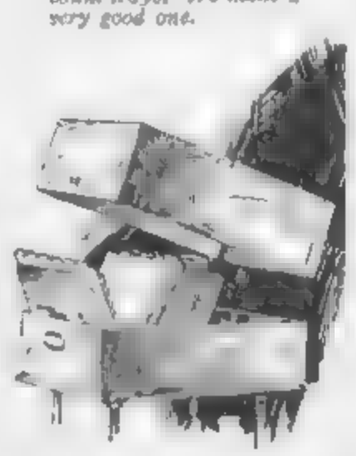

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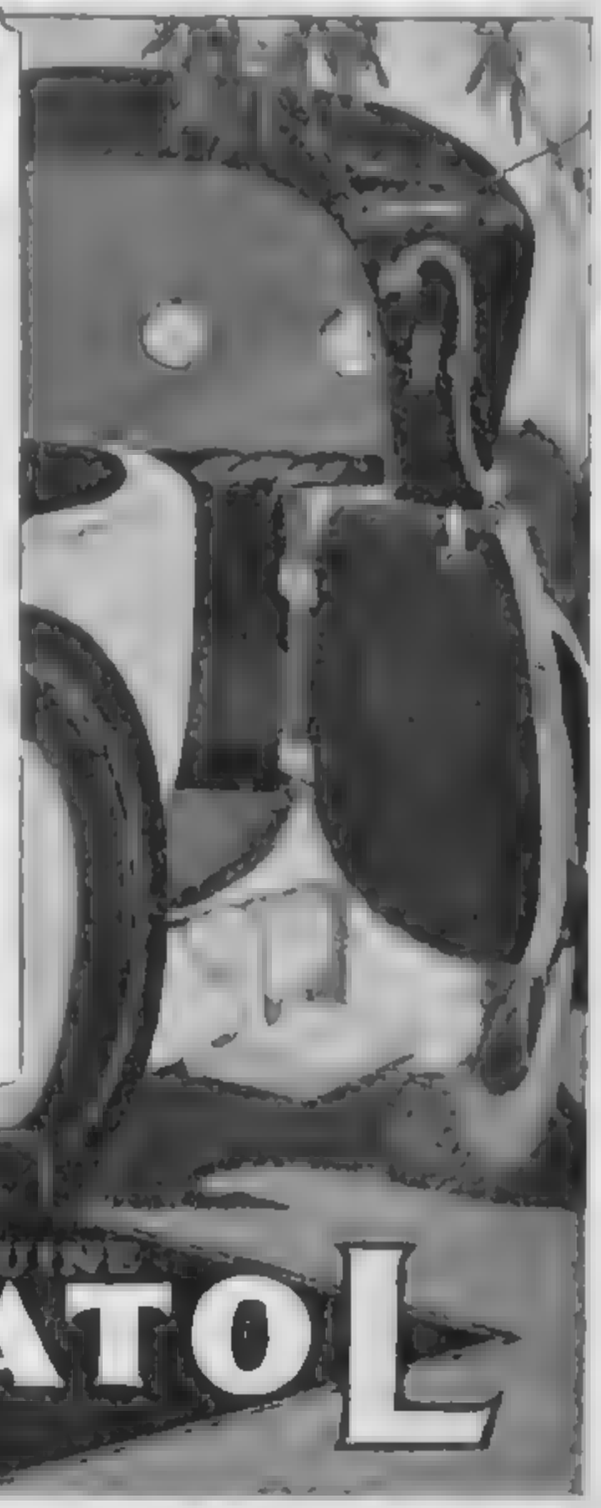

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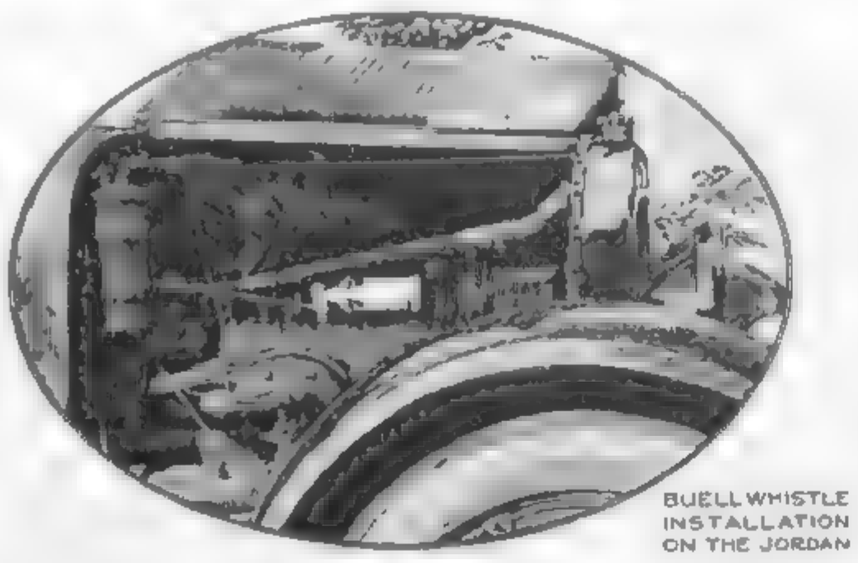

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American silk houses guarded against it by maintaining their own representatives in Japan. But speculators were materializing in the United States. The Japanese interloper sold to the American interloper.

Our own crop of speculators sprang up like weeds in every crack between the stones in the alleys of the industry. The greater number dealt in raw silk. Prices were rising so fast, and the stuff was so valuable, and sometimes scarce through dislocation of shipping, that there was little need to bother with the more complicated silk fabrics.

Speculative ventures in silk weaving by operatives in the mill towns, with the financial backing of the butcher and baker and candlestick maker, gave the raw-silk gamblers plenty of customers outside the big mills that purchased supplies through established trade channels or their own representatives abroad. The output of these small producers increased. That gave a field for shrewd dealing between the loom and the retail store or garment factory. Georgette and other fabrics, taken at the cottage door, changed hands several times at advancing prices, were pledged for bank loans, locked up in fireproof vaults, and manipulated in various ways before reaching the distributing trade and the consumer.

New faces suddenly appeared in New York's silk district along Fourth Avenue. The streets and elevators were filled with strangers, and the established trade felt lost. Starting with a mere shoe string, perhaps a thousand dollars, the speculator got a footing in the business, developed into an agent or broker, secured financial backing at the banks or elsewhere, and prospered. In the very nature of things New York, with its diversified and seasonal needle industries, has thousands of astute citizens ready to grasp this sort of opportunity.

A new type began to crop up in the city's life and news—the silk man.

Who was that fellow with the loud clothes?

A big silk man.

Whose wife got a divorce yesterday?

A big silk man's.

Who was fined for automobile speeding Sunday?

A big silk man.

Who gave that notorious roadhouse party, attracting so much attention in this morning's paper?

A big silk man.

At the armistice the silk industry sat back with the rest of the country, waiting the anticipated collapse. Prices had reached seven dollars a pound in 1917. They dropped to six dollars in the spring of 1919. But the collapse did not come. People began to spend war earnings. Raw silk went back to seven, eight and nine dollars. The latter price, reached in June, was only a milepost—by Christmas it had climbed to fourteen dollars. Labor unrest, radicalism, strikes, fuel shortages, railroad tangles, even the breaking of cable communication—nothing seemed to hinder the demand for silk. The fag ends of Japan's old crop were snapped up in New York. Out of nearly 285,000 bales shipped from Japan in 1919 the United States took 275,000. To find any comparison in past years, veterans had to go back in memory to 1876, when the silk crop of the whole world practically failed.

The Effects of Cutting Off Credit

The silk shirt and the Georgette waist began to interfere with other things. During the height of the silk boom, for example, thousands of people all over the country were clamoring for telephone service, and telephone companies were trying to secure equipment to provide it. This industry normally uses 300,000 pounds of silk yarn yearly for the flexible cords on telephones and switchboards. It was necessary to substitute cotton, as silk was both costly and unobtainable. Railroads placed an embargo upon it, refusing to transport such expensive stuff as freight. Express companies would accept only one thousand pounds in a single shipment for the same reason. Shipments weighing more than twenty-five pounds, furthermore, were required to be wrapped in a special way, and as the express companies' requirements were not satisfactory to the silk trade, large shipments were split into many small packages to meet this regulation.

Silk is interesting to the criminal, even in times when the speculator ignores it. Of small bulk, high value and sold with ease, it is always worth stealing. Now it ranked with jewels as criminal booty. Bales of raw silk disappeared from ships and lighters in New York Harbor, and from lofts and warehouses. The silk trade had to increase its expenditure for recovering stolen silk, and offered a handsome reward for information leading to the arrest and conviction of silk thieves.

Then came the thunderbolt last spring when the Federal Reserve system began restricting credit. Money was unobtainable, not merely for speculation in raw silk and fabrics by the outside gamblers who had fastened upon the industry, but by manufacturers with orders for goods and merchants carrying stocks of silk products. In the Fourth Avenue district interlopers disappeared as quickly as they had materialized, their loans called, their holdings taken in bankruptcy. The lowest estimates of the number who went broke is several hundred, and some observers say that fully one thousand of these parasites were dropped by the industry.

"Well, I see the silk men are on their feet again," was remarked in a Fourth Avenue barber shop when things were blackest for the speculators.

"What do you mean—on their feet?"

"Why, they have sold their automobiles!" was the answer.

When the Crash Came

Small weavers and their backers were hard hit in the factory districts. Fabrics were dumped upon the market in liquidation or bankruptcy proceedings and bought in by garment manufacturers whom the speculators a few weeks before had been trying to fleece by demanding prohibitive prices. These fabrics, made up into silk shirts and crêpe waists, appeared on bargain counters all through the summer. They have been offered for less than the cost of production in many cases, yet the public has held off. That the public stays out of the market when it is low and rushes in when prices soar is an old axiom of Wall Street. Last summer Fourth Avenue and the silk industry also found it true. A late spring and cold summer had something to do with chary buying, and there was a certain amount of industrial depression to blame. Yet silk men declare that their products have been real bargains the past six months, and that such prices are not likely to be seen for some time to come.

Over in Japan the reaction was much more calamitous. Speculation finally created such a top-heavy structure that the whole nation was affected when the American consumer went out on strike. A big bank in Yokohama, the financial backbone of the silk boom, suspended payment. The market for raw silk was practically suspended too. Not alone the speculators suffered but the cocoon raisers and silk reelers. Nobody wanted to buy raw silk, few concerns had capital to buy, large holdings of the stuff were worthless so far as borrowing money was concerned, and the export market was destroyed. The Japanese Government extended some relief to the cocoon raisers and reelers who actually produce the staple. But devil take the hindmost was the rule so far as the rest were concerned.

In Tokio, no less than New York and Chicago, silk goods went on the bargain counter. Instead of a silk shirt the Japanese wears a silk kimono. Every kimono shop in Tokio had its cheap sale, hastening to dispose of stock bought at boom prices before the flood of bankrupt silk goods began to flow out from factories and warehouses. Some authorities believe that years of hard times will follow the silk crash in Japan. Over there our proletarian silk shirt, and the boom of which it was the symbol, brought 14,000 new factories of one kind and another into existence during the war, making new jobs for nearly 500,000 people. Japan's foreign trade jumped from $650,000,000 in 1915 to $2,225,000,000 in 1919. Of her half million new workers sixty per cent came from the farms. Rice rose to prices that meant starvation for the masses, while factory wages increased only fifty per cent against two hundred per cent increase in the cost of living. Strikes are legally criminal in Japan, but industrial unrest found expression in sabotage. The silk crash has thrown thousands of workers out of employment, closed hundreds of mills, and, worst of all, threatens to check production of raw silk by cocoon raisers and reelers.

(Continued on Page 169)

Right-Posture Boys' Clothes

THE Big Three in buying Boys' Clothes are *Style* and *Quality* and *Economy*. The Boy is a hawk for Style. The Mother has an eagle eye for Quality. The Father, wise old owl that he is, demands Economy. You get all three, in "RIGHT-POSTURE" Clothes, at a fair and moderate price.

There should be a "RIGHT-POSTURE" dealer in your town—if not, write us.

The "Right-Posture" Feature is exclusive with "Right-Posture" Clothes

Some Boys' Clothes *Have* Style But Right-Posture *Is* Style

The SNELLENBURG CLOTHING COMPANY
Philadelphia and New York

In the main, those who have acquired title to LaFayette have enjoyed long association with other cars of high repute.

They have always assumed high standards of reliability and service.

They have expected smooth running mechanisms, powerful engines and senior workmanship.

It must be rare excellence, indeed, that should evoke from such an audience more than the common meed of praise.

Yet LaFayette has done this thing.

In no uncertain terms these men have paid tribute to the car.

In their comparisons they have mentioned only cars of very highest rank.

We should therefore be overmodest not to admit much pleasure that our work has been so approved.

Such approval gives us confidence that the day will come when you also will want to own a LaFayette.

LAFAYETTE MOTORS COMPANY at *Mars Hill* INDIANAPOLIS

LAFAYETTE

(Continued from Page 166)

The American public which a year ago was clamoring for silk shirts now talks of paper suits. With its little old last year's silk shirt it wears its little old last year's suit, having learned from the tailor on the corner how trousers can be made to give twice the ordinary wear, if the material from the vest is skillfully used for reseating. During July, 1919, raw silk had reached nearly three times its prewar value, and was going higher. During July, 1920, the new crop at Tokio sold on a basis which put silk thread actually on a price level with cotton thread. In New York gaudy silk shirts have been dropping all summer, starting at a few cents below the ten-dollar mark and falling to eight—seven—five—four-ninety-eight. The further they fell the less the public seemed to want them, while the more the retail trade hurried to unload. The bargain store, which always takes advantage of current excitement to bolster up its sales, was holding army sales a year ago. To-day it offers shoddy Georgettes at ninety-eight cents a yard. Few silk mills are running, and those that are operate part time on definite orders.

But is the silk industry down-hearted?

No. Its experiences the past six or eight months have not been altogether pleasant, nor is it yet altogether out of the woods. Still, it is taking its bitter medicine, and the medicine is doing it good, and along with its troubles goes a certain thankfulness. If you want a gaudy silk shirt, in barber-pole stripes, glossed up with artificial fiber, you can now buy one for about four-sixty-seven. But try to buy a real silk shirt in plain white, soft in texture, and you will discover that prices are not being appreciably reduced, and that the trade believes in that grade of goods, indicating the solid elements in the silk situation generally.

Silk bargains the past summer have been fed with speculative stocks. The outside speculator has not only been shaken out of the industry but steps have been taken to keep him out. The public is not going to stop wearing silk. On the contrary, thousands of people who never wore it before have learned its economy in relation to first cost. Ordinarily regarded as a luxury, and made the object of self-denial with every fluctuation in prosperity, people have worn silk the past five years to an extent that made possible comparison with other fibers on a basis of service. In 1914 the American silk industry sold about two dollars and fifty cents' worth of finished silk products per capita. During the height of the boom, sales rose to ten dollars per capita. The increase was not in money alone, for our imports of raw silk have risen from four ounces per capita to more than seven ounces in the same period.

Prices Boosted by Speculators

A New York garment manufacturer tells an illuminating story of the speculative craze. He needed some silk fabric to complete an order. The quantity required being small it could be secured only with difficulty through regular channels. Stepping into the office of a strange new dealer he found a lot of the right quality and shade, but at double normal prices. He did not buy from that dealer. Several days later the same lot, identified by its marks, was offered at an advance by another strange dealer. A few days later still it had passed to a third manipulator. Ultimately he bought it from the first dealer after it had passed through several hands, each time rising in price. He paid three times what it was worth normally.

The industry has been doing business with inflated currency—pyramided orders multiplying the real demand many times. When the fictitious business of interlopers was eliminated, and orders for goods measured against demand, the industry discovered that thorn in the flesh known as the cancellation.

The cancellation is really the silk shirt of industry in general, the falling stick of the rocket, the skeleton at the feast, or anything else one desires to call it by way of simile.

During the war and the after-armistice boom, business apparently had to have a deep collar of froth.

In the silk industry, when demand began to outrun supply in the early stages of the boom, legitimate silk merchants placed legitimate orders with legitimate manufacturers some weeks in advance of their ordinary custom. These advance orders were soon being placed months ahead. Then deliveries became slow and uncertain, with quotas reduced. So duplicate orders were placed with different manufacturers, the merchant who really needed such and such a quantity of goods ordering several times that amount from different houses. Thus he would be fairly certain of making up the quantity actually needed. If he got more goods, that was all right, because the stuff would grow in value on his shelves. Then outside speculators came in, making legitimate trade still more complex.

When credit was cut off, and demand collapsed, everybody had speculative goods hidden away, with duplicate orders placed for goods months in advance. The retailer, unable to borrow money, turned to his stock of goods as a bank, and began withdrawing money by slaughtering the silk shirt. He stopped buying fresh goods and canceled orders already placed. Wholesalers and garment manufacturers also canceled orders and drew upon their stocks of goods for cash. Liquidation and cancellation reached the silk mills and raw-silk houses. With banks refusing to lend money, each was thrown upon its own resources for capital, and because those resources are seldom large enough to operate factories or finance normal turnover in raw materials, the factories closed, and the raw-silk houses stopped buying material.

Facing the Inevitable

For many weeks the industry dodged the truth. It blamed the weather, trying to believe that the public would begin to buy goods again when the sun shone once more and the birds sang. Spring lingered and summer dallied. There was clearly something more than weather in the situation. The industry fell back upon "basic conditions," insisting that prices could not really come down because the country was still short of silk goods, and stopping of production simply intensified the shortage. But prices did shade down. After admitting to themselves that the tendency was unmistakable there was still a motive for deceiving others, so that speculative stocks could be unloaded on the most favorable terms. False optimism cropped up everywhere. But the public refused to buy, and the buyers refused to order.

In other industries history the past three to five years is so nearly the same that it need not be outlined. In the automobile business a rich frothy collar was secured by urging the public to order in advance last spring, in the belief that the industry would not catch up with its orders for years. And even veterans like the cotton-goods men, in the prolonged excitement of the seller's market, sometimes yielded to the belief that perhaps permanent bubbles had at last been invented. The cancellation is a familiar story with these skeptical old boys, because they have seen jobbers and the garment trade disown speculative orders in times of past depression.

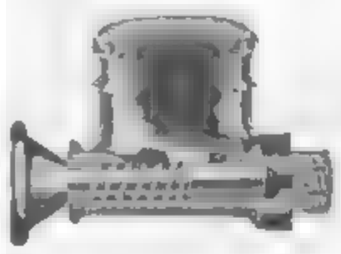
Finally, facing the truth, the silk men began to deal with the real troubles of their industry. One was secrecy. It may seem strange that a tangible commodity like raw silk can be shipped on vessels and recorded in manifests, entered at ports and recorded in customs declarations, hauled in trains and recorded in bills of lading, yet concealed when it comes to the quantities on hand from week to week in our warehouses. Yet such figures have been more or less vague, and the rumors in guessing as to stocks of raw silk on hand in the country have often created serious trade disturbances.

The silk industry is taking steps to clear up this mystery, supplementing its statistical reports on imports with warehouse figures showing stocks carried by the raw-silk merchants.

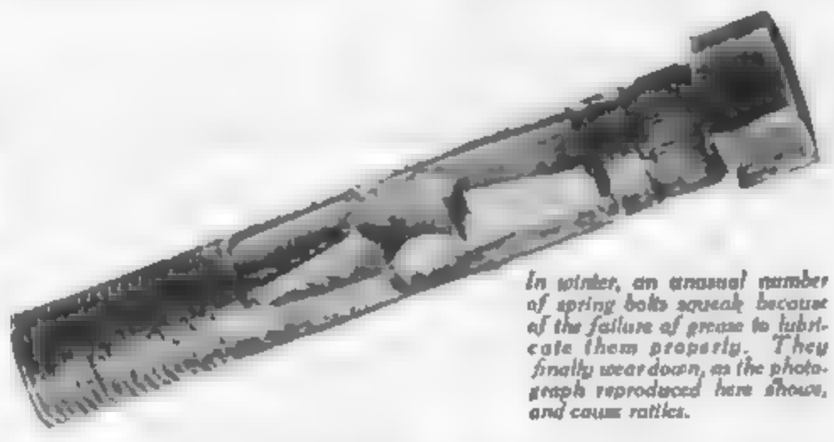
Another encouragement to the speculator has been the ease with which outsiders could obtain raw silk and silk products during a boom, selling one to the other, and adding superfluous transactions and profits to the material passing between legitimate houses. This is to be made difficult by new credit terms and contracts, as well as by legitimate houses taking steps to make certain that goods are sold only to concerns in the industry.

Still another trade shortcoming is the false basis upon which retailing was done during the boom. The demand from the public was so overwhelming that merchants forgot how to order and carry normal stocks, and their clerks forgot how to sell. Service, turnover, reasonable

Chassis squeaks, cold weather,—and oil.



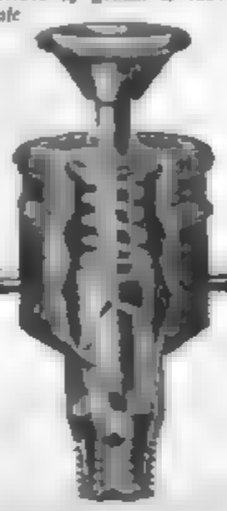
Cut-away view of Model "K" Oil-Kipp for spring bolts and other horizontal positions. Specially designed Kipp-Adapters fit Oil-Kipps to any make of truck or car.



In winter, an unusual number of spring bolts squeak because of the failure of grease to lubricate them properly. They finally wear down, as the photograph reproduced here shows, and cause rattles.

The grease used for lubricating spring bolts and steering knuckles is a fibrous sponge, the pores of which are filled with oil. Cold weather stiffens the sponge and thickens the oil so much that grease cups and other devices fail to work efficiently. That is why so many cars develop squeaks in winter. Very often the stiffened grease cannot be forced through the drill holes of the bolts; even if it is, it cannot be spread around the bolt at all, and therefore does little or no good.

Model "H" Oil-Kipp for vertical positions such as steering knuckles. Oil-Kipps do away with "hard steering," so common in fall and winter, caused by the failure of grease to lubricate



With Oil-Kipps the lubrication of spring-bolts and steering knuckles is easy, even in the coldest weather. Oil-Kipps are small magazine force pumps that shoot heavy oil over the entire bearing surface of spring-bolts and steering knuckles. One filling from the oil can loads them with shots enough for a month. By simply pumping their spring plungers you can lubricate your entire chassis in three minutes.

Send for the free bulletin, "Silencing the Chassis."

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KEEP CARS NEW

KANNER'S Slyde-Stroke STROPPER

DIAGONALLY—that's the correct way to strop a razor. That's the stroke the barber uses.

The Kanner Slyde-Stroke Stropper gives your razor the correct diagonal stroke. You get a perfect shaving edge every time, for a quick, clean and comfortable shave.

Sharpens old-fashioned razors and all makes of safety-razor blades—we have many enthusiastic letters from users of Gillette, Durham-Duplex, Gem, Ever-Ready, and others.

Buy Kanner's Slyde-Stroke Stropper today at your dealer's or by mail from us. Price $5. Use it 60 days—your money back if you want it. Free book "How to Keep Your Razor Sharp" on request.

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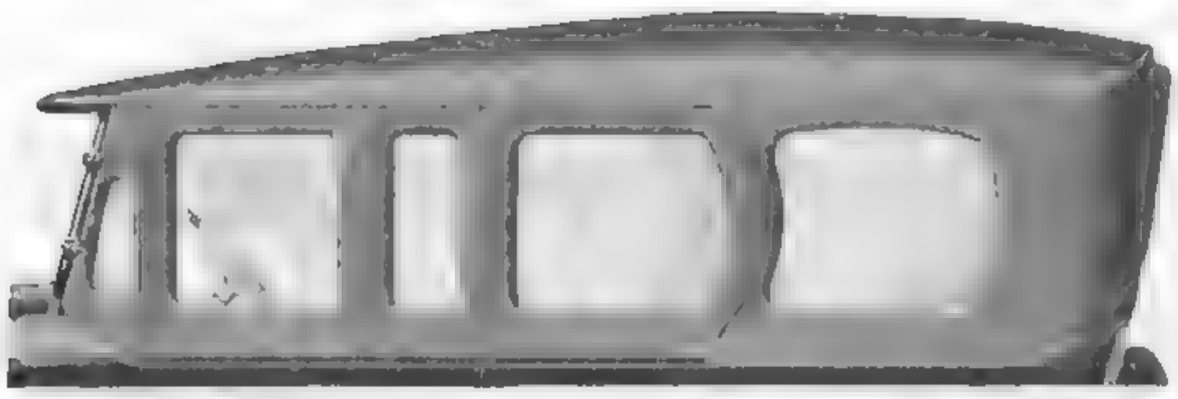
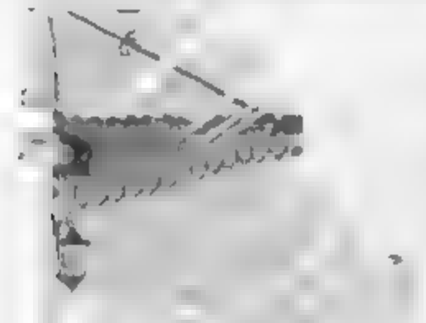
556 Broadway
New York

Just insert the blade—old [illegible] moves sideways, the blade moves up and down. Result perfect diagonal stroke—perfect shaving edge every time.

Blade slides up and down as strop moves back and forth



Badger De Luxe All Season TOPS



ENJOY your car all Winter, in spite of wind or snow—have all the comfort of the most expensive Sedan, at a touring car price—with a Badger Top De Luxe.

The Badger Top De Luxe is not merely a winter top—it is an all-season top. Built of highest grade materials by expert workmen, strikingly beautiful, California design. Securely and permanently attached to your car, it becomes a unit with the car, free from rattles and squeaks.

Now built for Nash, Buick, Essex, Studebaker, Hudson, Chandler and Oldsmobile.

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profits, and the keeping of one's own capital at work—were lost sight of as fundamental business principles. It really seemed at times as though a brick tossed into the air would stay up. But these fundamental principles are again in operation with a vengeance. The brick has come down with a thud. It took several months for the manufacturing and wholesaling industry to straighten out its own psychology. The psychology of the retailer isn't quite straight yet, and the kinks can be taken out only by a patient process of reëducation.

Similar tendencies are apparent in every other basic industry. All are traveling along the same rugged path. Some are farther advanced than others. All will have to follow the leader. Some are still in the stage of reproach, and denounce anybody who discounts their optimism. As most of the optimism has now become a general belief in the future of the country, this is next door to treason. Others are frankly beginning to do business on a new basis. Still others, like the leaders in one basic industry who recently met in conference, inviting a representative of the Department of Justice to sit in with them, concede that there has been something wrong, and go straight to the trouble by signing a pledge to confine operations in their particular goods to first hands, eliminating the speculator.

"The profiteer has been blamed and hunted on one hand, and honestly scouted and denied on the other," said a New York textile wholesaler. "Business men disbelieved in him, and the Department of Justice could not find him. But the banks found him all right! When credit was curtailed all doubt vanished as to who belonged in a given line of business and who didn't. The real outside profiteer, operating with nothing but quotations and bank paper, was separated from business houses with real facilities, connections and capital. These legitimate concerns, in turn, had their speculative business separated from real business, and got down to brass tacks.

"Because the speculators have been squeezed out, the public assumes that profiteering is at an end, and that prices must now come down. But we still have with us the greatest of all profiteers and the national teacher of profiteering. That is the excess-profits tax.

"You will remember the story of the invention of chess. The game was devised by an ancient wise man, for the entertainment of a bored king. 'You shall name your own reward,' said the king. 'Oh, I am very modest,' was the wise man's reply. 'Just give me a penny for the first square on the chessboard, two pennies for the second, four for the third, and double it until the last square is reached, and I will be satisfied.' But the king found that there was not enough gold in the world to do this, because it works out to eighty or ninety thousand billion dollars, more or less. The figure is not merely foolish in terms of money, but one variation of the old story is that the wise inventor of chess asked for single grains of wheat at the same ratio, and there was not that much wheat in the world.

"The same principle is in operation through the excess-profits tax. Raw material entering into a given product pays excess profit all along the line—mining company, wool merchant, broker, railroad company, selling agent.

"The manufacturer, wholesaler and retailer pay excess-profit taxes, as does every additional middleman who can squeeze in and make money.

"The income-tax and excess-profit tax have encouraged wasteful business methods. Much money has been spent primarily to reduce taxes, and all through the structure of American business you can find this feeling about business expenses—that lavish purchasing of materials, lavish investment in plant, and relaxed vigilance in overhead mean building up the business at the expense of the Government. Uncle Sam has been running his own business loosely on this easy money, and business men have been running things loosely to share in the easy money. Whether the money goes into inflated overhead or the United States Treasury, it must all be added to the price of commodities, and paid for by the consumer. Now that we have eliminated speculative profiteering, we must tackle excess profiteering, get it out into the open, and cut it down. Until that is done, even adequate production of commodities cannot bring prices back to normal, for in the very nature of things, the greater our production the greater the excess-profit charge will be. This is the real silk shirt of American industry."

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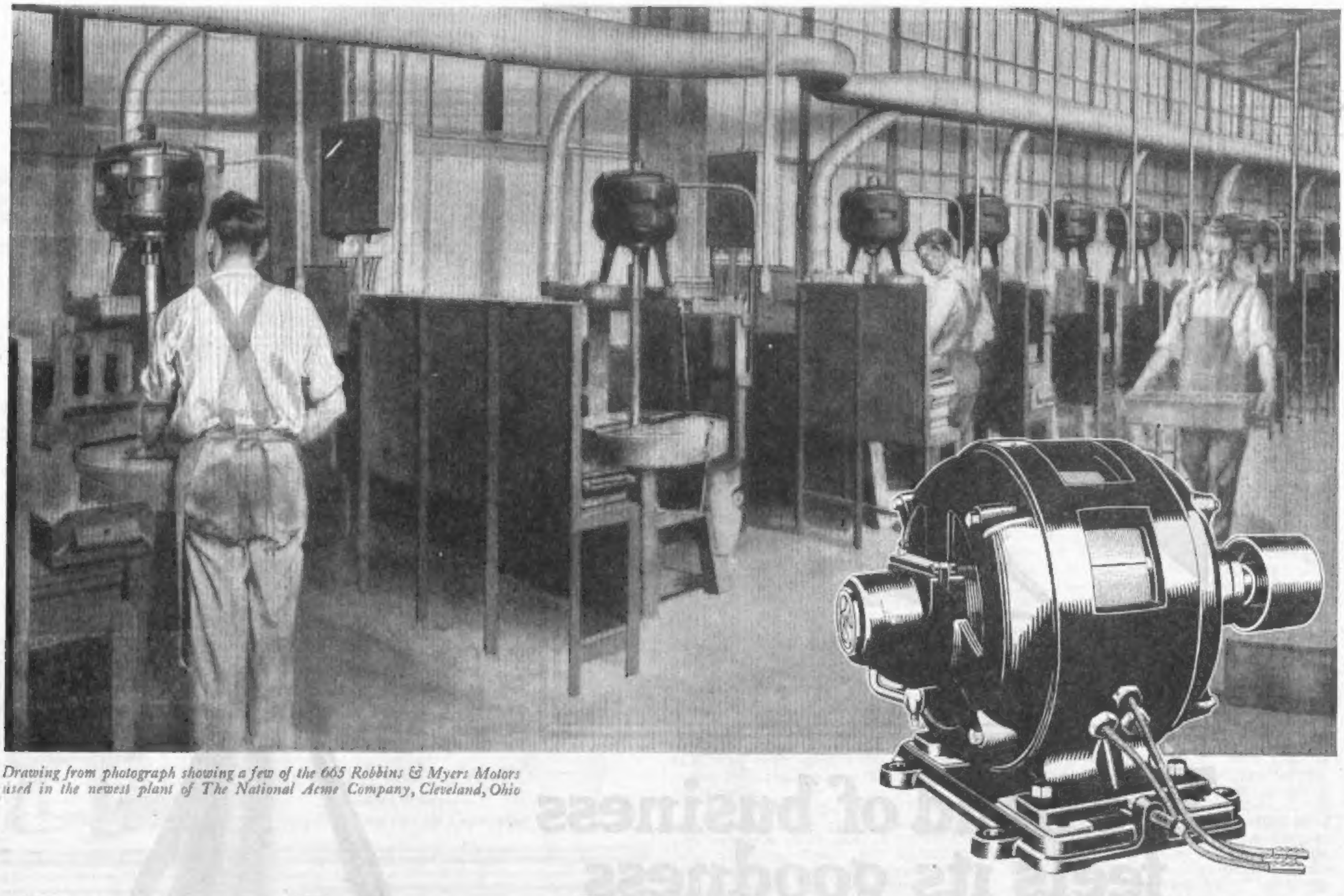

Drawing from photograph showing a few of the 665 Robbins & Myers Motors used in the newest plant of The National Acme Company, Cleveland, Ohio

Direct Motor Drives—and R & M

The growing disposition of progressive manufacturers to use direct motor-driven equipment in their plants finds its base in the greater economy of power and the more efficient operation of the machines.

A notable example is found at the newest plant of The National Acme Company, Cleveland, Ohio. Here 665 Robbins & Myers Motors are used on multiple spindle automatic screw machines, grinding machines and general equipment. They also supply R&M Motors on the automatic screw machines they manufacture.

This company, the largest of its kind in the world, makes automatic screw machines and their products —ranging from parts for clocks to those used on big Mogul locomotives.

Their first installation of Robbins & Myers Motors was made in 1916 at the machinery plant, and the steady, dependable, economical power delivered by these units made it but natural that R&M Motors be selected for the machines in the new product plant.

In this respect there is a uniformity of opinion among users of motor-driven machines as well as manufacturers of motor-equipped devices for the store, office and home.

And the public has learned that the name Robbins & Myers is the standard of reliable power—that the R&M name plate is all that needs be known about a motor.

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Keeping the mouth clean is the new way to have them

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